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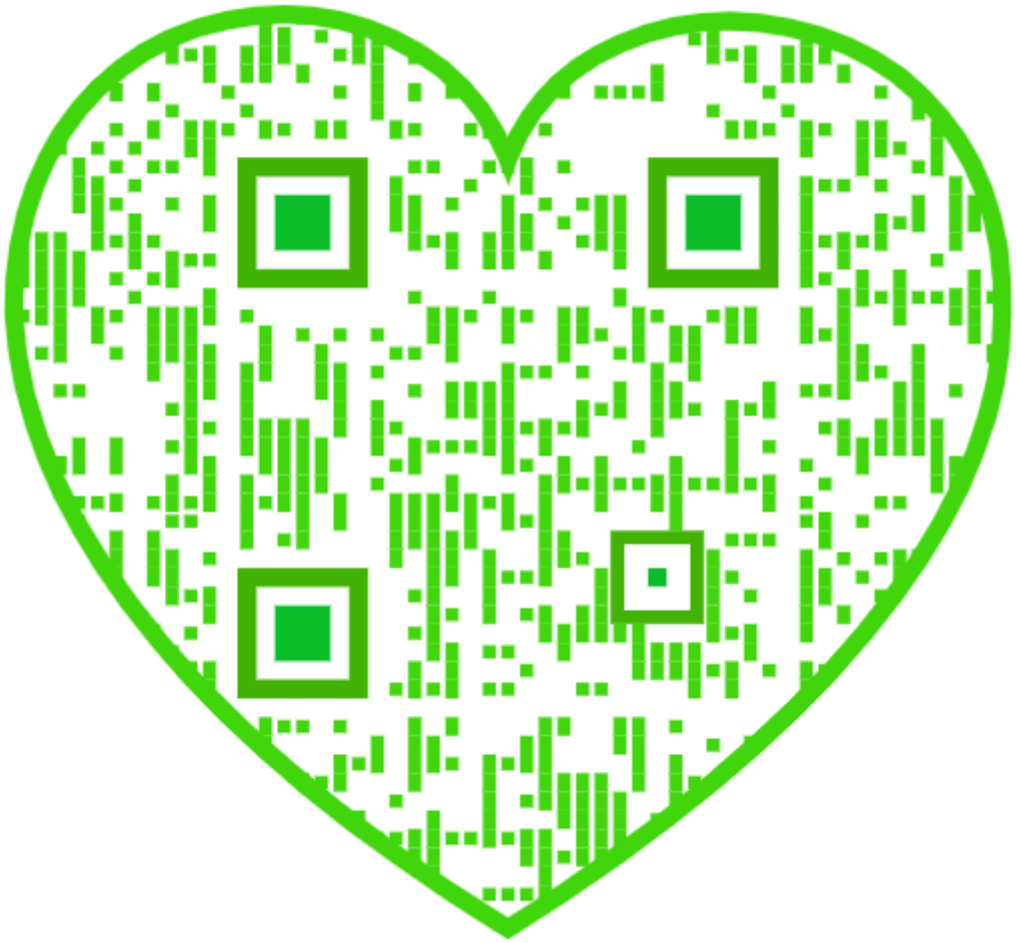

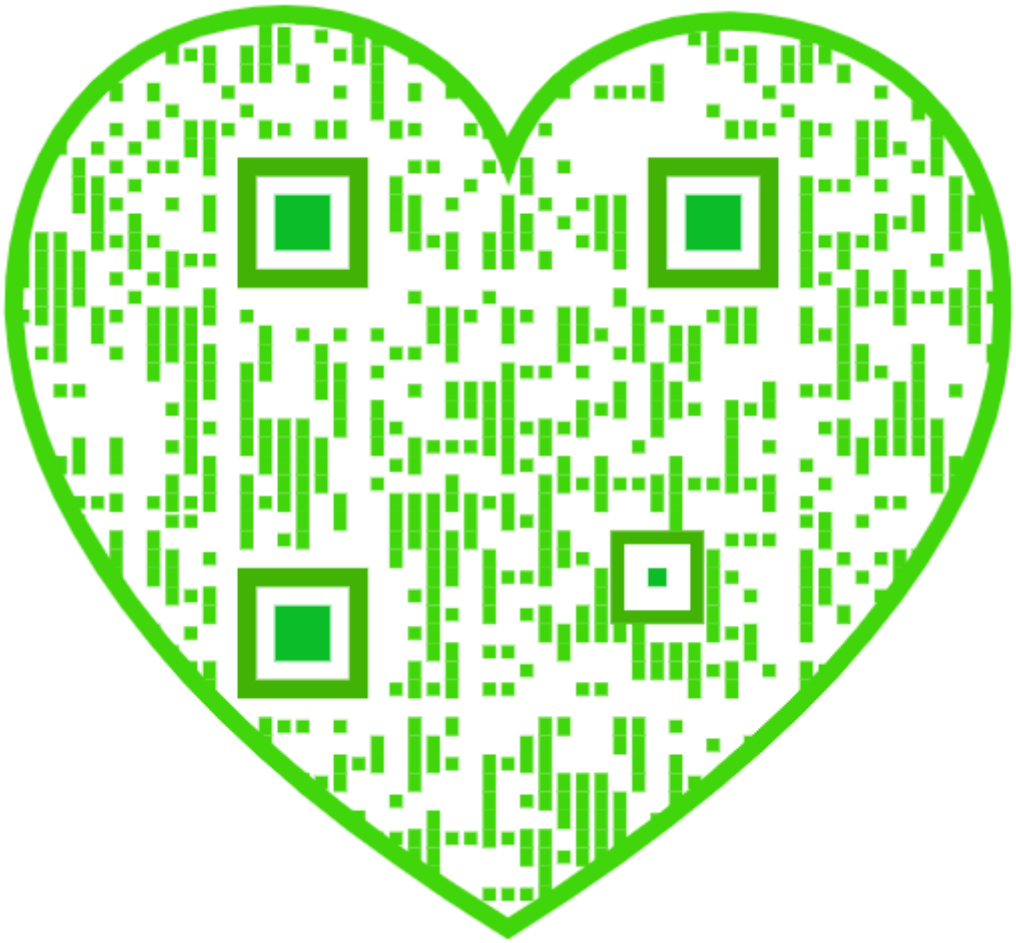

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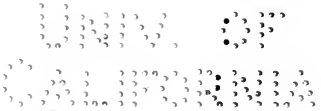

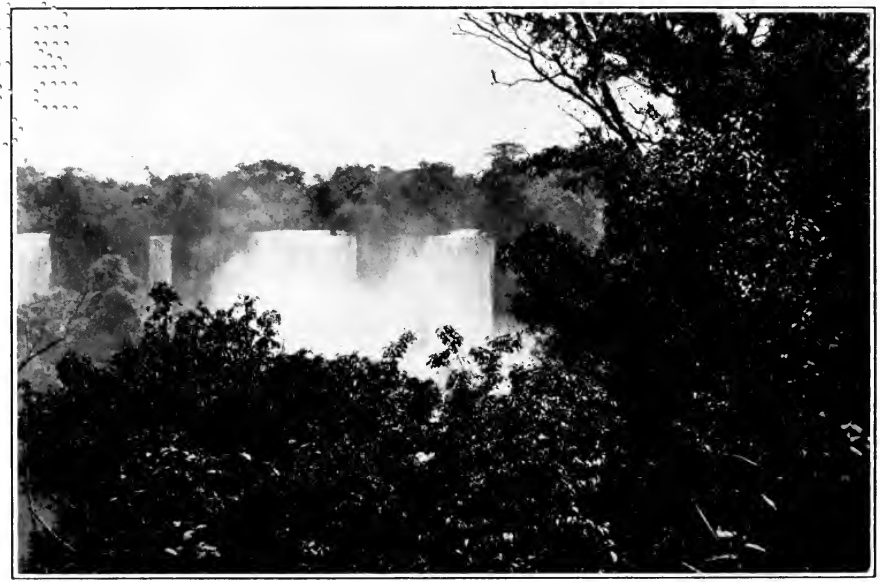

The Great Falls of Francisca de Paula, the Niagara of South America. They are 200 feet high and nearly two miles wide.

Through The Wildernesses Of BRAZIL

By Horse, Canoe and Float

BY

WILLIAM AZEL COOK

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

T. FISHER UNWIN

LONDON: 1 ADELPHI TERRACE LEIPZIC: INSELSTRASSE 20

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Chapter I.

FIRST WORDS.

South America is a vast, unmeasured world where summer, like its rivers, goes on forever. It is a land of colossal, transfixed waves of mountains, hills and valleys; extensive plateaux; boundless, absolutely treeless and perfectly level plains, and fertile basins, where the luxuriant grasses are eternally green and water is ever abundant—the paradise of the stock raiser. It is a continent of stupendous wildernesses; vast, majestic, and impenetrable tropical forests, scraggy upland jungles, swamps and inundated lands—the eden of animate nature: of mighty rivers and innumerable minor streams, teeming with countless varieties of fish, mammals and reptiles: of great water falls, fearsome rapids, beautiful cascades, sparkling brooks and bubbling springs: of violent electrical storms and torrential rains, resplendent sunshine and enchanting moonlight, where "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" where, "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."—They speak without words. It is a world where, in the words of Mrs. Browning, "the earth is crammed with heaven, and every bush afire with God," but, only he who sees takes off his shoes.—A land where Nature's grand, universal band, composed of millions of pieces, forever sounds its melodious and enchanting music in praise of the wisdom, power, goodness and love of the Father of Lights—though only he who has ears to hear can hear—yet, it is a land where mankind is entombed in the abyss of ignorance and superstition.

Brazil.

The existence of the South American continent became known to the European world soon after Columbus made his famous and daring venture across the great "sea of darkness" in 1492. The eastern portion, called Brazil, fell to Portugal, while the western half became provinces of Spain because of a decision of the Roman Pontiff, and because of discovery and seizure.

The Spanish, dominated always by two passions, the passion for gold and the passion for propoganda, pushed forward from the West Indies to Mexico, then into Peru. Brandishing a sword in one hand, they said, fiercely to the simple, panic stricken people of these countries, whom they plundered and butchered, give us gold or we will cut you to pieces! Then, to palliate this great wickedness by an act believed to be of supreme piety, and to balance their *merit* and *demerit* account, they extended the other hand to their unhappy victims, exclaiming, take our religion, or we will annihilate you!

The subjugation of the New World was co-incident with the reformation in the Old. While Cortez was besieging and pillaging Mexico and extending the papal power in the New World, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Knox and Tyndale, were unsheathing the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, that had lain despised a thousand years, and were inflicting deadly wounds and curtailing the power of Rome in the Old World. Again, while Spain was destroying, diabolically, the splendid barbaric nations of the New World, and extending her dominions there, she was disemboweling herself at home with the very same weapons that she was using to extend her power abroad. Ridpath, the historian, says that the bloodthirsty fiends who dominated Spain employed every known form of atrocity, injustice, barbarism, butchery and assassination to crush out human freedom at home and abroad. The forces of evil, which had been culminating for centuries, burst forth suddenly, like a volcano. The sixteenth century, the period of Spain's conquest and colonization of South America, witnessed the climax of human wickedness, folly, depravity, and infernal insanity, led by Philip II, and the Duke of

Alva. This was the character of the power that christianized (?) South America.

In the sixteenth century, moreover, when the tide of reformation was rising and men were awaking, like Lazarus, from the sleep of spiritual, moral and intellectual death, and casting aside the grave clothes of an effete, degenerate, pagan religion, the Jesuit order, and the Inquisition arose, and became the double right arm of Spanish and papal power to force back the chariot of progress, crushing out human liberty and enlightenment and paralyzing independent thought, and to re-enthrone the powers of darkness.

While the cruel agents of Spain were plundering the nations of the west coast of South America, adventurers, rebels, rascals and criminals, and finally, colonists from Portugal and elsewhere, began to appear in Brazil, which they found sparsely populated by numerous tribes of nude and painted but mild savages.

The newcomers began at once to make raids upon these aborigines, attacking their villages, burning and butchering, and taking captives to be reduced to slavery and employed to convert sugar-cane into rum; and to be themselves, in turn, converted into Christians(?) as a just recompense, and to square the *merit* and *demerit* account. This treatment of the South American savages has continued through the centuries until recent times. But as they succumbed quickly under this servitude, the slave traffic was extended to Africa, and black savages were imported in large numbers. The Portuguese and Spanish, universally, took wives and concubines of both these primitive races, hence a large proportion of the present population of Brazil is a mixture in varying degrees of these three races—the American and African savages, and the scarcely less savage and pagan Portuguese and Spanish. Each race contributes its element of religion and superstition to the common stock, resulting in a jumble of rites, ceremonies and observances, over which really homogeneous mass the corrupt papal priests preside.

Brazil remained a province of Portugal until 1809, the time

of the Napoleon wars, when the king of Portugal and his court, fleeing from the French, went to Rio de Janeiro. Here he set up his throne and established his government, staying about twelve years and raising Brazil from the degraded position of Portugal's milch cow to an imperial state.

After peace was restored in Europe, the king returned to Portugal, leaving his son in Brazil as regent. Then when affairs had remained in this posture but a few months, the regent was recalled and the Portuguese government foolishly sought to sink Brazil to its former condition. But the people of Brazil, having had a taste of better things, refused to submit to this humiliating program, declared their independence of Portugal, and persuaded the young prince to remain and become their emperor. The independence of her colony was finally recognized by Portugal without the effusion of blood, though two thousand Portuguese soldiers garrisoned a fortress which dominated Rio de Janeiro.

Brazil remained an empire until 1889. But a monarchy on American soil was an exotic plant that never became wholly naturalized; besides, the spirit of the age tends more and more to democracy and popular government. So a revolt at length fomented very quietly in high places, with which the army sided, and the kind old emperor, Dom Pedro II, rather than draw the sword and pour out a river of blood for personal vindication, with little hope of success, went quietly and sadly aboard a ship with his family, during the night following the open rupture, and retired to Europe, where he soon died.

Since this *coup d' état*, Brazil has had a republican form of government, modeled much like that of the United States of North America. But the government, like that of nearly all South American countries, is republican little more than in name. There is no truly popular vote, for only a very small minority of the people are able to read and write, and but few seem to take much real, practical interest in politics. Besides, the people are far more truly subjects, or slaves, of the Roman hierarchy than patriotic citizens of their country, re-

garding the pontiff as a god and autocrat of the world. Even where there is a popular interest in national politics, it is very difficult, or impossible, to secure a full and honest vote, for the party in power can be depended upon to circumvent any attempt to unseat them. It is said that in many districts, the boss of the party in power appoints himself to cast the vote for the entire electorate. Hence the government is often merely an oligarchy—a comparatively small group of virtually self-appointed men who continue themselves in power indefinitely. In some South American countries, the government has been but a band of princely robbers. Therefore, popular suffrage, and government by the people and of the people, is frequently a farce. But, only a people endued with the Spirit of Christ, who are universally educated and high-minded and who love justice and reverence law, can be truly a republic. The sovereignty of a nation lacking these qualities will be seized and held by such Tammany rings as are strong enough, and cunning enough to take it.

Since the moral standards and ideals of the South American peoples are low, universally, honor and civic righteousness are rare; while "graft," or venality, is practiced commonly by men in important public positions, who gormandize like anacondas while they have access to the government manger. Large sums of money that should come from import duties are lost, annually, to the public treasury owing to the rascality of customs officials. A merchant, returning from Europe on a certain ship, landed at a Brazilian port as personal baggage, fifty trunks of costly goods, the duties on which would have amounted, perhaps, to thousands of dollars. To enter the goods as he did, he simply oiled the palms of the officials with a few hundred dollars. To do business with the government, the official hand must be, usually, lubricated with bank notes.

Since the formation of the Brazilian republic, religion and the state have been, theoretically, separate and independent; but the wily, unscrupulous emissaries of the Roman hierarchy are still the great bosses of the nation, and the President of

the Republic and the governors of States are often merely their obedient servants. These pompous and arrogant agents of an alien, unfriendly power and pious paganism, are planning and conspiring continually to dominate the people, body and mind for their own aggrandizement and profit—an autocracy of the dark ages coiling itself, python-like, around a democracy.

Quoting in part from a report of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions: Perhaps never in its history has the Roman hierarchy made a stronger or more effective campaign against the enlightening of a nation, the growth of conscientiousness and moral ideals, and the development of the sense of personal and national responsibility and patriotism, than it is making in Brazil to-day. A thoroughly organized, completely equipped, and skillfully and cunningly directed campaign is being conducted in all parts of the country, lacking neither money nor men, and marshaling all the numerous agencies and machinery of Romanism. Priests, nuns, monks and friars of all orders, and enormously rich, spued out of the Philippine Islands and European countries, are flocking to Brazil by hundreds, like vultures on a scent. Puissant creatures of the Vatican government, the most astute and persistent politicians in the world, who arrogate to themselves all authority, in heaven and on earth, even to commanding the Most High, are found in both houses of State and National Congress, and occupy the seats of governors of states; and the Roman pontiff is flattering the rich with trumpery titles of nobility, hereditary and military honors, and sending his portrait with autograph dedication to prominent men, granting indulgences for life.

But while this vast, perfectly organized army is exerting itself mightily for the overthrow of liberty and progress, and for individual and national degeneracy—dominating and dethroning the individual will and conscience—the rich and powerful Protestant, Evangelical Church sleeps on, represented by a mere handful of missionaries, rarely reenforced.

Romanism has enjoyed almost absolute power in South

America for nearly four hundred years. What it has effected there will be more fully indicated in future pages. A historian declares that "the policy of this wonderful organization in every age has been to make every possible concession to ignorance that is compatible with the continuance of ignorance. It has sought always to amuse, to edify, to moralize and console ignorance, but never to enlighten it." Jesus, on the contrary, and the religion He taught, "is the Light of the world." The gross ignorance of mankind is absolutely necessary to the existence of all non-christian religions; while enlightenment is the child and bosom companion of Bible Christianity, and ignorance, vice and crime flee before it as night and its horrid creatures flee before the rising sun.

Speaking roughly, Brazil—and, indeed, all South America—is a world going to waste. Its natural resources are almost incalculable, embracing the products of both the temperate and torrid zones, such as cattle, sheep, horses, cotton, cereals, sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, hides, medicinal plants, rubber, dye-stuffs, nuts and fruits, precious metals and other minerals in inconceivable quantities, and an inexhaustible supply of timber. Finally, no country in the world is so rich, varied and interesting as regards animate and plant life. But the soil, which has been gathering fertility from the repose of ages, supports only a useless vegetation, except at miniature spots, comparatively, like a few oases in the Sahara, for agriculture has only begun. The mineral resources of the country have been touched only as regards gold and diamonds; manufacturing is in its swaddling clothes; and as to stock raising, the country scarcely supplies even the home demand. An observer says of the great Amazon region, that no country in the world, perhaps, is so capable of yielding immense returns from agriculture, yet none are so little cultivated. None where the soil will yield such an enormous variety of valuable products, where the facilities for internal communication are so vast, and that possesses in such marvelous completeness all the natural requisites for a stupendous trade, and yet none more neglected.

Brazil.

Brazil is nearly forty times as large as England and Scotland combined, yet it has less than two-thirds their population, though capable of sustaining, probably, the entire population of the globe.

Owing to remarkable Providences, independent of any plans of his own, and the converging of chains of events the beginnings of which were as wide apart as the earth, the author, acting as a sort of forerunner, or scout, for the army of Christ, traveled thousands of miles through the boundless wildernesses of South America inhabited by the children of the forest, besides traveling extensively and evangelizing among the more advanced peoples.

The journeys through the savage world were made by means of dugout canoes, by rude floats made of hundreds of small poles, by horse and mule train and on foot.

During these wilderness wanderings, we navigated many rivers, encountering numerous dangerous rapids and whirlpools and escaping narrowly many perils. We saw, frequently, the margins of a river peopled by alligators and innumerable birds of gigantic size, while the air was gay with the flight of birds of gorgeous plumage and musical with their songs and chatterings; and the water teemed, even seethed and rumbled sullenly at times, with fish and monsters—the paradise of the sportsman. Occasionally, when voyaging at night, moving silently onward in the embrace of a mighty current through the heart of unmeasured solitudes, remote from civilization, and listening to the snorting, blowing and splashing of big, hungry creatures in the water, we could easily imagine that we had been placed upon the earth long prior to the age of man—in the Devonian Age when a universal ocean, marvelously animate with fish and other creatures, enveloped the globe.

On land, we traveled by horse and pack mule, and on foot, carrying with us a complete camping outfit. Our journeys led us over great hills and mountains, down rugged declivities, and along serpentine trails that were fearfully furrowed by the daily torrential rains. We traversed vast

areas of an unsubdued world of scragged jungles, and dense tropical forests enveloped in eternal gloom, awful in their midday silence, terrible in their midnight noises and blackness, and dripping with water from the frequent thunder storms; and we often found ourselves entombed in masses of thorny vegetation, making progress like passing through interminable barbed wire entanglements. We followed for hundreds of miles the narrow divides betwixt great continental drainage systems. At times, we were permitted to view from altitudes, in the wonderful and enchantingly transparent atmosphere, great expanses of the unknown world. Once, we saw twenty or more independent rain storms at the same moment. We crossed swift streams by means of catamarans and rude floats, or by walking suspended trees, like aerial rope dancers, or by fording and swimming. We wallowed and waded through broad and dangerous morasses and submerged lands; encountered thundering cataracts and numerous charming cascades; journeyed through mysterious, unmeasured solitudes, beholding with deep feelings the marvelous works of God and awed by endless sublimities. We camped at times in wonderful natural botanical gardens of vast extent; or halted for a brief rest and for refreshments at some charming sylvan bower traversed by a laughing brook, regaling ourselves with delicious wild fruits, or dining upon wild vegetables and the flesh of wild beasts. The memory of these experiences will ever remain as a strange, enchanting dream.

Results of the great forces of Nature were all about us. We crossed the basins of primeval lakes that were drained, perhaps, by mighty cataclysms, some of which are to-day the sites of majestic forests; while the ancient islands are now perpendicular walled table mountains, or giants' castles, and seemed to us mute, solemn, gigantic sentinels of the ages. We viewed stupendous hydraulic excavations and explored subterranean caverns, visited rubber forests, and penetrated into unexplored regions. We witnessed daily, with feelings of profound reverence, the sublime spectacle of "the birth

of the sun;" and as the mighty waves of multi-colored splendor rolled upward, like oceans of liquid glory, and the attending hosts of celestial archers shot their wonderful, many-colored shafts of light toward the zenith, we seemed to be beholding the triumphal march of the King of Glory, and to be in the immediate presence of Deity.

We slept in hammocks or on the ground in arboreal tabernacles, or canopied only by the stars, or dwelt in houses of canvas; and were often aroused in alarm by the collapse of our canvas shelter, or by the ceaseless flash and roar of a tempest. We were entertained, at night, by Nature's grand orchestra, the myriad voices of the wilderness. We were endangered by wild beasts, reptiles and savage man; harassed by the armies of the insect world; scorched by a vertical sun by day and chilled by the winds of night; consumed by fevers. We subsisted at times, like the savages themselves, upon tapirs, wild-pigs, deer, ant-eaters, armadilloes, ground hogs, monkeys, huge lizards, turtles and turtle eggs, fish, great divers, macaws, rheas and various other wild birds; and also upon numerous wild fruits and vegetables. Sometimes we were compelled to fast, and at other times to eat beans infected with worms, and beef crawling with maggots. We dined one day on a soup made of lard, water and a pinch of wheat flour.

During these extensive journeys and explorations, we passed through seemingly ages of experience in single years. Entirely unexpected events occurred, at times, almost hourly. One moment, we floated in seemingly perfect security and freedom from care down a quiet, peaceful river, exulting in the wonders and beauty of Nature about us, and the next instant we were thrown into wild excitement, and were in mortal danger because of surging rapids in which our craft could not live, into which we were being sucked almost irresistibly. Sometimes, we lived in a state of war, having to post sentinels every night. We were completely isolated from civilization for long periods of time; and once, did not taste bread for an entire year. The unexplored, unknown

world encompassed us; unmeasured solitudes enveloped us. In the dark, spectral hours of night, especially, we would feel ourselves mere helpless, unintelligent atoms in the midst of Infinity and in the presence of Omniscience. What was in this great, mysterious world, only the edges of which we could see, and which seemed to conceal itself from us behind insurmountable barriers that hemmed us in like prison walls? What wonderful phenomena of Nature might it not contain? What marvelous secrets might not be waiting to be revealed? What sort of human beings peopled these vast regions? Might they not be lurking near our camp and shadowing our movements? Giant interrogation points seemed to stand thickly about us like huge phantoms, or apparitions.

Remembering the grave dangers to which we were, at times, daily and hourly exposed, and yet shielded from, I am filled with gratitude to God and with reverential awe of His unsearchable love and protecting care. It may be said that we lived a charmed life; but God guided us with His eye, held us in the hollow of His hand, and covered us with His pinions as truly as He did the twelve when He said, "Peace, be still" to the tempest that convulsed the lake of Galilee.

Part I.

EXPEDITION

TO THE

ARAGUAYA AND TOCANTINES.

Chapter II.

TRAVERSING A VAST DOMAIN.—COFFEE CULTURE. —SEMI-BARBAROUS ABODES.

There appeared one day in the lime-light of publicity at the Brazilian capital, a party of strange, uncouth looking men. They were a group of Cherente Indians, led by one Sépé, who had come a great distance from the far interior, fifteen hundred miles of the journey having been made on foot, to seek a teacher, they said, for the children of their tribe. No Christian teacher responding to this seemingly urgent call, a Brazilian woman, a teacher in one of the public schools of the city, offered her services. A fund was raised for her, which was contributed to liberally by resident missionaries, and she, accompanied by her son, who proved to be a libidinous youth, departed with the Indians for their remote villages.

Some months after this event, I was requested to go to the Cherente villages and begin a mission there, if practicable. This was the circumstances which led to my visiting and becoming greatly interested in the Aboriginal tribes of Brazil.

Leaving Rio de Janeiro, I traveled southwest by rail, three hundred fifty miles to the city of São Paulo, climbing, en-route, the Organ Mountains and passing through twenty-three tunnels. It was a journey full of interest to me. Baggage is not checked, free of charge, on Brazilian railways, but must be expressed; therefore, one hundred sixty pounds of baggage cost me nearly as much as my first-class fare, which, however, was less than one and a quarter cents per mile, while second-class cost but three-fourths of a cent a mile. The train was enveloped in a thick cloud of dust all day as the dry season was at its height.

In São Paulo, I completed arrangements for the long journey into the interior, preparing and having printed a quantity of large, eight-page scripture pamphlets, which proved very useful in the work of evangelizing.

From São Paulo, I traveled northwest by rail to a town called Riberão Preito—Big Black Creek. The railway, for the most part, was narrow gauge, as are nearly all the railroads of Brazil. It was an ideal day for travel; rain had fallen the night before, the day was cool and cloudy, and we were free from the terrible clouds of dust which often make railway travel in Brazil very unpleasant.

Our route lay through magnificent coffee regions, and at times, as far as the eye could reach, the blood-red land, which undulated heavily, or lay in gigantic ridges, was adorned by hundreds of thousands of beautiful coffee trees. At other times, we crossed low mountain ranges and big wrinkles in the earth's crust, skirted pretty rivers and brooks and muddy streams, or traversed sandy table lands, encountering, of course, many villages and towns.

To reduce expenses, I traveled second-class. Our car remained full of "the great unwashed" during the entire day. I doubt if many of these people had ever had a full bath since their birth. The odor inside the car can be better imagined than described. Moreover, nearly all these travelers carried elaborate lunches, though a few munched huge loaves of bread only; and as they devoured their food, they dumped

bones, fruit skins and other garbage on the floor, and between meals, made a thin plaster of the food refuse and the layer of red earth that had accumulated on the floor of the car, by incessant and copious expectorations; at the same time, attempting to disinfect the car by smoking like volcanoes. Many of these people were Italians, of whom large numbers have been imported by the government to supply the urgent demand for labor in the cultivation of coffee.

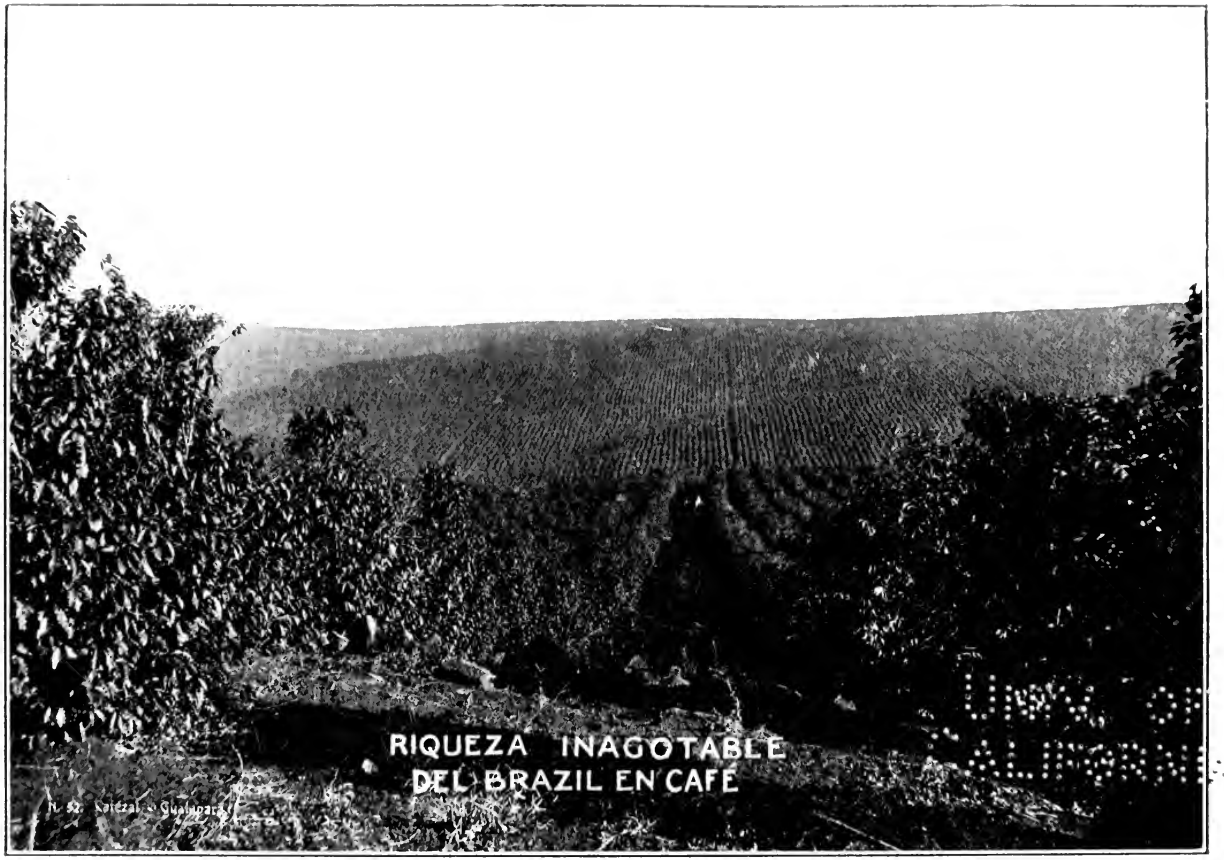
The day's run terminated at Riberão Preito, for at this time, trains were seldom operated at night on Brazilian railways.

Everything is red at Riberão Preito, whether animate or inanimate. The ground, which is clay; the buildings, that were once white both inside and out, and their contents and furnishings; the people and their clothing—everything, is nearly the color of dried blood. During the months when no rain falls, the wind raises the fine dust in clouds and it penetrates everywhere in great quantities.

Some of the finest coffee land in Brazil is found in the neighborhood of Riberão Preito. Near here, too, is the largest coffee plantation in the world. It comprises sixteen thousand acres of land, of which some fourteen thousand acres are planted in coffee trees. One would have to travel forty miles to encircle it, and more than forty miles of railway have been built to transport the coffee it produces. It gives employment to five thousand persons, mostly Italians, whose dwellings form villages. Nearly five million trees are under cultivation on this plantation, producing annually enough coffee to give every man, woman and child in the United States a cup of coffee daily for a week.

To own and work a coffee plantation, is considered by Brazilians the most aristocratic occupation that one can engage in. To produce coffee successfully, requires a large capital and the exercise of great care. The best soil is a bright red earth, three or four feet deep, on a gravel foundation.

The most perfect coffee berries are selected for seed,



View of a Great Coffee Plantation.

which are sown in beds and carefully nurtured until the plants are eighteen inches high; then they are transplanted in the great fields about eight feet apart in long rows, with a wagon road between every hundred rows for convenience in carting the coffee to the cars, each little tree being planted in a miniature pit a few inches below the level of the ground and covered with leafy boughs, corn stalks or sticks, to protect it from the sun. If adequately cultivated by plowing between the rows and keeping down the weeds, which grow prodigiously, the trees will begin to bear fruit in three or four years, and continue to bear for twenty to forty years. In Brazil, the trees blossom most heavily in October, but they continue to flower more or less for several months, and the crop is harvested in May or June, each tree yielding four pounds or more of coffee. The blossoms are white and aromatic. It is a magnificent sight to stand in the heart of a great coffee plantation in the flowering season and look upon millions of these beautiful, well-kept trees covering the hills and table-lands for miles in every direction, and to breathe the air laden with a delicate fragrance.

When the coffee is ripe, all other work on the plantation is dropped and every available person engages in the harvest, each of whom can pick about fifty pounds of coffee a day. The coffee berry is like a large, very dark, red cherry. Inclosed in the thin capsul are two seeds, or beans, their flat sides resting together, though some coffee berries, like the Mocha, have but one small bean. All varieties of coffee grown anywhere in the world are raised successfully in Brazil.

To remove the capsul and the pulp that envelops the bean, the berries are put through cylinders that break them, but without crushing the beans, then the seeds are separated from the chaff by passing the mixture over large copper cylinders two feet in diameter, filled with holes just large enough to permit the beans to pass through and out into a canal of running water that carries them to the receiving vats where the pulp is washed off. Next, the sticky substance that adheres to the beans after the pulp is removed, is elimi-

nated by putting them into tanks where great screws revolve slowly over them, washing-machine like, until they are white as parchment.

The coffee is now spread out to dry in the tropical sun on broad, cement terraces, each one a little higher than another and covering acres of ground. Here it remains sometimes two months while bare-footed men rake it about constantly with wooden rakes that it may dry evenly, gathering it into heaps at night and covering it to protect it from the dew. As no rain falls during these months, there is no risk in spreading the coffee out in the open air.

The next step is to *skin* the coffee. Each grain is still inclosed in a thick, white covering, known as the parchment skin, and an inner skin as thin as a cobweb, called the silver skin, both of which must be removed. This is done by expensive machines, some of which cost twenty-five thousand dollars. The seeds are first put through a ventilator which fans off all dust and other foreign matter, then they are thrown upon a great corrugated, cast iron wheel full of grooves which are so graduated that they break the skin without injuring the bean; and finally, through a second blower that drives off the chaff.

The final act is to sort, or grade the coffee. The small, round beans, which have grown on the outer ends of the branches of the trees, go into a grade sold in the United States as *Mocha, straight from* Arabia. So it is possible that the coffee we ask to have carefully compounded of Mocha and Java, may have grown on the same tree.

Riberão Preito is the center of a beautiful and successful mission work conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church (South). They are conducting a great and highly successful work at numerous points in Brazil. A recent annual report states that their Brazilian mission has been more fruitful than any work they have in any other part of the world. I spent several happy and profitable days with the missionaries at Riberão Preito.

Another day's travel by rail, still northwest, brought me

to the town of Uberába, which is the center of a fine cattle raising region. The day was charming, and the journey was to me a panorama of strange and ever-changing scenes: rich coffee regions and splendid grazing lands; sandy, barren plateaux; rugged hills and mountains, fertile valleys, and strips of forest and upland jungles; charming rivers and laughing brooks, solitudes and fire-swept territories.

The Methodists have a church and school at Uberába also, and the Gospel has taken a firm hold of the people. One convert was a military captain. He had suffered much for the Gospel, and was laboring zealously to lead his associates to Christ. There is a seminary for priests here, and also a masonic lodge. Masonry is regarded as a religious denomination by the Brazilians. And why not? It has innumerable consecrated *temples*, a creed, a body of doctrine, an elaborate ritual and ceremonial, including symbolic and mystery rites, and priests.

One day at Uberába, a religious *festa* was held. And as the Roman high priest entered his temple, the women, wishing to pay tribute to his greatness, showered him with roses. At this, he turned upon them fiercely, exclaiming, "The bishop does not want these! The bishop does not want these!! The bishop wants this!" and raising his hand, he rubbed his two fingers with his thumb, like one feeling of bank notes.

Going from house to house one morning to evangelize and sell Bibles, I was arrested on the charge of "selling books without a license," and ordered to pay what was virtually a fine of thirteen dollars. *Bibliaphobia* was the real animus of the affair.

The climate of this region is delightful. A missionary friend and I went for a ramble over the hills, one day. The sun poured down oceans of delicious light, and the air was so transparent, the scope of our vision so vast and the silence so profound, that we could not but be strangely impressed.

The hour came all too soon to say adieu—I commit you to God—to the dear friends in Christ with whom I had en-

joyed such sweet fellowship, and push on, one more short day's journey by rail, due north, to Araguary. Our route led over broad table-lands and seemingly limitless and unbroken solitudes. The track across these great tables had, at times, scarcely a bend for ten or twelve miles, and the ground was almost as level as a floor. These uplands were nearly treeless, and covered with coarse, dry grass and patches of poisonous weeds. But as we advanced, the low, stunted trees gradually became more numerous, until we encountered strips of forest and jungle on the edges of the table-lands, and low mountains clothed with a more or less dense arboreal growth. While crossing the plateaux, we saw no traces of the presence of man except occasional herds of cattle, and the dwellings of the section men. As we approached Araguary, the soil appeared more fertile, and settlements were seen here and there. It was a charmingly beautiful, clear day in September—the Brazilian spring—and the air was cool and invigorating. The day spent traversing these great solitudes, where vast landscapes were from time to time revealed to our gaze, was another extraordinary day to me.

I remained several days at Araguary completing arrangements to travel north by horse and mule train to the far away capital of Goyaz. The Gospel has taken a very firm hold of the people of this village, and it is the center of a large and flourishing work conducted by the Presbyterians. A strong church and school now exist, by means of which many persons are being brought to the feet of Christ.

I had the pleasure of conducting Sunday and midweek services in the rough building which was used both as a church and school room. One day, I gave a blackboard talk to the children, using colored crayon. I found this an effective way of presenting the Gospel to both old and young.

I stayed at a semi-barbarous hotel, paying one dollar twenty cents per day for the privilege. While here, I saw a man constantly reading a dictionary, and asked him why he did so.

" Because I get the most knowledge out of it," he replied.

"Why do you not read books of science and general literature?" I inquired.

"I have gone through all such books."

"Have you read the Bible?"

"Yes, several times, and know all that it contains." I began to wonder what manner of man he might be. Soon I discovered that he was a spiritist, which fact explained everything.

Insane Spiritism, that absorbs everything but truth, is spreading itself like "a green bay tree" in Brazil. It finds a prepared soil. Its gods are ghosts and goblins; its *bible*, the mutterings of demons and vaporings of diseased minds; its *salvation*, innumerable transmigrations of the soul; its *heaven*, annihilation. And infidelity, too, that mental disorder that doubts and denies everything but falsehood; and rationalism, that is very irrational, is infecting the leading men universally.

There are nearly fifty millions of Portuguese and Spanish speaking people in South America. They live in a social state varying from semi-barbarism to advanced civilization, but all without Christ excepting a comparatively few.

Of these people, the few dwell in kingly palaces surrounded by incomparable botanical gardens—veritable gardens of Eden; but the many live in mud-walled, grass-roofed, earth-floored, vermin-infested, furnitureless huts, with the domestic animals stabled in the kitchen and at the front entrance to the dwelling. These creatures frequently die and rot close to the house. It often happens that one has to wade through mud knee-deep in the cattle pen, or jump over the hogs' wallowing place to enter a rural dwelling. How very sad it is that the people pass their days breathing infection in the midst of these paradises of earth, where the balmy, life-giving breezes of eternal spring forever blow, laden with the fragrance of perennial bloom! Why do they make unto themselves these plague spots? Their minds and hearts are infected with a spiritual and moral blight which diseases and degrades the whole fabric of human life. Even the large cities of South

America, which are nearly all on or near the coast, present strange admixtures of high civilization and semi-barbarism. Splendid mansions and irregular rows and groups of squalid mud huts are not far apart; while individuals arrayed in kingly attire and others with no attire at all, intermingle in the streets.

The dwellings of the lower classes, both in the rural districts and in the suburbs of the large cities and towns, are constructed by planting in the ground, twenty or thirty feet apart, two big posts that stand about fifteen feet high and terminate in a fork, to support the ridge poles; then four strong posts of lesser height, also terminating in a fork, are raised to support the eave poles. Both the ridge and eave poles are made fast in the forks by means of heavy climbing vines obtained in the forest. For the roof, rafters are bound on with climbers, and to these again are secured bamboo rods, horizontally, about one foot apart. To this frame-work is bound the roofing, which consists of palm-branches, or coarse grass; or tiles may be used. Sometimes the part of the roof facing the street is of tiles, while the rear side is of palm-branches or grass. Palm-branches make an excellent roof, but if this covering should catch fire, it will burn so rapidly that the occupants of the house scarcely have time to rush out. For the walls of the house, the spaces between the posts are filled in by planting stakes in the ground close together, and to these in turn are bound, horizontally, bamboo rods on both sides. Frequently, the walls of a house are only such as are formed by the stakes alone. At other times, palm-branches only are bound to them, and often very sparingly. The reader will observe in due time that these dwellings of the "civilized" people of Brazil are scarcely superior to the abodes of the savage "children of the forest." Yet dwellings of this kind exist in large numbers even in and around all the large cities of Brazil, as well as in the interior of the country.

When a more improved dwelling than this is desired, the ground near by is cleared, a shallow excavation eight or ten

The Residence of a Coffee Planter.

The Frame of a Dwelling House before the Clay Covering is put on.

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feet broad is made and the red earth is loosened up with grubbing hoes. Water is now brought in big clay pots carried on the head, and thrown on to the loose earth, and the builders, rolling up their trousers, churn the mass with their bare feet until a thick mortar is made. Large balls of this stiff, red mud are next gathered up in the hands by the "hod-carriers" and taken to two "masons," one of whom stands inside of the frame-work of stakes and horizontal rods, and the other outside, and the net-work is filled in from the ground to the eave-poles. The only hods and trowels of these men are their hands. Countless dwellings are not improved beyond this point. When these mud walls become dry they are masses of cracks and seams, and waste rapidly by the rain beating upon them. To go a step further, a strange material is used. The reader will think that the use of this substance indicates retrogression into barbarism instead of a step in advance. The walls are plastered inside and out with cattle excrement. Sometimes improvements cease even at this point. But usually, a heavy coat of lime white-wash is spread over this plastering and the house becomes white and sweet. I, myself lived in houses constructed in this way. Nearly every dwelling is divided into two or three or more rooms, the walls of which are built the same as the outside walls. But mother earth is still the floor of multitudes, even of these whitewashed dwellings. A step further is to put in a board floor. Other houses are built of "adobe," which is large blocks of sun-dried clay. Good city houses are built of large soft bricks, then plastered inside and out with lime and sand plaster. Nearly all residences are of one story.

There is almost no furniture in the dwellings of the lower classes beyond a rude table and a few stools having sun-dried cowhide seats. Rude bedsteads, even, are often lacking, and hard, sun-dried hides, full of ridges and wrinkles, are placed, hair side up, on the ground for beds. The only "stove" in the "kitchen" of great numbers of these poor abodes, is three stones placed upon the ground, or a tripod, to support the pot.

In southern Brazil, during June and July when the nights are cold, the children suffer much where the walls of the houses are only rows of closely planted stakes. The older children usually wear but one or two thin garments while the younger ones go naked. Clustering around the meagre camp fire to keep warm, the smoke goes into their eyes and they rub them with their hands, which are usually in a filthy condition—as are also their bodies—so that all suffer from sore eyes during the cool season. When such children attend a mission school, they are cleaned up, dressed much better, and have a pleasant room to sit in. The school is a boon to them, if for this reason only.

Visiting one of these humble abodes at meal hour, one will see an example of the social difference between men and women in Brazil. The wife enters the principal room from the "kitchen," spreads a towel over the rude table, then places upon it bowls of boiled beans and rice, sun-dried beef stewed, meal, and an iron plate, spoon and fork. Then she withdraws to the cook room—her part of the house, while her husband, seating himself on a stool at the table, does justice to the repast in a fairly civilized manner. But one wonders where the wife and children eat. If he will look into the cook room, he may see the wife take a large vessel, like a tin wash-basin, throw into it a quantity of beans and rice and some *chunks* of beef, over which she sprinkles a few handfuls of meal. Next, she deposits the basin of food upon the ground and she and her children squat around it with no spoons nor forks but nature's tongs; and balling up lumps of food with the tips of the fingers of one hand, they toss them into their mouths. At other times, spoons may be used, also there may be a plate for each individual.

Brazilians have but two meals each day—breakfast and dinner. On arising in the morning, a small cup of very strong, clear coffee is drunk; at nine or ten o'clock, breakfast is served, ending with a cup of the strong coffee; at one o'clock P. M. pure coffee is again taken; between three and five o'clock, dinner is eaten, also ending with the omnipresent

coffee; and again, at seven in the evening, the powerful coffee is drunk, and this only. Nearly everywhere in Brazil, both breakfast and dinner consist chiefly of brown beans, boiled, and heavily saturated with pork grease, sun-dried beef, boiled rice, which has been nearly fried in pork fat before boiling, and a kind of corn or manioc meal. It is difficult to dry the beef during the rainy season, so it frequently revives into multitudinous life.

Chapter III.

LIFE IN THE FAR INTERIOR.—MEDIEVAL SCHOOLS.—PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS.

There are but few miles of railway in South America, considering the vastness of its territory. Brazil, for instance, has but twelve thousand miles of line, though its territory equals that of the United States and France, combined, and nearly that of the whole of Europe. In some South American countries, there are but one or two hundred miles of track, or none at all.

Therefore, to travel and evangelize in the interior, beyond the railways, one must provide one's own conveyance. As the water from the daily cloudbursts rushes down the hillsides, following even the faintest path, ruts and channels from two to twenty or more feet deep are made in the roads, which are seldom more than trails that wind about over the hills, and they thus become impassable to any wheeled vehicle, except the ponderous ox-carts used everywhere in Brazil. As these gullies deepen, the trail is shifted over to one side. But the ox-cart is quite unsuited to our purpose; hence we travel on horseback. We always take with us a complete camping outfit, a supply of Bibles and other religious literature, besides personal effects, and a modest quantity of food consisting of copper-colored beans, rice, sun-dried —or tanned—beef, pork fat, coffee and sugar, all of which is carried by pack mules. We also employ a native cook and muleteer. If we did not have a camping outfit and a supply of food, we would often fare very badly, since we must, at

times, pass the night distant from human dwellings, even when working in settled districts. Moreover, the natives in many parts of Brazil have not sufficient food, even for themselves; and besides, in no town or village removed from the railways and from regular steam navigation of rivers, is there a public hostelry of any kind, or any convenience whatever for travelers, unless we give the name of "hotel" to a rude shed erected on the edge of the village in the more frequented regions for the accommodation of travelers. Occasionally, when we arrived at one of these primitive *hotels* after a long day in the saddle, we found it already occupied by cattle, goats, pigs, dogs and fleas innumerable, and even hornets. But we would eject all these guests—except, unfortunately, the fleas—take possession, prepare and eat our simple food, suspend our hammocks, and go to rest; though we were much disturbed during the night by hogs and dogs colliding with our hammocks as they ran under them. At such times, we had to "drive pigs" in fact rather than in figure. At other times, we camped in a vacant house, or were kindly entertained by a resident of the village.

My finances did not permit me at this time to have a "troop" or traveling outfit of my own. Therefore, in order to reach the capital of Goyaz, I bought a mule and saddle and contracted with a pack-mule train, engaged in the transport of merchandise to and from the far interior, to provide me with food and a tent, carry my baggage and care for my beast. This arrangement proved very unsatisfactory, as it did not permit me to travel and evangelize as I wished.

I rode out of Araguary, a brand new cavalier, accompanied by two members of the Araguary church, some days in advance of the mule train. The strange land, scenes and events, the strange people, and the strange mode of travel, all combined to make these days extremely interesting and romantic to me. My feelings were intensified by the threatening clouds of peril and uncertainty that were appearing in the horizon of the future.

As we rode this day over the uplands, bewhiskered with

low, scrubby trees and coarse grass, we frequently saw what resembled a scraggy cherry tree, but which yielded a kind of rubber, called *mangaba*, and bore an edible fruit as large as a hen's egg. I called this fruit a natural baked apple, which it strongly resembles. It surprises one to see so productive a tree growing in such barren places as it does.

I now began to have my first real taste of life and travel in the far interior of Brazil. We passed the first night at a rude ranch house, dining at evening on the food of the land while sitting on rough stools at a table which was so high that it reached to our chins. The only lamp, that smoked and faintly broke the darkness while we ate, was a yard of home-made cotton cord that had been soaked in tallow and wax, then stuck against the door frame. Lying down, we were lulled to sleep by the music of a little water-fall just outside the house. In the morning, I robbed the calves of their breakfast, which I continued to do wherever I could during all my travels in Brazil. I say, robbed the calves, because they are allowed to nurse. Therefore, to obtain milk for family use, they are segregated in a pen over night; then let out in the morning, one or two at a time, so that the cows will give their milk. Just as soon as each one begins to nurse, it is tied to its dame's front leg where it can only look on while the milker, standing, and milking with one hand into a small tin vessel held in the other hand, deprives it of its breakfast. We eagerly accepted, early in the morning, any refreshments we could obtain, as our breakfast hour was usually, about noon.

A very pleasant morning ride brought us to the simple abode of one of my companions. This man was employed by the municipality at a salary of about ten dollars per month, to conduct a school in his own house, attended by ten or twelve little boys. There were no printed books used in this school. Some pages of a hand-written letter were used in place of a reader. The education of the boys consisted of learning to read and write, the multiplication table, and perhaps a little addition and subtraction. The municipality

required that this school should be in session from seven until ten o'clock each morning, only; but the teacher, wishing to more than fulfil his duty, conducted an afternoon session, from two to four o'clock, gratis. He also taught the boys the Shorter Catechism and the Lord's Prayer. He was an earnest follower of Christ; and though he had but little education himself, he was doing the best he could.

Over eighty per cent. of the people of the South American countries are illiterate. Where a nation has not the Bible, the common people are without a literature. A large proportion of the school teachers are barely able to read and write, do not understand arithmetic beyond multiplication or division, and the schools they preside over are "worthless both mentally and morally." Countless schools, like the one just described, possess scarcely a page of printed matter, a letter written by some merchant, being the reader, and the multiplication table the arithmetic. It is quite common to hear the people of the interior say, when we offer them the Bible, "I cannot read the round letter," meaning that they are unable to read printed words. The children study aloud and in unison; so loud, indeed, that the hum of their voices can be heard some distance, and one not acquainted with such schools may imagine that a saw-mill is in operation in the vicinity. Naturally, each pupil wishes to hear his own voice above the general noise, therefore each continues to raise his voice higher and higher. The teacher of this mediæval school may be seen sitting at the head of the school, doing needle work if a woman, and glancing around furtively to make sure that each little wheel in the great human automaton is operating regularly. If one should pause too long, she shouts, "Come, girl go on!" and *Chica* will again mingle her auctioneer voice with that of her sisters.

Aside from the few modern schools in large cities, there is no co-education, not even in the primary grades. No schools exist in the rural districts, except where a ranchman or a planter employs a governess or a tutor. Nor does there appear to be any real school buildings anywhere, except in the prin-

cipal cities, for the semi-barbarous schools just described are conducted in sheep-pen like quarters, bare of every kind of equipment, except rude stools and benches upon which the children sit dangling their bare feet and legs in the air. Fine, well-equipped school buildings, having capable teachers, exist in the large cities, but these are monopolized mainly by the children of the upper classes, while the lower class children are relegated to the medieval schools, or to the school of the street, where there is no lack of accomplished teachers.

Continuing our narrative: Señor José, my traveling companion, and I started for a quiet ramble in the woods one afternoon, thinking to enjoy an hour of communion together concerning the Gospel; but, poisonous, copper-colored wood-ticks began to drop upon us in such numbers that we were forced to retreat. During the dry season, from May to September, in the cattle regions, these insects hang in large balls to the underside of twigs; then when a horseman brushes past, they let go their hold of one another and of the twig, and seize the object that touches them; and unless one is vigilant, one's body will be covered with them. They usually fall upon the knee of the horseman, so can be easily switched off, if taken in time. Or, one may rub tobacco over the knee of one's trousers; in which event they will let go at once after taking hold, roll off onto the ground, and in due time, bunch up again, ready to try their "luck" once more.

I frequently saw a very interesting bird which the Brazilians call, "John of the Clay," and always add, "He does not work Sundays." It builds a hard, clay house of four compartments on the large crosses, or on posts.

At evening, a few neighbors having come in, we had worship in the house of our dear Christian friend, which resembled, I imagine, the meetings and meeting places of the primitive Christians. My bed for the night was a huge sack of corn-husks placed upon the large, high dining-table usually found in what is the sitting-room, dining-room, parlor, public sleeping room, and general service room of

all Brazilian rural dwellings. I shall always cherish pleasant memories of Señor Antonio and his simple abode tucked away in the jungle. He was poor in material things, but rich spiritually.

In the morning, after breakfast and family worship, I enjoyed another ride with Señor José to the home of his mother at a large cattle ranch in the basin of the Rio Paranahýba, into which we descended by a very steep trail. This was a typical ranch and plantation establishment, and formed a little world by itself. The strange sights and sounds, in the midst of which I now found myself, interested me greatly. All was bustle and noise. Cattle buyers were present on their annual rounds, and herds of cattle caused a continual uproar, day and night, by their lowing; many lean looking, unshaven men, barefooted, and wearing only very soiled white cotton shirts, short trousers and heavy, broad-brimmed, felt hats, were coming and going constantly, mounted or on foot; several bare-footed, bare-armed women dressed in chemise and skirts, were busy in the rear part of the house preparing the food, while a dozen or two famished dogs, alive with fleas and full of sores, prowled about, or stretched themselves under the tables and benches in the house. In some rude buildings near the house, *rapadura*—cane-sugar in bricks—and rum were being manufactured in a primitive manner, for, though my companion's mother had become a follower of Christ, the owner of the establishment had not; and corn, also, was being pulverized by means of a rude contrivance propelled by the brook that serpentined close to the dwelling. Among the men was an idiotic, but joyous, youth who amused the company with his baboon-like doings.

When dinner was served late in the afternoon, big pots of the usual rice and beans were brought in and placed upon the large table in the chief room of the house; then the ranch owner shoveled liberal quantities of this food onto the large, white-enameled soup plates of his many men and guests, who, armed with iron spoons and forks, squatted upon the ground in various positions, placing the plate on the

ground, or sat upon any object within reach, or else leaned against the wall, while devouring their food. When the hour came to go to rest, I witnessed a custom, common in Brazil, which reminded me of the time of Christ. Huge pans of warm water were brought into the chief room and all bathed their feet, thus refreshing themselves. The feet only were bathed, however filthy was the rest of the body. In former times, slaves bathed the feet of their master's family and his guests.

To sleep, two men occupied the two narrow beds in the chief room, the only mattresses of which were hard, dry ox-hides, two others reclined in hammocks, while the remaining number stretched themselves on dry hides on the earth floor. None of them removed any clothing,—they never do to sleep. I again occupied the bed of honor, sleeping on a corn-husk mattress on the dining-table, which became a common experience.

The valley of the Paranáhýba is a splendid, fertile region, and the happy dweller in this charming land may surround himself with a Garden of Eden. I was surprised at the number of beautiful, crystalline brooks that rippled and played over rocky beds.

I went on at once to the Rio Paranáhýba, where I joined the pack train on its arrival. I had now to say good-bye to the earnest Christian young man who had accompanied me thus far. The parting was a sad one to me. I was, at this time, quite inexperienced in the work that I was undertaking, wholly unaccustomed to life in the far interior, and possessed but an imperfect knowledge of the native language. Besides, a very extended and perilous journey was before me; so I was in great need of the companionship of this Christian friend. But, for financial reasons, I could not arrange to have him accompany me. It was a charming moonlight night, and going out under a tree where his horse was, we prayed together, then embraced each other in Brazilian fashion; and as he mounted his horse and rode away, I was oppressed with a feeling of loneliness and desolation.

Chapter IV.

TRAVELING BY MULE TRAIN.—THE PRIESTS AND THE BIBLE.—THE EVANGEL.

The mule train which I accompanied, consisted of forty-six beasts, in charge of six men, one of whom was the cook. Each animal carried over two hundred pounds weight. Both the beasts and their burdens were ferried across the river on a catamaran made by lashing together three dugout canoes and constructing a rough platform upon them.

I daily got stronger and stronger tastes of life and travel in the far interior. Not having a hammock to sleep in, I had only the state of Goyaz for a mattress, and for a sheet a sun-dried ox-hide, which was like a slab of wood full of ridges. During my first night in the tent, while sleeping on this kind of a bed, a rainstorm struck us and the water ran under my sheet; and the wind, aided by hungry pigs that were roaming about, finally knocked the tent down. The ox-hides were used during the day to bind the mule packs and to protect them from the rain; consequently, my sheet was often delivered to me soaking wet and smelling putrid. In this condition, it attracted numerous insects, especially ants, as it lay upon the ground, and they usually tasted of me as well as of my sheet.

We traveled fifteen or twenty miles each day, beginning the day's march as soon after daybreak as possible. The mules were fed corn each evening, which was obtained from a neighboring ranch, then turned loose to pasture at will during the night. Every "troop" of mules is accompanied by a horse, which is a sort of father, or mother, of the herd,

and around which animal the mules always hover while feeding. This horse carries a bell while the herd is pasturing in order that the animals may be more readily located in the morning by the muleteers. But sometimes one or two mules wander away, or are left behind by the herd as it feeds; so that there is frequently much delay in getting them all rounded up, and occasionally, entire days are lost; though in this way the hard-worked beasts secure a much needed rest. We usually breakfasted at seven or eight o'clock, and dined at five in the afternoon; but if we were much delayed in beginning the day's march, we did not have dinner until seven or eight at night, or even later. Nothing was served between these two meals but a small cup of strong coffee. In any event, it was a long, long time between meals for one who had been accustomed to three meals each day at regular hours. I therefore traded Testaments for eggs to families I encountered along the trail, and had them boiled hard to eat cold at noon. I also exchanged Bibles for *rapadura*—sugar in bricks. I had long understood that God's Word was food, but never before had experience of the fact in just this way. The long time between meals did not appear to inconvenience the muleteers. Their capacity is so great that I imagine they could eat enough at one sitting to last them nearly two days. Moreover, they stimulate themselves greatly by smoking incessantly cigarettes made of powerful tobacco.

These men are not far removed from savages. Their dress consists of a cotton shirt and trousers and a hat. They sometimes dispense with the shirt, and even the trousers, but never the hat. They secure the trousers by a leather belt around the waist, and wear the shirt outside the trousers, Chinese fashion. But few Brazilians wear suspenders.

It always interested me much to observe the muleteers load and unload the mules at the beginning and end of each day's march. They work very skilfully and rapidly. The operation resembles what may be seen when a circus is arriving, or preparing to depart. The train marches in sections of ten beasts, each section being in charge of one muleteer, who

travels on foot, ready instantly to adjust any pack that should become disarranged. As the mules are loaded, they break out into a mighty groaning, which many of them keep up during the entire march. Owing either to the pack being too heavy, or because of hideous sores under the saddle, some mules fall into the habit of running out of the trail, or running ahead a short distance and lying down. Frequently, they are unable to rise until the pack is removed, or if they do succeed in getting up, they seriously disarrange the load in doing so. Others bolt off down the trail or through the jungle, and strew their burdens everywhere, breaking anything that is frangible, and delaying the march for hours sometimes, while the muleteers search for the baggage.

Our route lay through a region devoted almost exclusively to cattle raising. It is a world of mountains and hills, table-lands and broad valleys, covered with very coarse grasses together with a more or less dense or scattering growth of small, stunted trees, clumps and areas of forest, and wood-lands bordering the many water courses.

The population is sparse, for I sometimes rode several miles without encountering a human habitation. These stood singly or in small groups tucked away here and there in the jungle, and always on low ground near the streams. Therefore in passing the night in one of these abodes, one can nearly always sleep to the music of running water. Wells are seldom dug. Villages were met with from time to time as we traveled.

Because the pack-train marched slowly, I was enabled to turn aside here and there to visit the people in their dwellings, read the Scriptures to them and talk with them, and when possible, leave a copy of the sacred volume with them. On approaching a village, I usually went one or two days in advance of the train in order to have more time to spend there doing colporteur work and holding public meetings. I enjoyed this work exceedingly. I know of no higher or sweeter privilege in life than to carry the message of God's love to people who have never heard it. But I labored under

great disadvantage at this time. Going in advance of the pack train, upon which I was dependent, my baggage was left behind and I had to run great risk of not finding entertainment, as there were no hotels of any kind. I, therefore, had to trust to the hospitality of private persons.

I arrived at a village one evening in the deep darkness and rain, and visited several houses seeking shelter, but without success. The people were afraid to receive me as I was not only an entire stranger to them, but also a foreigner, and I began to think that I would have to pass the night supperless and sitting upon a log in an open shed—the "hotel." Finally, I met an old gentleman who kept a kind of general store, who kindly invited me to stay with him. He set before me what appeared to me at that time a regal meal after the hard and filthy fare, or no fare, of the mule train; and I went to rest in a bed that also seemed royal after sleeping on the ground and being food for colonies of insects. But next morning, I imagine that the kind old gentleman wished that he, too, had refused me entertainment; for when he discovered that he was sheltering a "protestant," the opposite pole from an "angel," as he believed, he became much alarmed; and when I showed him a Bible, he became greatly excited and inquired with trembling if it was a "false Bible."

"I have one of those Bibles that are changed and falsified and teach against Mary, Most Holy," said he, and going to a drawer he disinterred a large Bible printed by the British & Foreign Bible Society, upon the fly-leaf of which he had written that he had bought the Book nineteen years before from a colporteur, supposing it to be a "good book;" but, discovering that it was "falsified" and "altered," and that it "taught against his religion," he determined to bury it from his sight; and had written thus on the fly-leaf as a testimonial of his innocence, and entombed it as an atonement for the crime he had committed in purchasing so dangerous a book. It seems that after purchasing the volume, he examined it, confidently expecting to find in it a full and devine setting forth of the peculiar beliefs and superstitions that

had been taught him from his childhood. Failing to find these, or even any trace of them, he concluded that they must have been wickedly expunged.

Everywhere in South America, the people who are under the spell of the priest, firmly believe that our Bible has been falsified and poisoned by extensive omissions, adulterations, changes and additions. I have read in the preface to a New Testament, published under the authorization of the Roman Hierarchy, that the motive to print this work was, that, "the Protestants, hired by the London Bible Society, are going about shoving into our faces, bibles that teach all manner of lies concerning the religion that our fathers taught us, and that we know to be the only true religion, beyond which there is no salvation. They seek to force upon us bibles that are falsified, vitiated and altered, and that teach against the pope, against the church(?), against the confessional, against the eucharist, against Jesus Christ(?), against Mary, Most Holy, against the Holy Ones, and against everything that is good." The truth is that this Testament and that published by the "London Bible Society," are identical in every particular,—there is not one jot nor tittle difference in the text of the two books. Consequently, they utter a sweeping condemnation, not only of the Bible Society Bibles, but of the Bible which they have authorized. If the Bible Society's Testament is "falsified, vitiated and altered," and "teaches against the church(?), against Mary, Most Holy, against the pope, against the confessional, and against *Jesus Christ*, and against everything that is *good*," and the Testament which they caused to be printed is in exact accord with that published by the Bible Society, then their own Testament is, by their own positive affirmation, "falsified, vitiated and altered," and teaches against the *church*, against Mary, Most Holy, against the confessional, against the eucharist, against the pope, and against everything that is *good*.

But after all, they are far from wrong. They testify more truely than they suspect. *The* Bible—the Bible they have approved of,—every Bible—most assuredly does teach against

"the church"—by which they mean their great priestly organization, the Roman hierarchy—"against the pope, against Mary, Most Holy"—their great goddess the "Queen of Heaven"—"against the confessional," against the Jesus Christ of their own creation, not the real Christ, and "against everything that is *good*"—for them—against priestcraft.

This bitter, relentless war upon the Bible, is wholly a question of self-preservation with the priestly army. As it increases, they must decrease. They know this. As the Thoughts of the Most High enter the hearts of the people, the doctrines of the most low, the priests, are driven out.

If one should go through South America offering for sale the vilest volume that the foulest mind ever conceived, or that ever insulted the printer's art, the priests would nowhere oppose him. They would, instead, treat him well,—and buy his venomous volume— yes, and read it. But when one goes about offering the people that which is the conception of the Supreme Mind, and which tranforms and glorifies all who receive it, he is considered a fiend, and the precious Volume, the very spawn of hell.

When we ask a person to prove the charges he prefers against our Bible, he, of course, fails ignominiously. A few of the informed ones—and they are exceedingly few, as, doubtless, scarcely one person in a hundred thousand has ever had a Bible in his hands other than those published by the Bible Societies—will accuse us of omitting the "Apochryphal Books" from our Bible. But it has never occurred to them that they and their priests and teachers have most assuredly rejected, not only the Apochryphal Books, but the entire Bible. We, however, do not wish to suppress the Apochryphal Books, but instead, would urge every person to read them carefully.

Astonishing as it may seem to many persons, the priests everywhere in South America have demonstrated thousands of times that they regard the Bible as their arch enemy. There is nothing on earth that arouses their wrath so terribly,

and against which they wage such a war of utter extermination.

The real reason of this antagonism is, that when one of their subjects reads the Bible, he cannot escape being much impressed, even astonished, by the fact that not only in spirit but definitely and positively in numerous passages, it flatly contradicts cardinal doctrines, besides many of the lesser teachings of their religion, while it scarcely mentions other canons and great features that are Mount Everests in the thought and belief of the people. Moreover, he discovers that it condemns the priest and his doings. As the humble reader contemplates the Thoughts of the Most High incarnated in the sacred Volume, Light begins to leak into his mind and he awakes mentally, morally and spiritually, as from an age-long sleep, and begins to revolt, first secretly, then openly, against his master, the priest, and against the beliefs and superstitions that have enslaved his mind from childhood. If he should go to his priest, as many do, seeking an explanation of passages that he cannot harmonize with what has been taught him heretofore, the priest promptly brushes aside the whole matter at a stroke, saying to the anxious inquirer, if his Bible is what they call a "Protestant Bible," that it is "falsified, vitiated and altered;" that it is a most dangerous book which will delude him and lure him straight to everlasting torment, and that he should no more allow it in his house than he would a scorpion, much less to read it.—Then the priest tucks the Book under his "skirt" and it is seen no more.

Again, if the Bible in question should be what they call a "good book;" that is, believed to have been printed with the consent of the prelates, the priest will once more dispose of the whole matter at a stroke, saying that, though the book is a "good book," yet the inquirer cannot possibly understand it, and must therefore avoid reading it, else he will be led astray and damned for time and eternity.—Then the priest tucks the Book under his "skirt" and it is seen no more. In each case the humble seeker after Light is robbed of that which "giveth light." The result is exactly the same

in each instance. The *modus operandi* differs in each case, 'tis true, but this is just a little matter of detail. The real object is to snatch away the good seed and strangle the Voice of the Eternal that is *en raporte* with a human conscience. The priest virtually says to the anxious seeker after God, listen not to this Voice of the Most High, for it is "falsified, vitiated and altered," or, again, "you cannot understand this Voice, and it will deceive and lure you to everlasting woe. Listen, rather, to my words and do as I bid you, then all will be well with you."

If the reader should suddenly find himself face to face with one of these priests who arrogates to himself the powers of Deity, he might experience a shock to his sensibilities. What a repulsive visage often surmounts the gorgeous and immaculate priestly habiliments!—the more striking because of the contrast.—It suggests "Mr. Hyde;" or, Vice parading in the robes of Virtue. Men's characters are chiseled in bas-relief in their faces. Go to the slums of the city and pick out a plug-ugly. Crop his hair, shave him clean and make him rotund. Clothe him to the feet in a magnificent priestly robe and drape a spotless lace bertha over his shoulders. Give his eye a look of banished conscience and decaying intellect. Saturate his mind with subtle philosophies, which he imbibes without ratiocination. Dismiss his reasoning powers, if he should have any, and train him to be a mere reciter—a kind of human phonograph. Temper him with extreme arrogance. And finally, by long discipline, ingenerate his mentality with the firm belief that he is a sort of god, clothed with unlimited power and authority over his poor fellow sinners, on the one hand; and on the other, endowed with astounding powers of conjuration, so that, by muttering a few words, he can metamorphose dead matter into Deity—in other words, create God and control. We now have a *holy* priest. But we must not forget that the priest also, like his subjects, is the victim of a strong delusion.

Returning to my kind entertainer: I tried to impress upon

him the fact that the Bible he had was true and good, and how unfortunate it was that he had suffered this glorious lamp of life eternal to lie entombed all these years.

"But," said he, questioning me, "you have no images in your church."

"Yes," I replied, "we have a great many images in our church. But our images do not come from the carpenter shop, nor from the quarry, nor from the brass works, nor from the lithographer. Our images are living men and women who have had Christ formed within them; and who go about imitating Him in their daily lives."

"Well, you have no *saints* in your church," said he again.

"Yes, we have also many saints—saints, too, that can be seen in flesh and blood. They are not deified dead, but living men and women who have been saved, sanctified and transformed by the blood and by the Spirit of Jesus."

"You never go to confession, do you?"

"Yes, we confess; though not once a month or once a year to a dissolute man, but daily to God, Most Holy, Omniscient."

"But, you cannot be *absolved* from sin, for you have no priest."

"'The blood of Jesus * * * cleanseth us from all sin;' and as for a priest, we indeed have One who is 'holy, guileless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens,' and 'able to save to the uttermost them that draw nigh unto God through him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.'"

"We have abiding always in our temples the *Body of God*, made each day by our priest, while you have nothing; and there is no salvation for any one but those who, having confessed and done penance, eat of God's Body on an empty stomach."

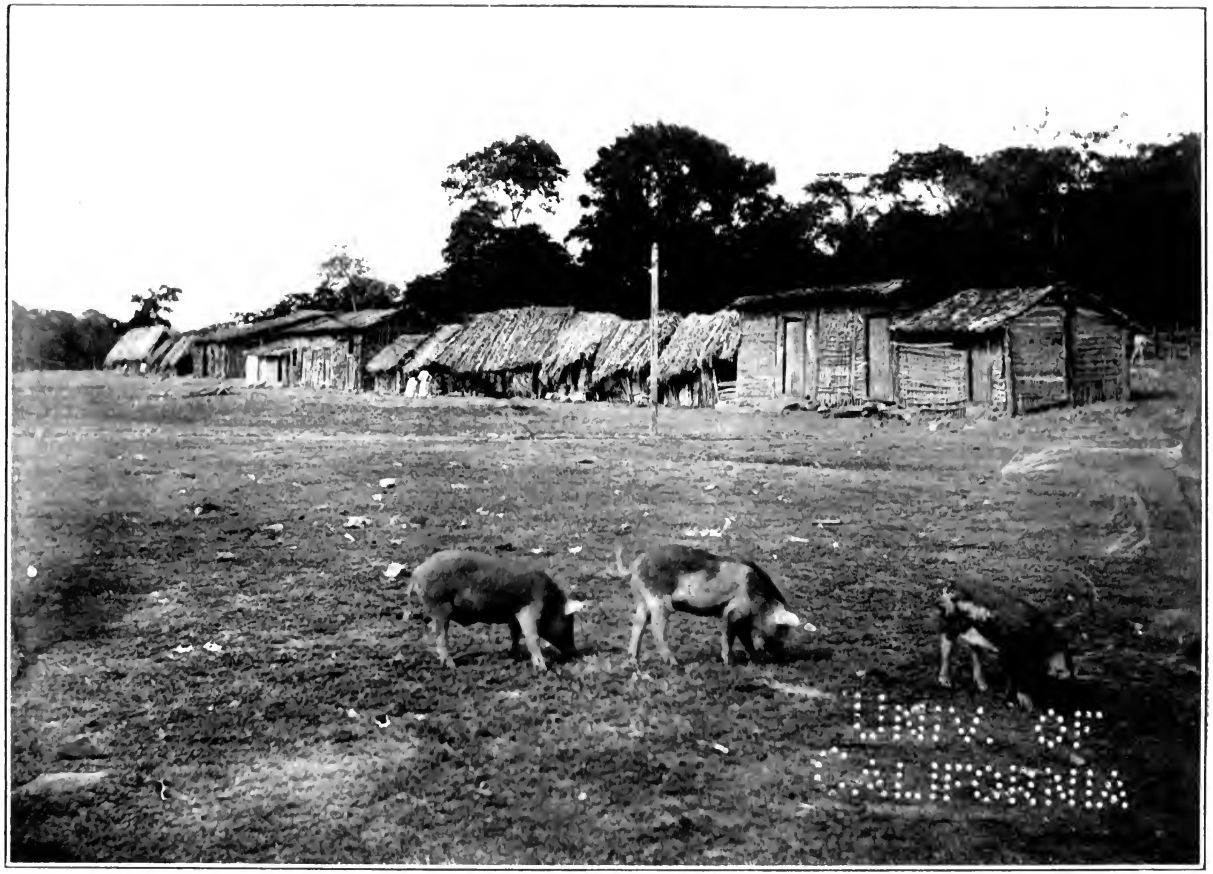
"God is purely a Spirit, the Supreme Intelligence, infinite eternal, invisible, unchangeable, the King of Glory. And can He be summoned from the Eternal Throne by a sinful man, turned into matter, confined in a box and consumed by men? Yet, He makes the human heart His throne, abiding always,

spiritually, with those that love Him, dominating, transforming and exalting their characters; for Jesus says, 'He that believeth on me *hath* eternal life.' And, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' The great miracle(?) of your religion, as you believe, is the transforming of the Omnipotent into a little, round cake—debasing God; while the constantly recurring miracle of the Gospel of Christ is the transforming of wicked, debauched men into the spiritual image of God—exalting man."

My generous host gradually became calm and thoughtful, and indeed was much puzzled at finding me so different from what he had expected; and I left him reading the Book of the Law of the God of Heaven that he had despised for nineteen years. He may have feared to have in his house one whom the people are taught to regard as the agent of the Devil, and have secretly wished that some one had taken me in before I reached his home; but having received me, he would not treat me other than with kindness, and would have protected me against any one seeking to do me harm. Hospitality is looked upon as a cardinal virtue by Brazilians, for they are naturally kind and generous.

I remained Saturday and Sunday at this village, and the time was filled with interesting and profitable experiences. I went from house to house offering the people "the Book of the Law," reading and commenting upon it and talking with them.

Arriving at the entrance to a dwelling, one announces his presence—unless he has already been observed by the inmates, and the entire village as well—not by means of a door bell, or a knocker, or by rapping on the door, for in many cases there is no door to knock on, but by clapping the hands. After I am invited in and seated upon a rude stool, the male neighbors begin to saunter in at the front entrance and to peer in through the windows, which are merely gaping holes in the walls that can be closed only by rough, heavy shutters. This applies to villages and country houses.



The Dwellings of the Men who work in a Great Sugar Mill, on the lower Cuyabá River.

The women of the house—true daughters of Eve—and some of their female neighbors, approach the principal room where the visitor is from the rear and crowd in the doorway, or peer through the door-jambs, or squat in various places, where they may hear yet not be seen. All are curious to know who the stranger is, what is his business, and what news he brings from afar. Business is seldom pressing in Brazilian villages. Time is of little value, and many men spend years "looking at the flies"—doing nothing. Their motto is, "Never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow." Consequently, one may have a delightfully informal meeting with a company of fifteen or twenty persons, get close to their hearts, help them to understand the message of God, and meet their various needs better than he could on a more formal occasion. They ask questions freely, to which one may respond in the words of Christ, thus removing difficulties in the best possible way, though one is often asked strange or irrelevant questions.

At sunset, I met in the street, three young men who begged me to read more to them from the Book they had heard me read that afternoon. I gladly complied, explaining the text as I read. As we communed together regarding the Gospel, other persons paused to listen, so we had a very interesting street meeting. I begun this spontaneous "conference" saying to my auditors that I would read a passage that few persons liked to hear. Naturally, this aroused their interest. I then read very deliberately the first verses of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. They remained silent and thoughtful for a moment; then one asked me how I explained the fact that his countrymen had strayed so far from the path of truth. I replied that we had an explanation of it in the history of the Israelites as given in the Bible: "The Book of the Law" remained hidden, or lost, for centuries, so the people, becoming more and more ignorant of what it taught, strayed far from the path of life and sank into gross idolatry and superstition.

I passed another Sunday at a village called Caldas Novas.

This time, I bore a letter of introduction to the leading merchant of the village, a bright young man who was friendly to the Gospel, though he had not yet openly declared himself a follower of Christ. He received me cordially and entertained me royally, which I thoroughly appreciated after another week of mule-train life.

I conducted a Gospel meeting Sunday afternoon in this friend's house, which was attended by twenty-five of the leading men of the place, and many women. The men occupied the main room and the veranda, while the women crowded in the entrances and other side places. I was accorded the most respectful attention. The discourse was on "The Word of God," the text being the eighth chapter of Nehemiah. I sought to impress upon my hearers that all men are under obligations to receive, ponder, and obey the Law of the God of Heaven as recorded in the Book which He had given us; and also tried to explain God's way of salvation.

I was never in a place where the people appeared to exist in such utter weariness and somnolence as here. They seemed too exhausted to speak aloud, or even to breathe, and their speech was a sort of snore. Mother Nature has been very kind to them, providing them with hot and cold baths which are always ready night and day forever. The hot water flows into the pure, cold water of the brook, and the bather may float from one to the other. These people were the cleanest in their persons of any that I saw in Brazil. The nearest post office to this village was forty miles distant, so the people seldom saw a newspaper, and almost never a book.

Late in the afternoon of the day following our departure from Caldas Novas, while I was seated on a box at our encampment consulting a Portuguese dictionary, a young man living near saw me, and was curious to know the nature of the book. When I explained to him what it was, that "it contained all the words of our language," with an explanation of the meaning of each, and that I could find, instantly, any word in the language, he was astonished, thinking it a wonderful work. Then I showed him a booklet containing

verses from the Bible in two hundred forty-nine languages and a picture of a high building in New York, all of which was a glimpse of a world hither unknown to him. Next, I played a Gospel hymn on the cornet. Finally, he invited me to accompany him to his house. Arriving there, I found a group of persons, among whom was a man who had heard something of the Gospel through the ministry of a devoted missionary of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. John Boyle. This man recommended the Evangel, saying that it was the best religion in the world. This gave me a good introduction, and I spent nearly an hour reading and commenting on the message of God. All present manifested deep interest, especially the young men and boys. Only one person in that large family could read.

As we traveled northward, we frequently met other mule trains going southward to Araguary carrying "tar rope" tobacco. We met, one day, in a narrow path in the woods, a train as large as our own, which was now augmented to seventy-six animals. There was great confusion for a time. The woods seemed alive with these squadrons of mules that disarranged their strange and ungainly packs as they ripped and tore past each other, or dashed about among the trees and got fast between them.

Goyaz exports much of this tobacco which is made into ropes thirty or forty yards long; hence the name. It may interest many men to know that, in Brazil, consumers of this injurious narcotic buy it, not by the pound, but by the yard. Hence, every dealer in tobacco has a yard stick just as the dry-goods merchant has.

One day, we met at our encampment, four huge ox-carts loaded with salt for the far interior, that were hauled by eighty-eight oxen—twenty-two for each cart. This cart is constructed of very heavy, hard, cross-grained, red wood, is roofed over with thatch or dry hides, and probably weighs a ton and a half, or more. The wheels are made of solid slabs of timber, are six inches thick at the hub and do not turn on the axle but are secured firmly to it, and stand six feet

high, and the rims are sunk full of bolts, the rounded heads of which form the tire. It is of great strength, as it must be to withstand the severe strain to which it is subjected. It is the national vehicle of Brazil, and about the only one ever seen outside the cities and towns. It was the first conveyance to turn a wheel in the New World. The huge axle revolves, of course, under the ponderous platform which forms the body of the cart, and the bearings are never greased; therefore when the contrivance is in motion, it groans, wails and shrieks in a frightful manner. The natives say that if the cart were greased, the sound would cease, and the oxen will pull well only to the accompaniment of this *music*. The note of each cart is peculiar to itself in quality and pitch; therefore, when several of them, each loaded with three or four tons of salt, are moving in procession during the quiet hours of the night, their combined moaning, shrieking and wailing, which can be heard a great distance, is enough to cause the very hobgoblins themselves to shudder with fear.

The men who guide the oxen, are armed with rods twelve or fifteen feet in length, having an awl affixed in one end. These they thrust continually into the shoulders of the poor, patient, panting beasts until they are a mass of deep wounds.

Cruelty to animals is characteristic of all the South Americans. The backs of pack animals are commonly masses of revolting sores; and the draft animals in cities are flailed with tugs, every blow of which causes the blood to spatter from sickening wounds. Consequently, it is often harrowing to ride in a street car drawn by mules.

Our trail led through a forest about one hundred miles broad with clearings here and there, the soil being very fertile. As we were following the highway to the Capital of Goyaz, we had less difficulty in crossing streams than is experienced in the more remote regions. Narrow water courses, too deep to ford, were bridged; and catamaran ferries were provided for crossing the rivers.

Once more going in advance of the pack train in order to spend a day or two at a village called Campina—Little Field

—I rode twenty-five miles alone through a wild region, encountering but one human habitation—a mere shanty—in the entire distance. Halting here to get corn for my mule and food for myself, I found that my host had a Bible which he had obtained at a village four hundred miles distant from where he now lived.

Though Campina is pleasantly situated, it is a filthy place in every sense. A native that I met called it "The Devil's Pigstye"—from which it would seem that Satan keeps pigs. The people were sunken in ignorance and superstition. Nearly every person wore dirty, ugly charms hanging about his neck, and all were afraid of the Gospel. Three friars conducted a school on the edge of the village, though this increased, instead of relieved, the Egyptian darkness of the place.

There is a celebrated shrine near Campina. I was told that it originated by a priest building a temple and installing in it three "images," or idols, which he had brought from Rio de Janeiro. Two of the "images" are each eighteen inches high and are called, "God the Father," and "God the Son"; while the third figure is that of a dove, and is called "The Divine Spirit." Devotees come from nearly all parts of Brazil to attend the religious festival which is held here annually during the first week in July, travelling two hundred twenty-five miles after leaving the railway. The pilgrims "do penance" by circumscribing the temple on all fours, and in various other ways, "reciting" prayers as they go. My informant told me that "the images work miracles for those who have faith." They certainly work miracles for the priest, for at the time of which I write, they were bringing him in some three thousand dollars each year, which is a large sum in view of the fact that a laborer could earn but fifty or sixty cents per day.

While at another hamlet a few days later, I met an honest-looking elderly man who desired me to celebrate mass for them the following morning in the little chapel, supposing me some sort of a priest or friar. But he must have thought

me a remarkable appearing priest to be neither barrel-shaped, nor clean-shaven, nor in feminine attire. I replied to him that I was teaching the Gospel of Christ and seeking to obey the Law of the God of heaven, and this did not teach me to "say mass."

Speaking with much warmth, I said that it was absolutely necessary that all men should listen to and obey the Law of God; that some day we would have to appear before the Judge of all the earth, and it was a fearful error to deceive either ourselves or other persons; and that we must seek to know and to follow the Divine Light at whatever cost. Hearing this, my listener became much affected and tears ran down his cheeks; and he said, "I am an old man, and I want to know and conform to the Law of God at whatever sacrifice. Won't you, please, read and explain to us what God has said." While we were talking, other persons came and stood near to listen. The presence of the Holy Spirit was evident, and the occasion was deeply interesting. Later, one of my hearers inquired, "Is there anything in the Bible as to whether Brazil should be a republic or a monarchy?" "The powers that be are ordained of God," I replied, then quoting also Matthew VI:33, said that every man should seek first the Kingdom of God and His *rightness*—put themselves under the dominion of the Government of heaven—then there would be no difficulty about the government of earth. Evangelizing at a house, a woman asked of me a picture of "Saint John."

Nearly every person in this region is afflicted with goitre, which is vulgarly called "crop," or "pouch." In many cases, it had grown to half the size of the head.

Accompanied by one of the muleteers, I went once more in advance of the pack train, making the last twenty-six miles of the journey to the Capital of Goyaz in one day. We traversed a country of fertile soil, and fine grazing lands, forded beautiful brooks that sported and laughed among the rocks, and rode through natural parks, entering, finally, the picturesque gates of Goyaz, which are a pass in the Guilded

Mountains. These gates are huge piles of rock which remind one of the pyramids of Egypt, or the ruins of gigantic ancient castles.

On our way into the city of Goyaz, we passed through a suburban village where we dismounted for a moment at a kind of general store and grog shop. Here, we saw standing in a case, a large idol called, "The Mother of God," which had been brought here for repairs(?) as the grog seller was a "cunning workman." I had always thought that God had to repair—restore—men; but here, it seems, men repair the gods.

The strange, remote little city of Goyaz has a population of eight or ten thousand, is magnificently situated in a basin completely surrounded by mountains, and is traversed by two streams that flow down from the mountains. This basin was anciently the hunting ground of an aboriginal tribe called the Goyaz. Though the city is the seat of the state government, it is merely an expanded, though decadent, village. It has no water-works, nor sewer system; no vehicle, other than the ox-cart, is ever seen in its streets, and horses and mules pasture in the public square.

On arrival, I was given a vacant house to lodge in, as there was no hotel, and my food was brought to me on a tray from across the street. A hammock was swung for me, and I got my first experience sleeping all night in this kind of a bed. I was ignorant of how to get into it and how to lie in it, so got one or two falls, and passed an unpleasant night. A sleeping hammock is very different from those usually seen in North America. To sleep in a hammock, three things are absolutely essential, lacking any one of which is fatal to passing a comfortable night: It must be properly made, must be hung right, and lastly, one must know how to lie in it. First, the body of the hammock should be seven feet square with five or more feet of cording at each end; secondly, it should loop heavily when suspended; and lastly, one must lie in it diagonally. If all these essentials are observed, one may lie in a perfectly horizontal position.

I remained in the town of Goyaz but two weeks, and occupied the time going about among the people, reading God's message to them and talking with them, and distributing Bibles. One day, I traded a Bible for a bottle of honey. I had read in the nineteenth Psalm that the Word of God was like honey, but in this case, it became honey to me in a new way. The men with whom I traded seemed as glad to get my honey, the Book, as I was to get theirs. Another day, I traded the Book for a hair cut. Again, I met a man who had a Latin Testament and wished to know the facts concerning purgatory. Evidently, there was so little in the New Testaments on this subject, which is so tremendously big in the belief of the people, that he could not find it. Another man wanted "a book on the future life." I replied that I had the Bible, which contained something on that subject, then asked him if he had a copy. He replied that he had the "Old and New Testament," and when I asked to see it, he exhibited a little book containing a few Bible stories, affirming that it was the Bible. I explained to him the nature of his book, then showed him a Bible; and when I stated the price, he bought it eagerly. I often found that when a person said he had a Bible, it proved to be some other book.

One day, while taking a walk outside the town, I saw a man sitting on a rock by the roadside, and stopped to talk with him about the Gospel. He questioned me as to who I was and where I came from, and finally inquired if I had "taken orders" and if I "said mass." I replied that the Law of God did not teach the mass, and that I had orders from the Lord Jesus Christ to proclaim the Gospel. Then I read a passage from God's Word to him which alarmed him and he sought to get away from me.

Another man whom I talked with desired two copies of the Bible; and when he learned the price, it seemed to him so insignificant that he could scarcely believe it.

Five fat, fanatical, French friars reigned over Goyaz, assisted by a priest or two and a dozen nuns. These individ-

uals dominate the people, body and mind, and govern more truly than does the legal state government; but the more intelligent, including professional men, merchants and thinking men generally, have spued out Romanism. Naturally, though unfortunately, many of these men are drifting on the sea of doubt of all religion. But, though they have rejected the religion of the priests and friars and rail against them in private, yet they are moral cowards and fear them. They become "strong and very courageous" only when they welcome God's holy Word and Spirit to their hearts, and having turned from sin, have been "transformed by the renewing of the Mind." These men are weakly negative, only, in their beliefs and convictions, though with strange inconsistency, they call themselves "positives." The women, on the contrary, are almost universally under the spell of the priest. The priests and friars zealously gather up and destroy all copies of the Bible that we distribute. Do they not know that these Books are the true Word of God, faithfully translated? If they do not, they are criminally ignorant. Do they know that they are? Then in destroying them, they commit a crime against God and against their fellow men.

One day, I was shown some interesting vegetable beads. They are somewhat larger than a large pea, grayish white in color, and very hard and heavy. A pith, like a toothpick passes through the center of each seed, which can be easily removed, leaving the seed just right to be strung. The natives have an astonishing name for these seeds. They call them, "Drops of Milk of Our Lady," and regard them superstitously. "Our Lady" means, of course, their great goddess. These beads are greatly prized for rosaries.

On an eminence just outside the town, stands a temple where "Our Lady" is said to have appeared, having come down from heaven. She—the *image*—is kept in the temple. *She* is made partly of bamboo. From this, it would seem that bamboo grows in heaven.

Excepting the first two days, I "ranched" while in the city of Goyaz entirely alone in a gloomy, vacant dwelling,

with no floor but the earth, and got my meals next door. My landlord bought green hides and dried them in the sun just outside of the house, and stored them under the house. Consequently, the air was so befouled by putrid flesh that I could scarcely eat. It was well that my stay here was brief.

Chapter V.

THE GOYANA WILDS.—SANCTUARIES OF NATURE.—POVERTY.—MEETING THE CHERENTE INDIANS.

Much to my regret, it became necessary to cut short my stay in Goyaz and continue the Araguaya Expedition in order to take advantage of favoring conditions of travel. Therefore, equipping myself as best I could for the long journey through uninhabited wildernesses and among savages, I quitted the city until a day in the unknown future when God in His gracious providence should again conduct me to it.

Having arranged to travel with a small merchant "troop" to Leopoldina on the Araguaya river, one hundred thirty miles northwest from Goyaz, I rode out of the city alone in a thunderstorm, two hours after the troop had departed. Was this a prophecy of the year of wild and stormy experiences that followed.

I now entered a region more wild and rugged than any I had yet seen, and travel was consequently more difficult. The trail appeared at times more suitable for mountain goats than for the passage of a pack train; and in passing through forests and jungles, we were continually raked by bushes and thorns that pressed hard upon our path. The abodes of the few scattering families inhabiting this region were mostly wretched huts, like those of savages. Unbroken wilderness met the eye everywhere, for we seldom saw any signs of agriculture; the occupation of the people, so far as they had any occupation, being cattle raising.

I wore a *poncha*—the huge rain cloak used by horsemen

in Brazil—which is like a little tent with an opening only in the apex through which to insert the head, and covers not only the man, but the horse as well from ears to tail. Thus rigged, marching in the rain, the horse and rider appear to be a single creature—a monster.

I overtook our troop at a rude cabin in the jungle where lived an old man and woman. Talking with this family, I learned, with surprise, that they already had an American Bible Society Bible which they were reading. It was a pleasure to find here in these wilds the Lamp of Life Eternal casting its benignant and transforming light into the hearts of these poor, simple people in their old age.

We passed the second night of our journey at a lonely, dilapidated hut; and as we reclined in our hammocks for much needed repose, after the long, wearisome march of the day, the thunder of a gathering storm boomed louder and louder. We therefore deemed ourselves fortunate to be sheltered in a permanent structure instead of in our tent, which migh collapse; and fancied the treble of the rain drops and the diapason of the thunder would aid us to enjoy refreshing sleep. Soon the storm burst; but greatly to my dismay, the water came through the roof as if it were a sieve, and poured into my hammock like into a watering trough. I could find but one small, dry spot in the hovel, upon which I stood like a hen in the rain. This is an example of the ruined condition of many dwellings in the interior. The earth floors of many are level with the ground, or below this level, hence they are flooded during heavy rains.

The third day, we remained five hours continuously in the saddle and saw only two dwellings—the one we left in the morning and the one where we tarried at night.

The rainy season was now at its height, and Nature was arrayed in her most gorgeous robes. I experienced peculiar sensations of joy and exhilaration of spirit as I journeyed through these strange, wild solitudes seemingly never before visited by men. I seemed to have left the world of men and the great geysers of human activities, with all their excite-

ments, anxieties, turmoil, strife and feverish haste forever behind me. The past seemed but a dream. Here, nothing was visible to remind one that "civilization," with all that it stands for, existed anywhere upon the earth. Life in the solitudes carried me back to childhood with its freedom from care, and its entire ignorance of, or interest in what the great world was doing. Here, the daily newspaper never came with its alarming headlines and harrowing details of numerous crimes and disasters, financial panics and social convulsions, upon which the "civilized" world feeds daily, even hourly. I had got back to God, who, through His word and His works, spoke to my soul every moment in tones of sweetest music. My estate was in some respects even more happy than that of childhood. Many years of experience had taught me to value childhood as the child cannot possibly do; better, my knowledge of God, through listening to His word and contemplating his marvelous deeds, was almost immeasurably beyond that of a child.

But, being a messenger of Christ's Evangel was the greatest source of happiness in the wilderness life. I was always well armed with "The Sword of the Spirit," and dismounting occasionally, reverently knelt in some quiet, secluded, arboreal temple, built with never a sound of hammer nor voice of man, and where, perhaps, no human foot had ever before trod, here to adore the Most High, read and ponder His Thoughts, and to commune with Him entirely alone in the midst of His wonderful works. How delightful were these experiences! They have enriched and gladdened life during all succeeding days, and the memory of them will ever remain vivid and sacred. How wonderfully did God, the Supreme Soul, reveal Himself and speak to my soul while I worshipped Him in the silence of a beautiful sanctuary of Nature! What new and priceless treasures He disclosed to me in His Word! How often, in answer to prayer, he relieved physical distress, vouchsafed deliverance from danger and guidance through difficulties, and opened doors to the hearts of the people! Frequently, from lofty positions, I

saw revealed to my wondering gaze, fifty or one hundred miles of what appeared to be only a vast, wild uninhabited world. But whether I saw Nature in its immensity or in its minuteness, it everywhere spoke of God who fashioned it all.

Many persons think that life in these vast wildernesses among semi-barbarous and savage peoples, remote from civilization, is full of hardships and privations. True, Nature, is harsh and inhospitable, and at times the venturesome traveler is sorely pressed. But perhaps, on the whole, hardships are more the exception than the rule. Where, however, is life free from suffering? Nevertheless, if one would "save others, himself he cannot save." The joy of being the means to lift men up and point them to God totally benumbs the suffering incurred in so doing.

One day, I saw near our trail, a grove of lemon trees growing wild, and halted to fill my pockets with the ripe fruit, which is unusually valuable in this climate. These trees are as the tree of life, for in some sections they are always in bloom and the fruit is ripening every day in the year.

At another dwelling where we stayed all night, I gave a man a Testament and had soon to give away more copies to other families living near. They seemed delighted to get the books. All the children here were naked except an infant.

As I advanced into the interior, I found myself regarded with increasing interest. A new title also was given me in each region I visited. In Goyaz, I was "Mr. Minister"; afterward, I became "Mr. Doctor," then "Mr. Priest," next "Mr. Captain," and finally, "The Reverend." All men of any prominence whatever in Brazil are given titles. The people began, too, to beg me to diagnose and treat their diseases, and to give or sell them remedies, for a physician is never seen in these regions, and nearly every person suffers from some disorder, or has horrid sores on his body. I much regretted that I did not have a case of medicines with which to treat simple ailments.

A constant surprise to the traveler in the far interior of Brazil is the extreme poverty in which the majority of the people live. The soil and the climate are such that an unlimited variety of fruits and vegetables can be grown, many of which, once planted and cultivated a few years, will continue to produce indefinitely with little or no care. Yet, the people are very poorly nourished, many living in a state of semi-famine. Nearly all such families possess a cross-cut-saw-like pig or two, a few hens, and one or more—usually more—animated skeletons of dogs. The great bug family is so much in evidence in Brazil that Biddy, the hen, can subsist largely upon them. Nevertheless the people have but few fowls; and instead of having food stuffs to sell to passing travelers, they await their coming to beg food from them.

The eighth day of our march from Goyaz, we camped for the night in the big shed of a distillery which had been turned into a stable and barnyard. We were protected from the weather, but not from the odor of ancient swill and other stenches that filled our nostrils.

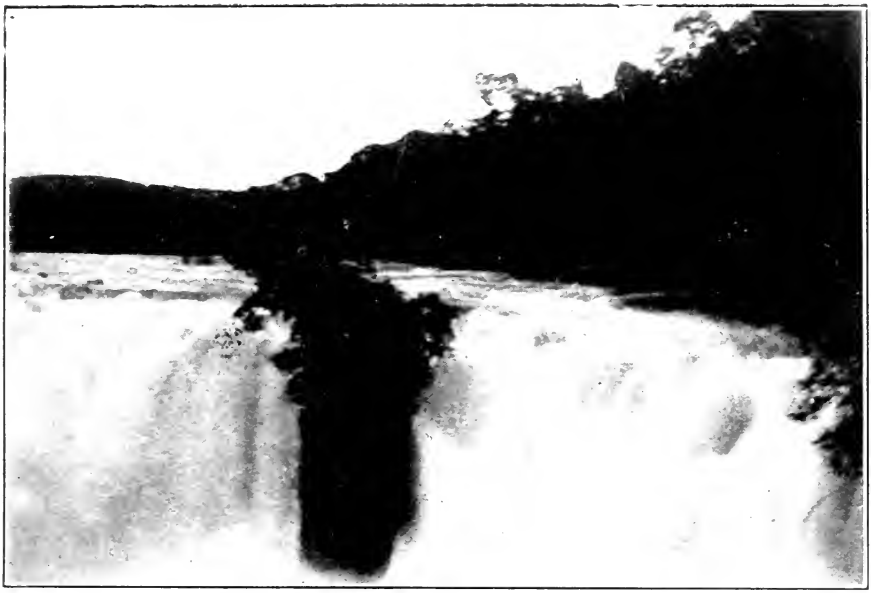
The last day of our journey to Leopoldina, it was necessary to travel thirty miles through a territory where no man dwells. As we were situated at this time, we had to make this distance in one march, or pass the night in a desolate place without either supper or bed. But as we were late in starting, I felt that we could not go so far this day for the buzzards were already eyeing two of our pack mules. They had wasted almost to skeletons and had very little hair on their bodies—or carcasses; and the few patches they did have were more like moss and mildew than hair. As I feared, we were unable to reach our destination this day, for darkness overtook us, and our mules became too exhausted to carry their loads further. So we were compelled to pass the night in the jungle, supping on a bit of native cheese, a bar of chocolate, and a cup of marsh water for tea; and I slept upon two of my boxes placed end to end. Anticipating this termination of our day's march, I had taken the precaution before starting to eat all the eggs obtainable, which were few.

In addition to going supperless and passing the night on a short, narrow, hard, uneven bed, we had to banquet the great mosquito race, and we were soaked with dew.

But morning dawned at last, and after an enjoyable ten miles' ride through the woods in the beautiful sunshine, we arrived at Leopoldina, a decadent hamlet on the great Araguaya river. I cannot describe what peculiar feelings of satisfaction and gladness I experienced when at last I gazed upon this mighty river this charming summer morn. I had thought and talked about it for months, and having planned, and struggled with difficulties, and toiled so long and journeyed so far to reach it, had often wondered if it would ever lie revealed to me. Now that my dream had become a reality, I felt like one who had triumphed in some great undertaking.

The Araguaya, even at this distance of some twenty-five hundred miles from the sea, is in truth a great river. It was a magnificent spectacle to me for I love the water and the wooded shores. It charmed and interested me strangely, moreover, because of the remarkable variety and profusion of life of which I knew it to be the home; because it serpentines its mighty course through a boundless, unexplored world inhabited only by the wild men; and because I saw in imagination a beautiful time in the future when the commerce of a prosperous and mighty civilization would float upon its broad bosom.

Our arrival was the great event of the season at Leopoldina where travelers rarely appear to disturb the monotony of the solitary existence of the few people who live here. As expected, I overtook here the teacher from Rio de Janeiro and her party, including the Cherente Indians. They were preparing to descend the river in canoes, and I arranged to accompany them. The press of the Federal capital had professed the highest admiration for the teacher, as well they might, and had lauded her to the skies for her courage in undertaking a journey so very extended, and so fraught with difficulties and dangers in order to engage in a work still more difficult and hazardous. But, as frequently happens,



A Partial View of the Great Falls of the Araguaya.

Looking down the River below the Great Falls of the Araguaya.

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their admiration exhausted itself largely in high-sounding phrases only, and not in deeds, like clouds and wind without rain, for when I overtook her she was without means to continue her undertaking.

My introduction to the Cherente Indians occurred as I stood by the river, just after my arrival. One of them, wearing a hat, shirt and linen trousers, waded across a creek to where I stood, not troubling himself to roll up his trousers so that they would not get wet. Greeting me in a mongrel tongue, he inquired if I had any other trousers than those I was wearing. On my replying in the affirmative, he asked that I lend them to him, while he dried his own. Later, I met Sépé, the leader of the band, who spoke Portuguese fairly well.

Chapter VI.

PRIMITIVE MAN.—CANOEING ON THE ARAGUAYA.—PARADISE OF ANIMATE LIFE.—GARDENS OF EDEN.—MANIOC, THE BREAD OF THE LAND.

A vast territory of perhaps two and one-half million square miles in the heart of South America, remains to this day virtually unknown to the Christian world, and but little known to the scientific world. This boundless, unexplored world is peopled by hundreds of savage tribes speaking a multitude of languages and dialects that have never been reduced to writing. They live just as they have lived from time immemorial. Millenniums have come and gone without apparently any change having occurred in their social condition. They all exist in a state of virtually absolute nudity, the dwellers of cold, barren, storm-smitten Tierre del Fuego not excepted, and maintain the struggle for existence largely by hunting and fishing and by the spontaneous productions of Nature. Excepting where they have come into touch with the higher races, they are without metal instruments, lacking which man can cultivate the soil but little. They represent what science calls "the stone age"—the pre-metal age—the childhood of man. They are as "babes in the woods," lost in the forests of ignorance, dense and morally more malarious than Stanley's forests of Urêga.

They are an example, on a great scale, rather of the retrogression than the evolution of man, of degeneration instead of regeneration. These unnumbered and degenerate hordes seem like widely dispersed fragments of the wreckage from a mighty universal catastrophe and upheaval of mankind—

derelects, drifting for ages on the ocean of time. Physically, they have developed splendidly, and approach closely the completeness that the Creator has ordained for man; they are fine animals. Mentally, they have scarcely advanced one step, and they fall immeasurably below the standard of intellectual completeness that the Supreme Mind has beneficiently ordained that all mankind should strive to attain and to enjoy. Morally, or spiritually, they have not developed at all, but instead, have shrivelled fearfully, and every day they fail more and more of the glorious standard of perfect manhood and soul development that God, the Supreme Soul, has established, and ardently desires that all men should attain to, until they are almost infinitely removed from God. What a fearful *mis*-fortune it is that men should so utterly miss the prize of the high-calling of God.

For many of the facts herein presented regarding the Karayá tribe, of the Araguaya, I am indebted to that valuable work on South American Ethnology, *Beitrage zur Völkerkunde Brasiliens,* by Dr. Paul Ehrenreich.

The Brazilian government once maintained a school at Leopoldina to "civilize" the Karayá who live in several villages, or clusters of huts, scattered along the Araguaya a thousand miles. Much money was expended in this venture, but like many similar government enterprises, it ended without any desirable results having been achieved. Though a sincere effort may have been made to teach a few of the arts of civilization to these children of the wilds, yet the heart, or conscience, remained untouched by any elevating influences. Moreover, the moral influences that did exist, were positively bad, for the "civilization" that operated on these primitive people was immoral, degenerate. Therefore the savage pupils readily absorbed the vices of their teachers and examples, which were positive, but were not so apt to acquire their virtues, which were at best merely neutral. So they graduated from the school of "civilization" in a worse plight, morally and socially, than when they "matriculated."

To establish a school to "civilize" the children of the

forest, the course usually adopted, whether the work is done by "secular" agents, or by friars paid by the government, is to select a site within fifty or one hundred miles of the villages of the tribe, and erect the desired buildings. Then, when all is ready, the agents repair to the villages and try to secure a number of boys, either by making presents of knives and beads to the parents, or by kidnapping the children. This latter method was pursued with the Karayá, for the parents refused to part with their children for any consideration. The friars are opposed to having the entire families of the Indians live near their schools. But, on the other hand, they do desire the mixed Portuguese speaking multitude—the ignorant, superstitious, immoral, rum-drinking people—called "the civilized ones," to "live at their feet." These people are more profitable to the friar than the Indians, for they give him much money to perform various priestly functions. But the primitive people have no money; nor have they learned to value these priestly services. Therefore, when the "school" is organized, the young savage, besides hearing the doctrine taught, has ample opportunity to see it exemplified.

I stayed with a private family at Leopoldina while waiting to descend the river. In the meantime, I occupied myself going among the people, reading God's message to them and talking with them. I had many interesting and enjoyable experiences. I heard, long afterward, that the village blacksmith, with whom I had talked and left a Bible, was reading, or having it read to him daily, and was literally devouring it. It was the joy of his life. He would often exclaim with emotion as he listened to the reading. "Great is Jehovah!" Perhaps few who read these lines can understand the great worth of this Book to this sincere man in his declining years, dwelling at this remote, forsaken and forgotten spot, rarely reached by the fewest printed lines of any kind.

Another man, a visitor from up the river, was ill, and wished me to suggest a remedy for him. I thought that if he would forsake his vices, he would probably regain his

A Karayá.

A Patagonian Indian Chief.

Seen in the Streets of Bahia.

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health. So I gave him a Bible and had a long talk with him. He said to me, "I am a Catholic, not a Republican," and displayed the coat of arms of the Brazilian monarchy tattooed on one wrist, a heart thrust with arrows on the other, and the initials of the heir to the throne over the spot where he thought his heart should be. Though steeped in vice, he thought himself a good man and an heir of heaven. He was astonished when I read to him some verses from God's Word; especially when I read Gal. V. 19-21, for he crossed himself in alarm. Once, he said he did not believe there was a Devil, or a hell—that the man himself was the Devil. I replied that this might be true in some cases.

I found the people of Leopoldina extremely poor. One of the leading men, who was intelligent and industrious, got a Bible from me. Days having passed without his handing me the thirty cents asked for the book, the fact was disclosed that he did not possess even this much money, but had hoped to get it in payment for somework. Failing to get it, he returned the book; but I, apprised of the situation, made him retain the book. Scarcely any currency was in circulation. So they bartered: any one needing rice traded beans for it, or gave a fishhook in exchange for some line. They tried to sell me old jewelry and other junk in order to realize some cash.

One day, I went fishing on the Araguaya with the Cherentes in a big canoe. It was an experience which afforded me keen pleasure, and of which I shall always cherish lively memories. Everything was strange and wonderful to me;—my unusual companions and our boat; the great, red torrent of the river into which many streams were vomiting logs, brush heaps and other débris, that, falling into line, moved down the river in a long, solemn procession; the tropical surroundings of the river; the angling for large fish; the many great beasts that I saw sporting in the water, and lastly, the flocks of birds of flaming plumage that stocked the air.

At length, the day came to begin our long, strange voyage down the river. We had secured for the purpose three canoes.

The largest, which carried the bulk of our effects, was made by heating a big dugout over the fire, spreading it, then building side planks on this foundation, and roofing the stern half with palm-branches. The second canoe was merely a big dugout; while the third was a small dugout with which to run about and fish. It required much skill to stow our voluminous baggage in the canoes.

The embarkation was a regal event to the people of Leopoldina. The entire population, dressed in festal attire, came down to the river to see us off. I thought my companions would never get through leave-taking; there was almost no end of conversing and embracing. Our party consisted of the teacher and her son, her black cook and half-breed Chavante attendant, the five Cherentes, and myself. We had also twelve dogs and pups which some one fancied we would need. Some days later, we added to our crew two black men and three Karayá Indians. We had no need of so many men; but they assisted mightily to devour our limited supply of provisions.

At last, all was ready for the pomp and pageantry of the embarkation; and pushing off, we swung out into the current in the presence of a numerous company, amid the firing of guns, the bursting of dynamite rockets, the blowing of bugles and horns, the yelling and cheering of the people, and the barking and yelping of the dogs. This is a characteristic Brazilian way of doing things. Considering the character and conduct of our company, we were very far from being a missionary party, I much regret to confess. Moreover, I saw with dismay, after we had cast off, that the canoe men had been supplied with *cachaca*, the native rum, and were intoxicated; worse, that there was a demijohn of the brutalizing liquid in the second canoe. So, the navigating we did was scarcely more intelligent than that of a rotten log. The alcoholized men paddled and splashed wildly about, yelling continually in mad glee; while our cargo of dogs, appearing to really understand the seriousness of the situation, howled a dirge. We were in great danger of being thrown upon the rocks and

wrecked. Meanwhile, we were borne swiftly onward in the embrace of the mighty, silent river, amid ever-changing pictures painted by the hand of God—of Nature arrayed in her gorgeous new robes of spring and solemnly adoring her Creator. Finally, a thunderstorm burst upon us; and after floundering about for a time, we landed at a cattle ranch on the Matto Grosso side of the river, where we remained until the next day.

This region is almost a Garden of Eden. All kinds of live-stock can be raised without other expense than a minimum of labor. The soil is so rich that a vast variety of fruits, such as oranges, lemons, bananas and the like, can be produced with little care; while many wild fruit and nut bearing trees could be transplanted to a spot within reach of the dwelling where they would continue to bear five, ten or one hundred years without cultivation. Wild game, such as deer, pigs, pacas and tapirs, abound in the neighboring forests, while the river teems with many kinds of fish. A comfortable dwelling can be erected without other expense than a small outlay of labor; and little clothing is needed. The sun is hot, it is true, but the breezes are refreshing and the nights are cool. Truly, God has made this a wonderful world, and there is no limit to the good things He has prepared to promote the happiness of His creatures.

The second day of our voyage was delightful. Earth and sky united to produce enchanting scenes. The river, placid as a sea of glass, reflected like a mirror the primeval forests that adorned its banks and seemed like a path of glory; while at mid-day, a solemn and awe-inspiring hush prevailed. As no trace of human life was visible for many hours, we could imagine ourselves the first arrivals at a new world.

Having paddled several hours and being at the same time swept onward by the current, we landed to visit two huts near the river where dwelt Brazilian families. At the first, we were treated to excellent coffee, and given a watermelon—a fruit I had not thought of finding here. It grows in the sand on the river bottoms without cultivation beyond plant-

ing the seed. I gave our kind host a Testament, which was gratefully received. The second family gave us permission to levy upon their patch of melons and pumpkins further down the river. This was a valuable addition to our scant supply of food. At evening, we landed at a rude abode where we were to take on a dozen or more sacks of manioc meal for food while passing through the savage world. This dwelling was merely a roof of palm branches supported upon four posts planted in the ground with one corner fenced off as a "private apartment" for the family.

What a remarkable scene was presented as our little flotilla arrived! Everything animate came out, apparently, to greet us;—men, women and children—the color of the ground—and dogs, pigs and fowls. Our contingent of dogs, added to the resident animals, constituted a menagerie of no mean proportions. As the evening meal—dinner—was being prepared, the squeels and yelps of hungry pigs and dogs, as they fought, and were kicked for attempting to devour our food while it was cooking, caused a continual uproar.

We delayed here three days while our men helped to prepare the manioc or cassava meal. The manioc is a large root almost entirely starch, with a woody fibre running through it. Two kinds are commonly met with in Brazil, the domestic and the "wild," though both are cultivated. It is propagated by planting small sections of the trunk of the little tree that grows from the root. The "wild" variety grows much the largest, becoming two feet long and five or six inches thick when it can grow throughout the year uninjured by frost. This kind is deadly poison; but when the sap, or liquid, is pressed out the poison seems to go with it. The "domestic" kind contains no poison, and may be boiled and eaten like ordinary potatoes. To make the manioc meal, the black skin, or bark, is scraped off, then the root is grated, like horse-radish, into a wooden trough; next the juice is removed by subjecting the mass to a heavy pressure, and it is finally kiln dried. The contrivance used to press out the liquid is very rude. The grated manioc is put into a

large dugout trough near a tree, then a rough slab of wood, fitting loosely into the trough, is placed upon the manioc, and upon this again still other large blocks of wood are built up, all of which become the fulcrum for a heavy beam, the base of which is secured in a mortice in the before mentioned tree; and lastly, heavy weights are piled upon the outer end of the beam. The meal is dried by placing thin layers of it upon an elevated surface, like a huge griddle, under which is a light fire, then stirring it with a wooden hoe.

I saw here, near the dwelling, a valuable fruit tree with hollow limbs in which five or six species of wild honey bees had established themselves. There are a great many kinds of wild bees in Brazil, but none of them, I understand, has a sting; and what is still more remarkable, all, or nearly all, make acid honey—or *sour* honey, as we commonly say. It is used as a drink, which is much prized, by mixing one part honey to five or six parts water and sweetening it with sugar. The expression, "sweet as honey," would be meaningless to many Brazilians. That honey needs to be sweetened with common sugar appears strange indeed.

At length, all the manioc meal we needed, or could carry, was made and stowed into the canoes, and we resumed our voyage. I was astonished at the great quantity of this food stuff we were taking with us. Our canoes were loaded to the water's edge with it, and we seemed to have sufficient to feed half a dozen horses a month. But as we journeyed, and I saw the tremendous eating capacity of our Cherente, Karayá and Brazilian canoe men, I was convinced that we had none too much of the meal. These men seemed never to reach their limit—if they had a limit—for they always continued to eat as long as there was anything to levy upon. Their common dinner "plate"—or trough—was a large pan with a capacity of over half a bushel. Around this they all squatted, as it rested upon the ground, and devoured, a few with iron spoons, and the others with nature's five-tyned forks, gathering the food into large balls and tossing it into their mouths. One day, a large, fish-eating bird, called a

manguary, was shot, which filled our largest pot while cooking. When it was done, our men filled their bushel "plate" half full of manioc meal and poured the pot of game, with the liquid, over it. Just as they finished devouring this mountain of food, two of our party, who had gone fishing, returned with two very large fish; and "to save the fish from spoiling," they at once prepared and boiled a big pot of it, poured the mess over another half bushel of manioc meal, and soon this second heap of food disappeared also.

Fortunately for us, the annual rise of the river was late this year, therefore the *praias*—extensive sand bars—were still exposed. We needed these places to camp upon at night, as it was difficult or dangerous to sleep in the forest on the main land because of insects, reptiles and wild beasts. The mosquito tribes are highly developed in the tropics, for they have the whole of every year in which to perfect themselves. Some varieties, called "powder" by the Brazilians, are mere specks and can fly through ordinary mosquito netting.

Many large and interesting creatures live in the Araguaya river. The *lontra* is the king of the river. It is a kind of river dog, or fresh-water seal. Its body is about five feet in length and it has four very short legs. It subsists entirely upon fish; but it lands on the beach to wander about, and bears its young in a hole which it digs in the bank of the river. When it pokes its head above water while in the river, it appears to be an enormous bull dog. I must confess that I was not a little startled when the head of one appeared above the water close to where I was about to go in bathing, as I had never seen the creature, nor knew of its existence.

Another interesting creature is the fresh-water dolphin, called a *bouto*—stub nose. It is a slate-colored carnivorous mammal which attains a length of ten feet, and a weight of six hundred or a thousand pounds. Its head resembles that of the hippopotamus; but it has no legs, and cannot leave the water. These beasts are very numerous in the Araguaya, or where fish are abundant, for I have seen as many as three pairs

within fifty or one hundred yards of our canoe diving for fish and rising to the surface every moment to blow, whale-like. They can be captured only with a harpoon, but are rarely killed voluntarily by either the civilized or savage natives, though their fat is known to yield an excellent oil for lamps, for there is no animal in the Amazon region that is the subject of so many fables as this creature. The superstitious people believe that blindness would result from the use of this oil in lamps. One fable represents the *bouto* as a kind of mermaid, or siren; and is to the effect that it once had the habit of assuming the form of a beautiful woman with hair hanging loose to her heels, and coming ashore at night and walking through the streets of a village to entice the young men down to the water. If any one was so much smitten as to follow her to the water's edge, she grasped him around the waist and plunged beneath the waves with a triumphant cry. A man told me that if a human being were drowning in the river and a *bouto* should be near, it would succor him and bear him to land.

Fresh-water turtles exist in vast numbers in the Amazon region. They reach a great size in the upper Amazon, a full-grown specimen measuring nearly three feet in length by two in breadth. Its flesh is prized by both the "civilized" and the savage peoples living by the river. The eggs also are valued, scores of millions of which are gathered each season. Oil is extracted from these eggs, tens of thousands of gallons of which have been exported annually. Each turtle produces about one hundred twenty eggs every year. They issue from the river at the dead of night, when all is still, and making excavations two or three feet deep in the sand, turtle after turtle deposits its eggs in the same pit until it is full. The eggs are slightly larger than a hen's egg, are perfectly round, and have a flexible, leathery shell. To prepare them for eating, Brazilians boil them thirty minutes, then mix them with corn meal.

Alligators also infest in vast numbers the Amazon system of rivers. Indeed, they exist in myriads in some streams so

that "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the waters of the Solimoens are as well stocked with large alligators in the dry season, as a ditch in England is in summer with tadpoles."

The anaconda, (eunecetes murinus) or great water serpent, is another interesting creature. It has been known to reach a length of forty-two feet, and to girt four feet. Its greatest thickness is about half way between its head and tail, from which point it gradually tapers both ways. Some Brazilians eat the flesh of this creature.

A fish that interested me is the sting-ray, which looks like a huge, animated pancake. It is ten or twelve inches broad, three inches thick, and almost entirely limbless. Its nose projects only slightly, and it has a stub tail about three inches long armed with a poisonous spine. There are two holes on the upper side of the pancake for eyes, while the mouth is a slit on the under side. It swims very rapidly by an undulating motion of its rim. Near evening every day, these fish bury themselves in large numbers in the half floating mud near the edge of the water to feed, apparently; and if a bather should tread upon one, it will plunge its spur into his ankle instantly, causing a painful wound, difficult to heal. The Brazilians call the fish *lightning*. Its flesh is coarse and tough, and unfit for human food. It is very annoying to a fisherman when it bites his hook, for it seems to be endowed with nine lives, requiring a long time to die, and he dare not handle it because of the spur.

Another small, but dangerous fish, is the *piranha.* These fish exist in shoals in deep spots in the river sheltered from the current. They are never more than a foot in length, have a fearful array of sharp teeth, and are terribly voracious. A line dropped where they are, baited with a bit of meat, will have scarcely touched the water when a whirring sound will be heard and one of them will be on the hook and thousands more trying to get on. No one ventures to bathe where they are, for he might be fearfuly lacerated before escaping from the water.

The largest fish in the river are eight or ten feet in length and encased in an armor of big scales. Still other fish will be mentioned later.

After a five o'clock dinner one afternoon, we cast off again in order to take advantage of the current during the early part of the night. How strangely beautiful and romantic were the scenes that encircled us as we were borne quietly along on the bosom of the mighty, silent, placid flood and the shadows of night, pursuing the fleeing day, stole slowly over us! The boundless forest on both sides of the river, standing, or kneeling down into the water, seemed a vast guard of honor presenting arms, or two grand armies standing at attention. At length, calm and solemn night enveloped us in her sombre mantle. Two hours later, the full moon arose like a Queen of Glory in all her splendor, and radiated a flood of brilliant, delicious light that glorified river and forest and transfigured the savage world through which we were silently moving like spectres. I felt like exclaiming in the words of the Psalmist, " Praise ye him, sun and moon: Praise him all ye stars of light! "

Soon, we reached a little hamlet called São José, that at the time of our visit, was in an advanced state of decay. This was the last outpost of " civilization," and the few people who lived here were cut off from the rest of the world and barely managed to eke out an existence. As I was sitting in our canoe one evening while we tarried here, some large fish heads that had been lying on the beach were thrown into the water; and the instant they struck the water, several fish one to two or more feet in length shot out of the water in the vicinity and glided, or ricochetted over the surface in every direction. They were frightened, apparently, by the large heads. We bought a fat cow here for three dollars and fifty cents and salted the meat down; but as the curing was not properly done, we finally lost the meat.

We found a small group of the Karayá living at São José. We met the Karayá for the first time just before arriving here. They interested me greatly. Doubtless I appeared no

less strange to them than they did to me. Charles Darwin describes the deep feelings he experienced when he found himself face to face for the first time with primitive man. I, too, can never forget the hour when I first gazed upon man in his primitive state. The memory of it will ever remain vivid, and as one of the most interesting experiences of my life. One could easily imagine, at first, that he belonged to a lower order of creatures than the *homo sapien.* If so, better acquaintance soon revealed him to be truly a man in every respect—a true human soul, though far from God in the jungles of ignorance and superstition—one of the lost ones whom Christ came to seek and to save.

The men were entirely nude, and painted from head to foot a dull, yellowish red with a mixture of fish oil and the fruit of the burity-palm. The women were painted like the men, but wore an item of covering made of a strip of inner bark eight feet long and ten inches broad. It is passed around the body and between the legs, and hangs down in front like an apron. At a distance, it resembles a strip of brown canvas. It is beaten and worked, when taken from the tree, until it has some degree of flexibility. Nevertheless, it must be uncomfortable to wear.

A Karayá died while we were detained at São José. We were made aware of the event by the incessant howling, wailing and loud lamentations of the female relatives of the deceased. Visiting the hut of mourning at dawn, we found the family busy decorating the corpse for burial by gumming rings of white feathers around the limbs, wailing and chanting as they worked. Afterward, the body was rolled in the palm-leaf mat which had been the bed of the deceased during life, placed in a canoe, and taken down the river to the tribal cemetery. Karayá funerals will be more fully described in future pages.

Chapter VII.

LIFE IN THE SAVAGE WORLD.—JUNGLE DINNERS.—SYLVAN DORMITORIES.—MIDNIGHT ADVENTURES.

Leaving São José, we entered an altogether savage world, encountering not a vestige of "civilization" again for six or seven hundred miles. We often journeyed part or all of the night, allowing ourselves to be borne along by the current. But I soon found traveling by night very dangerous, especially while we were in the upper part of the river, for there were many obstructions in the river; and the pilot, who was supposed to keep a sharp lookout so as to arouse the oarsmen when danger threatened, often fell asleep, with the result that both our lives and our property were imperiled. Frequently, as we floated quietly onward in the darkness and stillness of the night, we were suddenly thrown into intense excitement because threatened with destruction. But, we never suffered any harm. An unseen Power was caring for us, notwithstanding the carelessness of our canoe men.

As our beef spoiled, we had to depend upon fish and game for our meat, which we never lacked, usually having an abundance. As regards fish, it was much to our advantage that the river was still low. When it rises above its banks and submerges the contiguous country, which it does in places many miles inland, it is difficult to catch fish; one reason being that the fish now find a great abundance of food. We fished every day with hook and line as we floated along with the current, and usually caught very large fish—so

large, indeed, that one was sometimes sufficient to make two meals for our entire party, notwithstanding our enormous eating capacity.

One day, I witnessed a new use for tobacco. A large fish having been hooked, and played until nearly exhausted, was drawn gradually alongside the canoe; then the angler, having masticated a big lump of tobacco, injected it into the mouth of the fish, causing it to stiffen instantly, with the tail slightly curved, in which condition, it was easily drawn into the canoe. If tobacco will paralyze a fish, can it fail to injure the human consumer?

As there were many kinds of water and tree fowls along the river, we dined frequently upon game. At other times, wishing a still greater assortment of food, and to enjoy the chase, we disembarked for a few hours to hunt deer, pigs, tapirs and the like. One morning, a nice pig having been taken in the thicket near the edge of the river, we landed on the first sand-bar for breakfast. Getting ashore, a few of our men set to work at once to prepare the pig, while the others watched the operation, each one evidently thinking of making a good meal, and the part he would select for his portion. The repulsive turkey-buzzards—the scavengers of South America—getting wind promptly of what was occurring, came to observe with an anxious, give-us-the-tripe look, and flopped and jumped about awkwardly, like sack racers, their constantly increasing numbers forming a black ring around us. Our colony of dogs, also, stole quietly about seeking an opportunity to levy upon something. Soon, the pig was cleaned and each of us chose his favorite part. The scene presented was amusing: One man, having roasted the liver at the camp fire, was eating it with a relish; another was stewing the heart; two others were roasting the hams with much solicitude, thinking of the feast they would have slicing and eating from them momentarily during the rest of the day and evening as they paddled, or floated onward in the canoes. The little, old Karayá captain, recently added to our crew as a pilot, had cheated the buzzards of the tripe and

The Home of the Famous Water Lily, the Victoria Regia. Each plant is six feet broad

was baking it; a Cherente had chopped up the head and was stewing it, his appetite gaining in strength every moment. I contented myself with two slices of steak which I empaled on a spit and broiled.

These pigs subsist entirely upon wild fruits and vegetables, and the meat is excellent, especially if the animal is young. They have no layer of fat under the skin, as does the domestic pig. Some varieties roam about singly, while others go in herds of one or two hundred.

When an enemy approaches one of these herds, the alarm is given and they instantly arrange themselves in the form of a crescent, so Brazilian hunters say, and advance to the attack tossing their tusks constantly from side to side, grunting and snuffing, and emiting a disgusting odor. If the enemy does not quickly make his escape, he will be mangled. Jaguars always skulk near these swine bands, for they have but to steal up and seize a pig whenever they wish to dine. It is said that these great cats know well the danger of an attack by the pigs, so act discreetly. When one is hungry for pork, he conceals himself close to the line of march of the swine, lying in wait until the entire herd files past; then, as the last pig is passing, he springs suddenly upon it, breaks its neck, drops it, and scrambles up a tree. The unfortunate pig of course utters a squeel of alarm when seized, so its companions at once form in battle array and advance upon the foe. Soon, they encircle the spot where the victim lies dead, but seeing no enemy, they again form into line and move on. The jaguar, then descends and enjoys a quiet meal.

As we journeyed, we passed splendid grazing lands that appeared like beautiful meadows; next, we saw what resembled pretty apple orchards; then charming parks; then groves of shade trees where we almost expected to see a farmer's house; and finally, tracts of dense forest where the branches of the huge, spreading trees were heavily and elegantly draped and festooned with enormous masses of climbing vines. One of the many things that attracts one's attention in the Brazilian forest is the great extension of the branches of the trees,

for they frequently appear to reach out from the trunk seventy or eighty feet.

We often disembarked at some charming arboreal palace to prepare and eat our food, for, on the sand-bars, we could not always obtain fuel, and were, moreover, exposed to the blistering heat of the sun. At such times, when we were not troubled by insects, we enjoyed a delightful picnic, with which our jungle banquet was in keeping. Occasionally, we were forced to pass the night in the forest. Late one afternoon, we disembarked in the forest for dinner; but before we had finished our repast, a storm broke and darkness closed in quickly upon us—darkness, too, that could almost be felt, obliging us, finally, to grope our way among the trees as if we were blind. It was unsafe to reembark, so we hastily pitched our tents while we could still see a little. I swung my hammock in my tent, and our motley company of canoe men stretched themselves side by side on the ground, forming a human carpet, over which I was suspended, like judgment. The dripping of the rain on our canvas house, the moaning and sighing of the wind through the forest, and the incessant rumble and boom of the thunder, were the only sounds. Soon, the strata of humanity on the ground was snoring loudly, undisturbed even by the bats that bled them on the toes. Some time after high night, because of the stillness, I gradually became conscious of the fact that the storm had ceased, then that the snoring also had ceased, succeeded by a continual slapping, for the mosquitoes had come in clouds and filled our tent, now that there was no rain or wind. "Let us go outside!" exclaimed Sépé, the Cherente, to his companions, and the tent was promptly vacated by all but myself. They imagined they would be free from the little pests in the open air, for, having filled a tent or a house, they torment the occupants all night long, whereas, in the open air, they are in motion but a short time. This time, however, there were myriads of mosquitoes outside the tent as well as in; and again Sépé called out, addressing me, "Shall we not go away from here at once?" I replied in the affirmative,

for to sleep was impossible; and though the darkness was still so gross that we had to feel our way down to the river, we struck camp, tumbled everything into the canoes, then casting ourselves into the arms of the great, silent flood, were swept rapidly away.

We saw the tracks of the tapir everywhere, but did not have the good fortune to capture one while on the Araguaya. They always make for the water at full speed when alarmed, remaining below the surface a surprising length of time. When the jaguar springs upon the back of the tapir and tries to break its neck, he sometimes fails, for its neck is short, very thick and strong. It rushes madly toward the river at such times, dashing among the trees and through the dense underbrush, bolting under fallen trunks and bumping against some in a manner most unpleasant for its ferocious rider, so that he is usually glad to seize the first opportunity to dismount. The jaguar is known to have been killed in one of these wild stampedes, its neck being broken in collision with a tree. I have heard of such a horse and rider tearing through an encampment and among hammocks occupied by sleeping men.

We were often entertained at dawn by monkeys roaring their morning anthem. The great volume of sound seemed to indicate that there were a dozen of these vocalists and that they were a mile distant from us, when, in truth, there were but two and they only a quarter or half a mile distant. There are thirty or forty varieties of monkeys in the Brazilian forests, most of which will doubtless never be seen in zoological parks, for they cannot live in captivity, not even in their native land. We frequently saw colonies of one kind or another climbing about among the tree-tops, or sitting on their haunches observing us.

One day, we sighted far down the river in advance of us, what appeared to be two lines of soldiers drawn up at the water's edge. Studying the objects with a field glass, we found them to be a line of giant storks standing at the margin of the river waiting to seize their breakfast of fish.

They are as tall as a man, and, standing in line, their uniform black heads, white breasts and long, black legs, gave them a decidedly military appearance. The reflection in the water gave the illusion of a double line. I believe this is the largest bird that flies. It must have a long, clear space or it cannot rise. From standing humped up, like a goose on a cold day, it takes a few hesitating steps, then several determined strides, then breaks into a run, followed by a long series of big jumps and flapping of its huge wings, until, finally, it gets clear of the ground.

As we were borne along at night where the river was broad and deep and free of obstructions, all slept, or tried to sleep, excepting one or two watchers. My improvised bed in our large canoe was made of a large, square tin can, the side of a big tin wash-basin and the half of a gourd shell. My companions reclined on similar beds.

One obscure night, as we moved silently onward, like a giant phantom, we descried a light some distance ahead and heard Karayá shouting to us from a sand island. Fearing that they might not be friendly, and because of the darkness, our first thought was to pass on and not land where they were. But a moment later, we discovered that they were a friendly fishing party; so we went ashore. As we drew near to land, our Karayá pilot, Pedro Monco, sang one of their familiar tribal songs. It was of a joyful strain, though extremely peculiar, suggesting, somewhat, the running and bleating of a deer. tI is usually sung for the purpose of announcing to those on shore that visitors are arriving, that they are friendly, and that they are happy to meet their friends on land. Our trumpets were also sounded, and I played a hymn on the cornet. Our arrival appeared to give the fishing party much pleasure. The first thing they asked for was manioc meal and fish hooks. They were all in nature's dress, except the captain of the band, who wore a blanket. Soon after we disembarked, which was past midnight, a Karayá appeared with what resembled a skinned cat, and placed it over the fire to broil. "What is this?" I inquired.

"Monkey."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Eat him—me like him much."

"How did you catch him?"

"Me shoot him with an arrow."

Continuing our voyage at dawn, we encountered before noon another cluster of Karayá huts on a sand island. Before we could get to shore, the natives ran out into the water to meet us, and surrounding our canoes, eagerly offered us balls of black beeswax and pottery in trade for what they supposed we had. It was amusing to see a Karayá couple trying to make a trade with our only woman voyager for a man's gauze undershirt. I could not but think of how the poor savage would appear with only that shirt on. He wanted it, he motioned, to shield himself from the cold at night, and from the flies by day.

We passed the next night at another group of huts on the sand. These Karayá who were very cordial, were expecting us for the news of our approach had preceded us; so they gave us a royal welcome. The *mayor of the city*—the chief of the local horde—appeared arrayed in a complete suit of civilian's clothes, consisting of white linen trousers and vest, black coat and hat. These he wore merely as decorations, not as a covering, for these people consider themselves fully and properly dressed without any such apparel. It was a remarkable sight indeed to us to descry in the gloaming, as we approached the land, what appeared to be a well-dressed representative of advanced civilization entirely alone in a remote, howling wilderness, surrounded by nude and painted savages. He had obtained these garments somewhere from a trading boat. We were escorted in state to a large hut where were assembled all the human inhabitants of the island; and after the reception, we witnessed the wrestling game of which the Karayá are very fond, which will be described fully in future pages.

The same night, as I was sleeping soundly in the open air in my hammock, which was swung between two stakes

set in the sand with a ridge pole bound to them to hold them in position, I was rudely awakened with, "Arise, Mr. William! It is raining!" Truly, it was raining. So I draped my tent over the ridge pole above the hammock, but having no pins, I could fasten it open only slightly by piling sand on the edges. Wishing to protect our canoe men from the weather, I remarked to one or two that they might lie down inside, under the hammock. My back was turned for a moment, and when I again looked in under my canvas, I found the place packed with Karayá, Cherentes, Africans and Brazilians. This mass of humanity so contaminated the air that I finally slept with my head partly outside.

The Karayá hovered about us in their canoes most of the time as we traveled. When possible, we avoided eating our meals at their encampments as we would have to share our food more or less with them, and our supply of rice and manioc meal was scarcely sufficient for our own requirements. Nevertheless a few of them usually contrived to appear among us while we were preparing our food. Late one afternoon as we disembarked for dinner, a cold, drizzling rain was falling and no Karayá were in sight. But, they soon began to appear in twos and threes, as if they had scented us miles away, until finally, a dozen or more were standing around eyeing our boiling pots with hungry looks. The next object that attracted their curious attention after contemplating our dinner, was the young Karayá that had joined us as a paddler at São José. He took very kindly to the shirt and trousers given him, though he would slip out of them most unceremoniously when he wished to drop into the water to secure an oar, for example, that had fallen overboard. At length, he was given a military overcoat with a hood, which he wore when there was rain. Therefore on the occasion just mentioned, he stood near the fire as the twilight deepened, wearing the coat fully buttoned and having the hood drawn over his head, partly obscuring his face. The arriving Karayá seemed at a loss, at first, to determine just what *it* really was, except that a suspicious pair of brown feet and ankles pro-

truded below the coat. They eyed it carefully from head to foot, riveting their gaze for a moment on the feet, then slyly opened the hood a little to peer in; and when they saw the physiognomy of their savage brother with nearly all the paint wore off, grinning at them from away back in the dark, they were highly amused.

A Karayá village we visited near the mouth of the Rio das Mortes—River of the Deaths—is so remote and out of touch with civilization that the inhabitants understand scarcely anything of the Brazilian language. Nor are they cordial to strangers, regarding them, instead, with suspicion, for the reason that they are subject to attacks by the Chavante Indians who live up the Rio das Mortes. While we were calling here, one of the women sought to obtain a shirt from me for her young son. To make me understand what she wanted, she used the sign language, imitating one's movements when a mosquito bites one on the shoulder and he crushes it, the drawing on of a shirt, and the feeling of contentment that "mosquito no bite more."

My umbrella aroused the curiosity of the savages wherever we went. Knowing that it opened somehow, one of them took it once and stood it point downward, apparently expecting it to open. As it did not do so, he passed it to me to show him and his companions how it worked. As I opened it suddenly and it spread its wings, like some old, black goblin about to fly on an evil errand, the women uttered a low scream of fear and surprise. They often felt of my linen coat and trousers, and my shirt, then made signs to me that these articles were very good to protect one from the flies and mosquitoes. They evidently thought that this was my only reason for wearing clothes. They also fingered my hat and boots, and pulled my mustache to ascertain if it were real, or false, and gazed at me as I wrote my journals for writing was a mystery to them. To many of them I was a freak well worth going a long way to see.

The Christmas season occurred while we were in the savage world of the Araguaya. What an extraordinary Christ-

mas it was to me! How almost infinitely removed it was from the situations and environments of former Christmas days! I seemed to be a wanderer in a world wholly different from that which I had formerly known. The afternoon of Christmas day, we passed the principal mouth of the Rio das Mortes—a river with an uncanny name because of a sombre history. It takes its name, I believe, from the fact that a party of explorers, while navigating the Araguaya in canoes long ago, were slain here by the savages. It is a great river, though almost unknown to the world, and drains a vast region that is almost wholly unexplored. While passing the outlet of this mysterious river, a storm burst upon us, and our large canoe, becoming unmanageable, was finally driven ashore. Darkness closing in rapidly we prepared and ate our Christmas dinner in the wind and rain at the edge of the forest. We had no expectation that Santa Claus would penetrate the unknown, mysterious wildernesses that enveloped us to fill our stockings; though a few of our party did fear that the tiger might come to us for *his* Christmas dinner. So we all slept under a large tree close around the fire.

The next day, we visited a Karayá cemetery on top of a hill. As we entered the cemetery, I saw one of our Karayá canoe men, who had preceded us, standing over a nice watermelon that had grown there. I wondered why he did not eat it at once as they are fond of this fruit. But he would not touch it, nor would any of the Karayá, because it was a product of the cemetery, and intended, perhaps, as food for those who had gone to the shadow land. Two of our party did eat it, however, one of whom was myself. But I must acknowledge that it tasted unpleasantly like a Karayá smells. Our woman voyager declared that we had eaten the flesh of a defunct Karayá. Broken pottery was lying about in the cemetery together with skulls and other human bones; while sunk into the ground or standing on the surface were large clay urns containing the osseous remains of dead Karayá. Pumpkins also were growing in the cemetery as well as melons.

Returning to our canoes, we saw a wild fruit tree growing close to the water—its habitat—the fruit of which the Brazilians call *arása*. It resembles a reddish plum, but has a double stone and is very acid. But it is a very wholesome fruit and would make, I imagine, an excellent sauce. The tree appears to be partly a climber, for the limbs, which are one or two inches thick, maintain a uniform size throughout their length, and coil around one another, serpent like. The river was now a mile or more broad and the navigation very open; so, wishing to take advantage of the current as much as possible, we reembarked after a five o'clock dinner one day and floated along quietly hour after hour in the obscurity until past midnight. Then, desiring to find a sandbar on which to sleep until morning, we at last descried a gray outline and pulled for it. Happening to enter shallow water, we grounded before getting close to shore, and lost a pike overboard. But just as we were getting afloat again, we suddenly heard a shuffling sound coming from the shore close by; and looking that way, our hearts stood still as we beheld the dusky forms of thirty or forty naked and painted savages rushing down upon us fully armed with long war lances and heavy killing clubs, ready to scatter our brains on the beach. We now discovered that we were innocently attempting to land just above a portable Karayá village, the existence of which, at this place, was not known even to our pilot, Pedro Monco. Our creeping up here at the dead of night without giving any signals announcing who we were, and if we were friends or foes, had convinced the villagers that we were enemies.

The situation in which we found ourselves was extremely critical for a few minutes. But the natives, seeing who we were, paused briefly, which gave us an opportunity to communicate with them and explain matters, and also to make them some presents to pacify them. Our large canoe only was involved in this midnight adventure, the other having pulled up elsewhere for the night; so our party was small. Our canoe was drawn up on the sand, and the savage band stood

about us, fully armed, maintaining silence and appearing bellicose. At length, the entire band drew off about fifty yards, then began to discharge volleys of blood-curdling yells, such as only wild men or maniacs can utter. Though we had heard these yells before, we did not know if it was "the shout of war," or only a challenge to the wrestling game. Greatly to our relief, it was the latter. We now knew that we were in no immediate danger; though we had felt that as they had not attacked us at first, they would now be loathe to do so openly. After the wrestling game, the savages gradually became friendly to us, and began, at last, to retire to their huts in twos and threes until only a few were near us. The hour was now three A. M., so wrapping my blanket about me, I stretched myself on the sand to sleep a little, though we could not feel sure that we would not be attacked for the sake of our baggage. A party of six Brazilians who were descending the Araguaya some months previous to the time of our trip, were clubbed to death near this place for their baggage.

This was a night of experiences that we shall not soon forget. When we were first surrounded, one of our party, especially, acted very imprudently, though with good intentions: He blew a bugle endeavoring to call to our aid the other canoes which were really far distant from us. This calling for help could accomplish nothing, and but served to excite greater suspicion in the minds of the savages and precipitate an attack. I think I was as much frightened as any one, yet I saw that to retain self-command was far the wisest course to pursue.

The sleep of these children of Nature is more like that of the other wild creatures of the woods than of human beings. The night is much the same as the day to them. They are up and down during the night, just as during the day, ever vigilant, and living in constant expectancy of the sudden appearance of an enemy. It is almost impossible to approach their encampment without their knowledge, though one move never so stealthily.

Morning having come, the remainder of our flotilla soon appeared, and the Karayá became more and more friendly. We induced a few of them to go to their little cornfield across the river to get us some green corn and pumpkins. While awaiting their return, we were entertained by another exciting event. One of two or three Karayá men who were insane and haunted the wilds distant from the village, which they made an unwelcome visit to from time to time, suddenly appeared. Nearly all the men of the village were absent, having scattered off to hunt and fish, as is their custom. When the lunatic burst suddenly into view, the women and children were instantly stricken with panic. Amid wild shouting and screaming, chattering and jabbering, a grand rush was made for the canoes, of which there is one for each family; and as the women ran they caught up the children that were too young to care for themselves, and also grabbed up clay pots and other destructible objects, tumbled everybody and everything into the dugouts, then paddled frantically out into the stream. Soon, the mad savage came into the encampment, armed with a large bow and arrows and a heavy killing club; and amused himself by entering the huts and emerging through the roof; or, entering by breaking through the roof and passing out through the established opening. And while going from hut to hut, he shattered clay pots and pans with a heavy blow from his club, besides slaying parrots and macaws in the same manner. As he took turns around the village, he shot his arrow again and again high in the air in advance, taking it up each time as he arrived where it fell. Seeing him doing this, and fearing that we might become a target for his archery, we followed the example of our savage brethren and pushed out into the stream. But he did not appear to take any notice of us, nor of any one, and seemed to be continually muttering and moaning. He did not stay long in the village but was soon swallowed up again in the forest, and the chattering, jabbering, excited horde in the canoes returned to shore.

Chapter VIII.

THE KARAYÁ.—RECEIVING STRANGERS.—PERSONAL ADORNMENT.—DOMICILES.—MENAGERIES.—FISHING AND HUNTING.—HUSBANDRY.—FOODS.

The Karayá tribe is divided into three great divisions, or separate tribes, called the Yavahé, the Karayáhy and the Sambiõa, numbering in all about four thousand. Little is known of the Yavahé division except that they dwell in three villages, or encampments, by a large lake, or lagoon, in the unknown interior of the great Isle of Bananal, which is between three and four hundred miles long and nearly one hundred miles broad, being formed by the two arms of the Araguaya river. The Yavahé lake has an outlet into the eastern arm of the Araguaya. In our descent of the Araguaya, we followed the western arm.

The Yavahé, though hostile to civilized men, and determined to avoid all contact with "civilization," much desire, neverthless, to obtain the steel implements, such as axes, knives and grubbing hoes, which civilization alone can furnish them. Neither does the Sambiõa branch wish to have any direct contact with "civilization" because they see plainly that their brethren of the Karayáhy division, who live in touch with the "civilization" that exists in the interior of Brazil, and which we know to be semi-barbarous, immoral and superstitious, are in a worse plight, morally, socially and physically than they themselves are—that they are extremely poor and demoralized, and suffer from various diseases, contracted from "civilization," with which they themselves are

not afflicted. Therefore, they have hidden their villages far away from the slimy trail of the only "civilization" they know, and do not wish to reveal their location. But they, too, well know the great superiority of steel implements over their stone utensils, so desire to obtain them, which they do indirectly through the Karayáhy. They are not unwise in their generation. They do not desire to receive, in its entirety, the "civilization" available to them, for it has been demonstrated to them that its evils outweigh its blessings. Therefore they try to catspaw civilization's good things and leave its evil things. What a pity it is that a civilization, which is the best fruit of the Gospel of Christ, should not have reached the Karayá!

The Sambiõa live in much larger, cleaner, and more orderly villages than the Karayáhy, and are better fed. They also build better huts than the Karayáhy, and arrange them in regular streets. They have four large villages, located between Pau de Arco and the falls of S. Miguel. They trade hammocks, vegetables, fruits, fowls, and other produce for such articles made by civilized men as they desire. As regards agriculture, they are but little behind the semi-barbarous Brazilians of the far interior. They have many slaves, which are women and children stolen from other tribes with whom they were at war.

Only the inhabitants of the second Sambiõa village are hostile to strangers. When such appear at their port, the women and children are sent to a safe place, while the warriors, fully armed, assemble at the water's edge and assume a threatening attitude. It is necessary to be cautious in approaching them, though they dare not attack a large canoe full of men armed with repeating rifles. They greatly fear these weapons, believing that the rifleman can continue to fire indefinitely without reloading. The villages are always situated distant from the landing-place; and though they will allow the traveler to visit them, he must be on his guard.

The reception at the landing is interesting and exciting. The naked, bronze-bodied men are assembled in force. Many

of them are painted black and red, and have their faces daubed with a thick layer of black soot; others wear upon their heads crowns made of beautiful feathers; while others again, have their hair braided and decorated with the brilliant crimson and gold feathers of the macaw. All are armed with spears beautifully decorated with feathers, and with bows and arrows and heavy killing clubs. They present quite a military spectacle.

Disembarking, the first thing the visitors do is to show the savages their arms, especially the repeating rifles, which fill them with awe. The chief now hastens to declare that he and his people are friends of the white man, saying: "The Karayá is the friend of the white man; there is no lie with us," repeating this twice. Confidence established, some trading may be done without difficulty. Small children, and particularly, young girls, are very shy of the strangers, and usually creep into their huts and cover their faces with their hands. The visitor is never troubled by beggars, and rarely has anything stolen from him.

The Karayáhy division live along the main stream of the Araguaya between São José and Santa Maria in twelve or fifteen villages or encampments, one of which, near Santa Maria, was completely wiped out in 1881 by the Kayapó tribe. Their villages are not so clean as those of the Sambiõa, nor are the huts so well constructed.

Observing the speech of the Karayá, one can scarcely notice any movement of the lips; nor do they seem able to repeat exactly a sentence just uttered. They have many sounds which they produce with the tongue and swallow the last syllable. Apparently, their speech is not related to any Brazilian aboriginal language. The most remarkable thing about it is that they have one dialect for the men and another for the women; though only a few words are entirely different, and with most of them there is but a slight, unimportant change.

Physically, the Karayá are one of the finest of the aboriginal races of Brazil. They are of medium size, slender and

graceful, and their limbs are well balanced. Their proud bearing makes them appear larger than they really are. Their great muscular power, elasticity, and quickness of movement, is displayed to advantage in their wrestling games, which are their most loved sport. The muscles of the shoulders, especially, are highly developed in both sexes, because they have been trained from childhood to carry heavy weights on their backs, supported by a band which passes over the forehead. The eye-brow ridge is flat, giving the appearance of an open face, and the eyes are but slightly almond-shaped. The women are much smaller than the men, are well proportioned, and have pretty hands and feet. The bust of the younger individuals is perfect, but they soon lose their beauty of form. It is difficult to determine at first just what the color of their skin is. Living, as they do, in the glowing heat of the sun on the sand-bars, their skin, which is really a clear, yellow-brown color, is turned into a dark copper-brown. This clear yellow-brown is found only under their heavy armlets, wristlets and leglets.

Many paint, or, more correctly, grease themselves from head to foot a red or black color, or both; while others prefer brown, red and black. Sometimes a young warrior has himself painted in such a fashion, that seen at a short distance, he appears to be wearing a black European cutaway coat buttoned at the top with one button; while another has black rings painted around his brown body from his shoulders to just above the knees, giving him the appearance of being dressed in a bathing suit. Others, again, paint their faces black. But they like, best of all, to paint black lines on the faces and the extremities. The painting is done with a bit of wood, or with the fingers. Both sexes chop the hair off straight across over the forehead, leaving it in the form of "bangs," and allow it to drop down behind over the shoulders. It is straight, black and coarse, like a horse's tail. Many of the young men, corresponding to what we call "dudes," clip a path, an inch wide, like a very wide part, from the forehead back to the crown, and cut the hair of the

crown, leaving it two inches long and standing erect, pompadour fashion; while the back hair is braided neatly in a single braid, with a bunch of brilliant feathers fastened at the point, or it may be folded up in three or four folds and tied at the base of the head with a cotton string, to which is secured a bunch of long, bright feathers.

The ears of both sexes are pierced in infancy, and they wear in them a reed six or eight inches in length and as large as a lead pencil, the greater length of which protudes toward the front and terminates in a bit of shell set in a rosette of crimson feathers.

The males, and they only, have the lower lip bored. This is done in childhood, and is probably the initiation ceremony into the rights of citizenship or membership in the tribe, just as a civilian is initiated into a lodge, or a child of Roman Catholic parents ceases to be a "pagan" and becomes a "christian" by reason of the baptismal ceremony. A plug, or spile of piuva wood is inserted into this opening in the lip, which is made larger and larger as the individual grows, until it will admit the thumb. The elderly men who have ceased to care much for display, usually wear nothing in the lip but a plug, cut off short; but the "smart" young men wear an ornament some eight inches in length, flattened like a blade just below the lip. The small boys wear a flat piece of shell an inch or two long, and in the form of a T, the cross-bar of the T holding the ornament in position. A much prized lip ornament, which is worn only on festal occasions, and at other times kept wrapped in cotton and securely laid away, is a long, heavy piece of rose-colored quartz. The lip end of this also is T, or dagger-shaped, so that it may not fall out. It is seven inches in length, and conical at the lower end. The Karayá do not make these, but get them in trade from the Tupý. This ornament is, of course, very heavy, and one wonders how it is possible to wear it; for even the lightest of these lip ornaments cause the lip to hang down in a very ugly fashion. To drink when the plug is out, the opening must be closed with the fingers.

Market Day in an Interior Village.

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The Bamboo Grove in the Zoological Garden at Rio de Janeiro.

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Both sexes have a blue ring tattooed under the eye, forming a deep ugly scar, which is the special distinguishing mark of the tribe.

The Karayá take good care of the body, bathing many times each day—though this is more to cool and refresh themselves, and for sport—keep the hair well combed, and pull out the sparse beard. They formerly used the teeth of the piránha fish as a kind of saw with which to cut the hair, but they now have scissors.

As already stated, the men wear no clothing, or covering whatever. The sash, or apron, worn by the women, is made of the inner bark of the jangáda tree. It is prepared for use by first soaking it a day or two in water, then pounding it with flat stones, and finally drying it. When the wearer of this primitive apron sits, she passes it back between the limbs and sits upon it. Besides this costume, both sexes wear various armlets, wristlets and leglets, as ornaments, which are peculiar to each division of the tribe. Soon after birth, the child's wrists and legs below the knees, are adorned with broad bands made by weaving together cotton cordage on the limbs themselves; while a black cotton band girts the body as a bandage. When the infant is a few months old, these articles are removed, and broad cotton wristlets, leglets and anklets are woven on the limbs, a tassel of cotton cords being attached to the leglets. The boys wear the leglets, or garterlets, until the lip is pierced, while the girls wear them until married. The wristlets worn by adults, cover nearly the whole forearm. They are not put aside until after marriage, and many females wear them until the first child is born. When one of the couple dies, the survivor puts the wristlets on again. This custom has come down from the ancients. As the wristlets and leglets are usually woven on the limbs themselves, they cannot be removed without being cut off. For this reason, they are never removed, nor washed until finally thrown aside. But I found the Karayá quite ready to cut these articles off and give them to me in exchange for some articles I had which took their

fancy. Sometimes, however, these ornaments are woven on a wooden form.

Another article of dress, which is peculiar to the Karayá, is the *hammock*. It is made of cotton cords. Strange to say, it is never used as a hammock; nor can it even be swung up, as it is not provided with any cords for this purpose. It is only the body of a hammock. During the day, it is used as a kind of cloak, and is hooked over the head so as to cover the shoulders and back; and at night, it is used as a mat to sleep upon, *on the ground*. Both adults and children may be seen going about during the day with these huge, half-open-pea-pod like objects hooked over them. It reminds one of a snail with its shell on its back. Even clay dolls have this hammock cloak. It is, however, occasionally fastened up like a hammock in order that it may be used as a cradle for an infant.

This *hammock* is of great ethnological interest, because the primitive races of Brazil are classified ethnographically according to whether they sleep in a hammock or do not. It is known that all the tribes occupying the eastern half of Brazil, which includes the Karayá, sleep on the ground, or on slightly raised platforms made of poles; while those that are really hammock using tribes—that sleep in hammocks—make their hammocks of cordage twisted from cotton and palm-leaf fibre. But the Karayá *hammock* is made of cotton only; moreover, it is not a complete hammock and is not used to sleep in. This proves that the Karayá are not to be classified as one of the hammock tribes. We are to understand, therefore, that they got the idea of the hammock comparatively recently from some other people, probably from the "civilized" Brazilians, who make them of cotton only; and though they value them, they are yet unwilling to give up their old custom of sleeping on the ground. A certain Brazilian explorer asserts that he taught the Karayá to make a simple loom and how to weave.

Another article of dress used by the Karayá, is a kind of eye-shade, called an eye-umbrella. It is used to protect the

eyes from the strong reflection of the sun on the sand-bars. When trading with travelers, they are eager to get blue or smoked glasses, or goggles.

The Karayá live in a more advanced state than do some of the other tribes of the Amazon basin, especially the rough, nomadic peoples, who exist in small groups of a few families. They prefer to live in large groups containing hundreds of individuals, and in permanent habitations, constituting fixed villages or encampments. True, the Karayá living near San José, rove about somewhat in small parties during the dry season; but farther down the Araguaya, the encampments are more permanent and populous, numbering one hundred fifty to two hundred souls. During the rainless season when the river is low, they live on the sandy river bottoms, called *praias*. Here they set up their easily portable huts, in order to be convenient to their canoes and to the fishing grounds, and also to be more free from troublesome insects.

The *villages* of the Karayáhy division, in common with those of all other primitive peoples, are merely clusters or groups of huts, huddled together in complete disorder. Each hut is constructed by planting in the sand, fifteen or twenty feet apart, two parallel rows of saplings, then bending over each pair of opposites and tying them together. To these ribs are bound bamboo rods in a horizontal position, *sipo*—creepers —being used as cordage; and upright poles are planted at the gables. Over this frame-work is bound the skin, or covering, which consists of giant, feather-like palm-branches. Sometimes plates, resting on forked posts, are used to further strengthen the frame. This dwelling, when completed, is shaped like the bottom of an inverted barge, and looks like a very squatty, ancient haystack, with a hole—the door—eaten in one end by cattle.

Garbage, such as watermelon rinds, pumpkin skins, green corn cobs, and other fruit and vegetable refuse, is dumped just outside the hut. Here, the mass festers and stinks in the fierce rays of a tropical sun, and attracts swarms of insects, especially sand flies, that torment the nude savages

beyond endurance, compelling them, finally, to pull down their huts and move to a new site, perhaps to some other sand-bar. This is a case of moving the residence instead of the garbage. During the rainy season, or when the sand bottoms are submerged, which may not occur until two or three months after the rains begin, the Karayá dwell on the high banks of the mainland. Here, the huts are much better constructed, resembling the dwellings of "civilized" Brazilians.

It is seldom one sees among primitive peoples, such substantially constructed huts as those of the Sambiõa division. Here is seen the greater industry, the greater activity, and the better condition in every respect of the free, unmolested sons of the wilderness in comparison with their "tame" brethren who exist in more destitute circumstances, though in contact with, and under the influence of the "civilized" people—the semi-barbarous Brazilians. The dwellings of the Sambiõa are not placed in disorder, but are arranged in long rows, forming regular streets. "They make a favorable impression upon the visitor, because the streets appear clean and the huts orderly, comfortable and inviting." The four Sambiõa villages each contain sixty, thirty, forty-five and ninety huts, respectively, and each hut is occupied by one or two, or more, families.

The furniture in these primitive abodes is very simple. The floor, which is bare earth, is covered with matting made by braiding together the long, slender leaves of the burity-palm. The occupants sleep on this matting without any other bedding whatever, save a round billet of wood for a pillow upon which the neck rests, but not the head, Japanese fashion. From the plates, or roof supports, hang baskets of various forms and sizes, in which are kept the bright feathers that are used in decorative work and ornament making. Finished ornaments and decorations made of brilliant feathers, pieces of regalia, bows and arrows in a finished and unfinished state, spear-throwing sticks and various small articles are also seen stuck into or suspended from the roof; while

clubs and lances, various kinds of clay pots and pans and gourd-shell vessels occupy the corners of the hut.

A short distance from the encampment is the "Casa do Bicho," or medicine hut; or better yet, the Demon Hut. It is roofed and closed in on three sides only. The side facing away from the village is always left entirely open. The women of the tribe are not allowed to go near this hut, or to look into it. In front of two Sambiõa villages, two dead kingfishers were secured to the top of a high pole, for the purpose, probably, of keeping away the demons.

The Karayá have a few domestic, or domesticated creatures. These are considered members of the family, and live in and out of the family hut, and on equal terms generally with the people. These children of Nature are evidently lovers of Nature, and their mode of life can scarcely be conceived of without these creatures. The way they treat them indicates the idea they entertain regarding them and their doings—that they look upon them as their companions and equals. The feeling of companionship—even of relationship—with the animal world, is characteristic of the Karayá, and is evidenced by the way the animals are spoken of in their tribal legends, and by the fact that they have quite a treasury of animal fables. Although these people are successful in taming wild creatures, they have never made any economic use of them as have the civilized people. They are captured while still young, and reared, but for no purpose, in most cases, other than to be kept as pets and esteemed members of the families of their captors, where their presence seems to give much pleasure. They are seldom thought of as regards any material benefits they may confer. The only economic use that is made of any of these creatures, is of those that have bright-colored plumage, which is used in the making of the many feathered adornments that are so much admired by these primitive people. Nor are these animals permitted to multiply themselves, if this can be avoided. Some poultry is kept, which was obtained originally from the "civilized" Brazilians, and these, of course, multiply rapidly. But even

these birds are regarded as members of the family, and no use is made of their flesh, nor even of their eggs. In recent years, however, the savages have begun to use them as an article of trade with passing canoes. The most important domestic animals possessed by the Karayá besides fowls, are dogs and cats, which are widely distributed. They have no pigs. This animal is raised by the Kaiapó tribe, who obtained it originally from the civilized people, and use it as an article of trade. A veritable menagerie, in which the various bird families figure prominently, may always be seen around the largest Sambïõa villages. Many proud, magnificently plumaged, and ever-watchful macaws are always seen clinging to the tops of bare poles near the huts like watchers in their towers, or roosting on the roof of the hut; and if anything strange should approach, be it man or beast, they give warning in deafening screams—especially when civilized men—men wearing clothes—appear. Dogs, also, where they have such, bark fiercely when civilized men appear. This kind of man seems so extraordinary to them. Our dogs, in turn, make a fearful fuss when they see savage men for the first time—not only because of their exceedingly strange appearance, but also because of their odor.

Other birds kept by the Karayá in order to get their feathers to make ornaments, are the military bird, small storks, black-headed giant storks, cranes, the glittering white ardea, the beautiful, pink-feathered spoon bill, various wild ducks such as the canoe beak, rheas, or emus, which are the South American ostrich, and wild chickens. Birds that do not become so much attached to the family that they would not fly away, are held captive by having their wings clipped, or a few feathers plucked out. Many of these birds are decorated artificially. Those having white feathers are dyed red, while others have small bunches of bright feathers attached to their wings.

Some of the Brazilian Indians have a curious art by which they make nature change the color of the feathers of many of their captive birds. They jerk out the feathers they wish

to color, then inject into the wounds a milky secretion taken from the skin of small frogs or toads. Therefore, when the new feathers grow out, they are of a brilliant yellow or orange color, without any mixture of blue or green, the natural color of the bird. It is said that when this new plumage is plucked, the next growth will still retain the new colors without further treatment.

Many of the mammals captured by the Karayá in infancy, become very tame. They are raised successfully, nursed either by a slut, or at the human breast. These tamed animals include various kinds of monkeys, the capibára, a rodent which becomes as large as a six-month old pig, agutís, picárres and tapirs. Of reptiles, the Karayá keep turtles, large lizards and alligators, the last named of which lie in pools of water on the sand bottoms, held captive by a cord around the body. The Karayáhy division has comparatively few domesticated creatures.

Like most of the South American tribes, the Karayá are primarily fishermen, obtaining their flesh food more from the river than from the forest. A few tribes, however, that do not live near streams of any importance, are compelled to rely almost wholly upon the chase for their meat, and so become more expert hunters than fishermen. As elsewhere stated, all the aborigines of South America, except the nomadic tribes, engage in agriculture to some extent, though to a very limited degree, except where they have obtained axes, grubbing-hoes and large knives from the civilized people.

The best time to fish along the Araguaya is during the rainless months from May to November, when the water is low, for when it rises, the fish are much more difficult to catch. During low water, the larger fish seek out the deep places in the river, where they may be easily taken. These places, which are well known to the natives, are above the smaller rapids, and also where there are certain rock formations which make deep holes, called *poços* by the Brazilians.

The fish of the Araguaya have the same characteristics as those of the Amazon valley in general. The giant píre,

which attains a length of ten feet, occurs very frequently; also the electric ell, and the thick-bodied pirarára which is encased in an armor of strong, bony plates; the voracious piránha, the jahú, a scaleless fish nearly as large as a man; the pintado, or spotted fish, which reaches a length of six or seven feet; various pacús, besides many other kinds of fish. All of these are suitable for human consumption. There are certain scaleless fish which are not used by the Karayá. Neither will they eat the dolphin; but they are quite fond of the turtle and its eggs.

During the time of high water when fish are not easily caught in the yellow, earth-charged flood, the Karayá secure their fish from the lagoons along the river, which they make into great, natural traps for the larger fish by cutting off their retreat. This is accomplished by blocking the outlet of the lagoon with a basket-work of poles and heavy climbing vines. In former times, fish were taken exclusively by means of the bow and arrow, but the Karayá now use the hook and line, which is obtained in trade from passing canoes. It is for the most part impossible to fish in the Araguaya with a net because the piránha cut it to pieces, and also because of the many large creatures that infest the river.

Hunting is not so important an occupation with the Karayá as fishing, hence they are more expert anglers than hunters; nor do they display much skill in the chase. This may appear strange to persons who believe that all Indians are hunters, par excellence. South America is not so rich in large game as Africa; moreover, some superstition, the taboo, doubtless, prevents the savages from eating the flesh of some species of game which are most numerous. For this reason, the Karayá do not hunt the tapir, which abounds along the Araguaya, though the meat is excellent, being much like beef, yet richer. Deer also, of which there are many varieties, exist in great numbers; yet few, if any, of the savage tribes touch these animals. The Karayá never hunt large game, confining themselves to monkeys, which are abun-

dant, and to the pecari, the aguti, the musk duck which is found in ponds, and similar small game.

Agriculture among the Sambiōa is highly developed—remarkably so, in fact, for a people living in a state of savagery—and is even more advanced in some respects than that of the "civilized" Brazilians living near their territory. A large assortment of vegetable foodstuffs are raised. They now have the same agricultural implements as the "civilized" Brazilians, having relegated to oblivion their rude tools of ancient times, with which they could not till the soil but to a very limited extent, and that only with excessive toil. The high agricultural development reached by these savages is very interesting and important, proving conclusively that the primitive man, far from being incapable of anything but to wander over a wide territory, living from hand to mouth by hunting and fishing, is capable of becoming an agriculturist of no mean order. The plant most extensively cultivated by the Sambiōa is the manioc. They raise both kinds, the "wild" and the "tame." Next to this in importance is corn. But this is used more to make a fermented drink than for food. Sugar-cane is also cultivated on the low, alluvial soil along the river, which is well adapted to this purpose. But the natives have no suitable contrivance for extracting the juice from the cane. Several varieties of small, brown beans, brought from Pará, and which are a staple food among civilized Brazilians, are also raised. So also, the white and violet Brazilian *cará*, a kind of potato. Besides these foodstuffs, which were obtained originally from civilized Brazilians, the Karayá gather from forest and jungle, many kinds of wild fruits and vegetables, which introduce a pleasing change in their aliment. A few such are the cajú, a yellow, olive-shaped plum, which grows on a very large tree; the jábádacába, a plum which grows clinging to the trunks of a tree resembling the elm; the morisy, a large yellow cherry, groves of which may be seen growing on the uplands; mongába, the fruit of a kind of upland rubber tree, which I have elsewhere called a natural baked apple; and

the genipapa or wine fruit, a very soggy, tough fruit as large as a pear. It looks and tastes something like a fig soaked in vinegar, but is much prized by the natives. But, as elsewhere mentioned, the palm is the never-failing friend of the children of Nature. One or another of its multitudinous varieties will have a little food of some kind for them every day in the year, such as nuts, fruits and vegetables; and besides, will furnish them the material for their huts, and for bows, arrows and cordage. Though all else should fail, these trees will remain as a tree of life to them. It seems strange that they have no oranges. This fruit will flourish in this region, even doing well without any care, once it has been given a good start. The absence of this tree is the more remarkable because the Karayá are very fond of oranges, and undertake journeys lasting weeks to obtain them. Wild honey is also a much prized article of food, as it is among most South American savages. They make the wax into black balls, or discs about one inch thick, to be used as a glue.

The Karayá have also a kind of tobacco, which contains but a slight percentage of nicotine. The dried leaves are kept in large, square packages covered with palm-leaves. To prepare it for use, it is pulverized between the hands, then smoked in a pipe that looks like a funnel-shaped plug. The pipe most used is one fashioned by Nature herself. It is a certain kind of fruit-shell, or pod, which is funnel-shaped and hollow. Failing this, a pipe is made of a kind of hard wood. The bowl and stem are one straight piece; therefore, when in use, the cavity is in a horizontal position, and not held upright, like the civilized (?) man's flue. The part that enters the mouth is so large that the lips are greatly distended in closing around it, hereby increasing the already ugly appearance of the mouth caused by the repulsive ornament in the lower lip. I have seen the front teeth hollowed somewhat to fit around this huge plug.

No less interesting than the kind of food used by these people, is the means whereby it is prepared for eating. In

the open air, just in front of the entrance to each hut, is the cooking place, which is surrounded by a slightly raised platform of sticks on which the manioc meal is evaporated. Large earthen pots are seen resting upon stands over the fire; while the ground around is littered with garbage, which, as previously mentioned, ferments, and attracts and breeds swarms of pestiferous flies. The women are as busy as bees, and toil untiringly throughout the whole of each and every day, gathering fruits and vegetables from forest and field, going many miles distant and returning, staggering under heavy burdens, gathering firewood, preparing manioc meal, pulverizing corn in wooden mortars, splitting the small cocoa nuts, and attending to the cooking. Dr. Ehrenreich says of the Karayá wife, that though her raw materials are limited, she, nevertheless, succeeds in producing a good assortment of food. Among all savage and semi-barbarous peoples, the females labor more assiduously than the males, and the burden of providing for the family seems to fall more upon them than upon the males. Here again, we observe the similarity between these children of Nature and the wild creatures, upon the female of whom falls the burden of providing for the brood.

The Karayá have no matches, or any of the appliances of civilization for kindling a fire, but still adhere to the ancient method. Fire is produced by means of two sticks of wood, one, which is of urucú, being secured to the ground. This is grooved and morticed in such a way that by setting the point of the second piece, which is a taquára reed, into the groove and causing it to spin rapidly by rolling it between the palms, glowing dust issues from the side of the first piece, with which a fire is kindled. Punk is not used; the piece of wood that is bored takes the place of punk. With this glowing dust, strips of palm-leaves are ignited after being daubed with easily inflammable red resin. But the primitive housekeepers seldom have to resort to this method of producing fire as they do not allow their camp-fires to die out. When on a journey, they carry fire-brands, or glowing coals, which are kept alive at times by being buried in the sand.

Fish and game are sometimes prepared for eating by cooking in a clay pot; but the usual method is to impale the meat on a stake which is set up in the ground by the camp-fire and inclined over it; or else to place it upon glowing coals and allow it to remain there until the outside is burned to a crisp. As a portion of this crisp part is naturally reduced to ashes, a saline substance is produced, which, mingling with the juice, flavors the meat. Various root foods, and also ears of corn, are prepared for eating by roasting over the fire.

Besides the ash salts just mentioned, the Karayá contrive to extract a little sodium chloride from certain earth banks which contain a small percentage of this substance. It is only recently that they have begun to use salt obtained from the civilized world. Banks of saline earth are easy to locate as the wild beasts frequent these places to "lick." In the cattle-raising regions, a herdsman is much pleased to have one or more of these briny spots in his territory so that his cattle may thereby obtain salt.

"The poor tame brothers" of the Sambiõa, the Karayáhy branch of the family, though they are supplied to a limited extent with axes and grubbing hoes, do very little planting. Neither have they many domesticated creatures. Those they do have are largely birds of the parrot family, which they regard with affection, though their feathers are plucked to be used in ornament making.

Chapter IX.

KARAYÁ ACTIVITIES.—CANOE MAKING.—WEAPONS.—NATURE MADE UTENSILS.—ORNAMENT MAKING.—FAMILY LIFE.—PRIMITIVE ETHICS.—MARRIAGES.—CHILDREN.—GOVERNMENT.

The industrial activities of the Karayá now make a better showing than in former times, for their primitive tools are now more and more replaced by tools introduced from the civilized world. The old stone-axes have disappeared, and little is known of them. Ancient inscriptions and figures upon the rocks represent men with stone-axes in their hands, but these drawings belong to a remote period.

To-day, the only primitive implements of the Karayá are those that Nature furnishes them ready for use. Their scraping tools, for instance, are sharp-edged shells; their chisel-like instruments are the teeth of certain powerful rodents; and smooth, flat stones, formed by the action of the water, are used as discs upon which to beat and prepare the web of bark which is their cloth.

It cannot be said of the Karayá that their primitive industries have fallen, in any degree, into decay because they have begun to use the tools of civilized men. Adaptability, beauty of form, and carefulness of execution, is evident in all their workmanship. Canoe building among them, for instance, has reached a high degree of perfection, though the method of constructing them is very crude. These canoes, which are all dugouts, are long and slim, and taper gradually to a point at both bow and stern. This form is perhaps best

suited to their purpose owing to the many shallow places in the river, and because it facilitates landing and pushing off. The tree selected to be transformed into a canoe is an ipiúba or a jatóba, which must be very straight. Strange to say, the butt of the tree becomes the bow of the canoe; therefore, the finished canoe is broader at the bow than at the stern. As these children of Nature are preeminently imitators of Nature, it seems quite probable that in constructing their canoes, they have in mind the form of the fish, which always goes big end first.

The log is first hewn into the form of a canoe, then hollowed out with axes and with fire. It is not broadened amidships, therefore, when finished, it is no wider than was the original tree. As it is thus very narrow and tapers gradually and uniformly high above the water at both bow and stern, it tips over very easily. Great care is taken to make it perfectly smooth outside and in. No seats are provided, but sticks are placed across the bottom to keep both the occupants and the freight out of any water that may leak in. As every family has a canoe, quite a fleet of them may be seen in front of every village. These canoes are propelled by paddles five feet in length, half of which is blade, the point terminating like a lance. They are made with great care and labor, and are often nicely ornamented. When canoeing, the pilot is always seen perched in a squatting position on the extreme point of the stern with his knees drawn up to his chin.

The weapons of the Karayá are as of old—there has been no change whatever. In common with other Brazilian tribes, the length and stiffness of their bow is according to the height and strength of its owner. Some bows are seven feet in length, while a boy's bow is two and a half or three feet long. They are made of the wood of a certain palm-tree which the Brazilians call *pau de arco*—bow wood—which is the wood used by all the tribes of central and North Brazil for their bows. The bow is made flat inside, and the extremities taper to a point. Several lengths of string, carried

as a reserve, are kept wound around the bow. The Karayá take great pride in their bows, ornamenting them beautifully with tassels of brilliant feathers.

They use several different styles of arrows. Some are harpoon-like for fishing purposes; others are made with broad blades for hunting; while still others are for use in war. They are all made with the utmost care, as much as one or two days being consumed in the making of but one. Two or three different kinds of wood are always used in constructing a single arrow, one kind being for the spear, or lance part, another kind—heavy palm wood—for the middle staff, and light bamboo wood for the base, and all are spliced and bound together with the greatest nicety by means of long, narrow strips of bark taken from certain climbers, and finally, the weapon is burnished. It is about four feet in length.

The weapons used for fighting at close quarters, which is the method of warfare liked best, are heavy clubs and lances. The clubs are of two kinds—first, shovel-like clubs and round clubs, resembling base-ball bats, varying in length from three to four and a half feet. The lances are nine or ten feet in length, the shaft being of palm wood, and the point, the shin-bone of the spotted *onca*—jaguar—or of a deer. A beautiful, basket-like work of black and white wooden strips is woven, or braided, tightly over the shaft of the spear, and to this is attached tassels of brilliant plumage. The Karayá have spear-throwing sticks, but I understand they are no longer used in war, but for sport only. The contrivance is a long strip of wood so formed that it can be used, sling-like to hurl a spear. In common with all the savage tribes of South America, the weapons, implements, ornaments and ceremonial instruments are all made by the men of the Karayá, while the women make only the household utensils.

The Karayá housewife, therefore, makes several styles of pots and pans; but pottery has not yet reached a very high degree of perfection with this tribe for the forms are simple and crude. They do not make pots in the form of natural objects as do the tribes of the Xingú river. Utility, and this

only, is sought. The Karayá once more like all the South American tribes, form the pots without the use of the potter's wheel, the work being done by building up rings of clay, stroking and shaping, first with the hands, then with bones and shells until the vessel reaches the desired form and strength. The ashes of certain plants are mixed with the clay to give it greater firmness.

To secure an oven in which to bake the pots, these children of Nature again look to their common Mother. In the large, dome-shaped ant-hills which abound in their world, they find a nearly complete natural oven. They further prepare this oven for use by carving a hole in one side and starting a fire in it. This done, they put the pot, previously sun-baked into the kiln; then open a second hole on another side of the ant-hill to communicate with the first, by which to feed the fire. A draft is secured by opening a vent in the top of the natural oven. The women make clay spoons as well as pots. Though a few of these clay vessels are provided with legs, none of them have handles, except as cords are secured around them to serve as handles.

Besides these manufactured vessels, Nature again comes to the aid of these primitive people and furnishes them jugs, bottles, basins and pans of a great variety of shapes and sizes from calabash or gourd-shells. These vegetable vessels are not only as hard as wood, but very durable, though they cannot, of course, be placed over the fire. Large rattles for ceremonial purposes are also made from the gourd by replacing the seeds with pebbles, and attaching handles of wood.

Nature has supplied the Karayá with such a rich and varied material that braid-work is the principal household industry, a product notable for its utility and variety of form. The long, slender leaves of the oaguasse, or burity-palm, are braided together diagonally into mats to serve as flooring for the huts, and even for roofing. The flooring mats, being so easily produced, are made only as wanted. The finest grades of matting are made to sleep upon and to roof the hut. For this work,

Harvesting Coffee.

large, fan-like palm leaves are slit into narrow strips, skeins or bundles of which are kept always on hand ready for use. A very small mat is made especially for the fisherman to stand upon to protect his feet when he has to remain a long time at one spot on the hot sand.

A great variety of beautiful baskets are also made of braid-work. These are made of sipós—climbing vines—reeds, split stems and the like. Large baskets, resembling sacks, are made of very coarse palm-leaves for use in carrying heavy loads of food material gathered from the forest. The smaller baskets are made not only of fine materials of various colors, but are braided into nice patterns. They are of many sizes and shapes and used for numerous purposes. Some are hand or shoulder bags in which to carry small articles; many others of various sizes may be seen hanging from the roof of the hut which serve as receptacles for numerous small household articles or personal effects; others are double, or covered baskets, like telescope traveling bags, in which much-prized feather ornaments are carefully guarded; while still others are canoe-shaped hanging baskets, beautifully designed. Nearly all these baskets are flexible, and some are even elastic, bottle-shaped baskets. To carry the tobacco when on a journey, a square basket is used, to which is attached a bark shoulder strap. A large, basket-work disc, finely and closely braided, is used as a sieve, or colander. As the civilized Brazilians everywhere have the same kind of utensil, it may be inferred that it has come down to them from their aboriginal South American ancestors.

The "textile industry" of the Karayá is nothing more than braid-work. Natural resources once again furnish them an unlimited supply of material nearly ready for use. The burity-palm once more manifests its unfailing utility, yielding a splendid fibre which can be readily stripped from its long leaves. Another kind of fibre, which possesses great adhesive qualities, is obtained from the inner bark of the mallow tree. The finest threads are *spun* by rolling a number of single fibres together between the moistened hands, or

between the hand and the leg above the knee. These fine strands, again, are rolled together into cords. This is accomplished by each strand being skillfully rolled independently on the leg as the hand is passed rapidly over them all before they are permitted to come together and twist themselves around each other into a single cord. The same method of making cordage is seen among the "civilized" Brazilians of the far interior, and is probably another relic of their aboriginal ancestry.

The Karayá also make fish-nets by means of large wooden needles; small nets, shaped like hand-bags, in which to carry small objects; queer-looking net caps that may be drawn together with cotton strings, and which are embellished with brilliant feathers. Cotton is also used by the Karayá. It is spun by means of a rude spindle of bone or baked clay, which is revolved between the hands.

The *loom*, or contrivance for braiding—or weaving—by means of which the hammocks already described are *woven*, is very simple. The warping is wound over two small posts which are planted upright in the ground a foot or two apart. The weaving is done by working the woof thread in by hand over and under the warping threads by means of a long needle, then pressing it back tightly by using a wooden blade instead of the reed employed by more advanced peoples. It is extremely slow work. Various colored warps and woofs are used making stripes in the finished work. On this same framework is woven the strong bands used in carrying heavy baskets; also the forehead bands and the body bands for infants. Armlets and leglets are either knitted or crochetted with a hook-like needle over a cone-shaped block of wood, or are made on the limb itself.

Most of the ornaments of the Karayá, as of other tribes, are made of brilliant plumage. They take pleasure in making these articles; and exercise such good taste and introduce so much variety, that they are not excelled by any of the primitive peoples of South America. The work, however, lacks durability; but as they have always an abundance of suitable

feathers on hand, they can replace worn-out pieces at any moment. Many of these ornaments are beautiful. One, made of white feathers and secured around the head as a band, looks like a halo encircling the head when seen from a distance when the wind is blowing. These ornaments are worn principally on festal occasions, or when visitors are present. Three styles of a peculiar feather hood are also made. The foundation is a net hood of three different sized meshes, one of which is very closely woven. The stems of the feathers are worked in between the meshes. This is worn at the dance festival.

The ear and arm ornaments have already been described. A dancing belt is made of strong black and white braiding embellished with tassels of beautiful feathers with shell rattles. The legs and ankles of the dancers are also decorated with feather tassels and shell rattles. Sometimes the savages "tar and feather" themselves, besmearing the body with gum, then putting on a thick layer of white down. In former times they wore necklaces of animal teeth, bones, and shell discs. But these have now been replaced by the glass beads obtained in trade.

The Karayá are very fond of black and white beads, and may often be seen wearing a number of strings around the neck, to the lowest one of which is attached little chains terminating in fruit shells, or tiny bunches of feathers.

The only, though much used, article of toilet of the Karayá is the comb, which is made in various sizes, the largest being fourteen inches wide and of equal length. The teeth are flat, slender pieces of palm wood or taquara, which are secured between two small blocks of wood. The spacing between the teeth is made by passing yarn between them. This comb is ornamented with small tassels of bright feathers.

The ornamental work of the Karayá consists of patterns of zig-zag lines, crosses, or lizard-shaped forms, dots, diamond shapes, and peculiar broken, irregular lines; while squares and triangles occur only to fill out, and circles are entirely wanting. The patterns seem to be chosen at random, nevertheless

the artificers have clear ideas of what they wish to make. These designs are an attempt to represent the forms of natural objects about them. For example, the colored markings on the canoe, represent fish; so also the feather mosaic work. The wasp, or hornets' nest is represented in the decoration of combs; and figures of bats with outstretched wings, and snakes, are also made. The tribes of the Xingú river and some others make drawings of men and animals in the sand.

It is difficult for a Karayá to sketch anything with a lead-pencil. They do very little wood-carving. The most important work of art among them is the fashioning of human forms with wax or clay. Figures, apparently children's dolls, are offered in trade to travelers in large numbers. The execution of this work shows that they have ideas of form, and that they observe nature. Their best pieces are as well made as those of the old American civilization. The lower extremities of the human form, though, are made too large and out of proportion with the rest of the body. But the face is natural with no trace of hideousness.

About the only instrument of *music* possessed by the Karayá, is a sort of trumpet, called by the civilized Brazilians a *buzzina*. It is, in truth, a kind of combination of the flute and drum. The flute part is a section of a bamboo or taquara cane, eighteen inches in length, with the mouth-piece, of course, in the side. To the outer end of this base flute is glued, with wax, the neck of a large, bottle-shaped gourd-shell, six inches in diameter, in the big end of which a large opening is made. Of course, a tune cannot be played on this uncouth instrument, for but one note can be produced with it. But these nature folk seem well pleased with this one roaring, booming note, for, like all savages, their musical tastes appear quite satisfied with hideous, discordant sounds and charivari noises.

As previously mentioned, the primitive peoples of South America, and indeed, of every other part of the world, have been degraded both morally and socially wherever they have come under the influence of the civilized races, excepting

where that influence has been genuinely and positively Christian. It is humiliating to admit this; but the most overwhelming evidences of it are found everywhere. How very many sad examples there are that the representatives of even Christian civilizations have imposed a curse instead of conferring a blessing upon their poor, ignorant, primitive brethren! All too frequently, the "civilized" world which first comes into contact with savagery, is of the world, worldly. Its vices are prominent and positive, while its virtues are negative and obscure. Naturally, the uncultured savage acquires the vices without effort, but knows nothing of the virtues, if there be any; and his own virtues, or wholesome customs, become more or less overshadowed and broken down; for the savage man, in common with other men of every race and social grade, is a more apt scholar in the school of vice than in the school of virtue. The influence of the Christ life, on the other hand, is positively and powerfully virtuous. It purifies and transforms the inner man, and exalts and beautifies the whole outward expression of his life, at the same time, preserving and ennobling all that he had formerly that was good.

Many people think that savages, living in a state of nature, intermingle as promiscuously as swine, and without any restraints to their passions. This is very far from the truth, for they have customs, usages and traditions that are rigidly observed; and within certain limits, the inviolability of womanhood is guaranteed; while vicious propensities are so restrained or regulated that the tribe is safeguarded against physical impairment. Unfortunately, this can scarcely be said of many of the civilized people of South America.

For a savage people, human life among the Karayá is valued and protected; and family ties are strong—between husband and wife as well as between parents and children. The mother, instead of the father, appears to be the head of the family, for the following reasons:

The husband does not eat with his family, but instead,

with the family of his married sister, and is considered a member of his sister's family. Secondly, his share of the proceeds of the day's hunting and fishing, does not go to his own hut, but to that of his sister; and, lastly, if his wife should die leaving dependent children, they are taken in charge by her parents and the widower again becomes one of the bachelors.

A Karayá woman is not permitted to marry an alien, unless he will become adopted, or naturalized, into the tribe, and will consent to reside permanently at the wife's native village. The Karayá wife appears to be considered the equal of her husband in many respects, for he never takes any important step in life without first consulting her. Even the village chief divides his honors with his wife. Furthermore, the wife as well as the husband, has an important part to perform, not only in the family, but in the social economy of the village; though her part is to do the heavy, laborious work, while her man does the light and fancy-work; his only heavy work being to hunt and fish.

The men usually have but one wife, though a few have two. One reason for having two wives seems to be owing to the custom prevailing among nearly all South American tribes that the young men marry the older women, and the old men marry the young women. Therefore, when the first wife becomes old, her young husband takes to himself a youthful wife. Perhaps this custom of the young men marrying the older women will account in part for the small number of children born to these primitive races; though another reason may be that children are allowed to nurse until they are six or seven years of age. The custom of aged men marrying girls fourteen or fifteen years of age is common among the civilized people of Brazil. Abortion among the Karayá is practiced only when the husband demands it. Whenever a couple cannot live together harmoniously, the husband is allowed to trade his wife for another woman. If he should drive her away, he will not be permitted to marry another woman, though he may take a concubine. The adulterous

woman is punished by her husband either by flogging, or by torturing with fire brands. It is said that she is sometimes even burned to death. The adulterous man is punished by the nearest relatives of his wife. But among these people as, unfortunately, among the higher races, far greater license is allowed the man than the woman.

The Karayá seem to cherish an earnest desire to preserve the integrity of the family, and to guard it against disturbing influences of every kind. Children are reared with strictness and maidenhood is respected; and any transgression of the tribal laws regarding the relations of the sexes is severely punished—even with death, in some cases. But children born out of wedlock are not put to death, as is usually done among savage peoples, but instead, are, like other orphans, reared by the chief of the village as his own children.

The unmarried individuals, who are distinguished from the married by the previously described wristlets and armlets, are not required to support themselves, but are provided for by the community as a whole. The bachelors and widowers live together in a sort of "bachelors' hall"—a separate hut—and participate in the hunting and fishing and other occupations of the tribe only as they feel inclined. But the unmarried women, while, like the single men, not required to work, are not segregated, for they dwell in the huts of their nearest relatives. These females are allowed certain liberties with the unmarried men in order that they may not perturb the married men and their families. They are the village prostitutes. By this arrangement the single men, on the other hand, are kept from endangering family life. Women taken captive from the enemy in intertribal wars, are retained as prostitutes and semi-slaves. These unhappy females are the common property of all the men, the married as well as the single. Captive female children share the same sad fate; and probably also the children born of captive parents.

We see in these customs, the dualism of the "ethics" of the savage. They are moral, if we may use this term, only when their own well-being is at stake—when it is a question

of preserving their own health and the perpetuity of their tribe. With them, the abstaining from or checking of vice, is not a question of conscience, or ethics. They do not regard vice, and evil generally, as wrong in a moral sense, but in a physical and utilitarian sense—because they see that it injures them physically and materially. Right and wrong, virtue and vice mean to them simply material well-being or damage—a question of expediency only. Their perception of moral principles is very dim. They possess the innate ideas of right and wrong, as do all human beings, but seemingly in a blind, instinctive, unintelligent sense only, like a child. Though the taboo, or belief that dire calamities will be visited upon them if they should transgress the will of their divinities, exercises a powerful influence on their conduct.

Matrimony is consummated by the man in question making known his wishes to the parents of the maiden of his choice. These in turn ask their daughter if she gives her consent. If she is willing, her affianced delivers to her all his weapons. He then conducts her to the domicile of one of his relatives, as he, of course, has no house of his own. Here they both remain four days as guests of the family. The fifth day, the bride is led back to the hut of her parents, following which, she returns to the bridegroom his weapons. As if to prove that he is competent to care for a family, the groom goes on a few days' hunt, returning when he has secured a quantity of game. The marriage ceremony terminates with a bacchanalian feast, given by the bride's parents, which corresponds to the wedding supper of civilized people. The couple may now live together, and a hut is built for them.

The Karayá love their children and treat them kindly, though they are stoical and make no display of their affections. This is true of most of the South American tribes. Very young children are carried about constantly by the mother, and cared for untiringly; and are coated with colored grease and decorated with bright feathers with the same pride and solicitude that the most civilized mothers care for and dress their children. The older children are left to

occupy and amuse themselves entirely as they may feel inclined. Nevertheless, they show a natural good behavior. But in observing them, the idea is somehow suggested to one that they are, to some extent at least, creatures of instinct, like irrational nature about them. In common with the brutes, they seem not inclined to go beyond limits whereby they might suffer injury. Just as the wild creature, left to itself, does not need to be governed or restrained by anything apart from itself for its well-being, neither do these wild children, apparently, need the oversight of their parents. There seems to be no danger that they will harm themselves, or get into trouble. They play naturally in a very quiet and restrained manner as if to avoid all possibility of attracting the attention of enemies. To sell children to traders, as is done in some parts of Brazil, particularly on the Amazon river, is unknown among the Karayá.

While still at a tender age, the children begin to imitate the doings of their elders. The boys amuse themselves with archery, and by fishing and swimming; and the girls aid their mothers in the household duties. Children's toys are clay figures, small tops, miniature canoes, and even little cooking utensils, corresponding to the "tea sets" of civilized children. An amusement of which even adults are fond, is to play with a ball made of corn cobs and feathers, and a ring. Another, is a game known to many of us as "cat's cradle," which is the looping of a cord over the hands held some distance apart, and relooping and crossing it over the fingers from hand to hand so as to make it represent the figures of various animals. This game is common among the Indians of North America.

There appears to be clans among the Karayá. Each village considers itself one large family—a paternal communistic society—possessing a distinct name, and having a certain district for its own peculiar hunting and fishing ground. The cultivated land—the little village plantation—is owned in common, is tilled by all, and the products are divided systematically to each family. A similar arrangement existed among

the Incas, and is met with to-day in Russia and elsewhere. The hunting and fishing is participated in by all the men at the same time, and the proceeds of the day's chase are lumped together, then divided proportionately to all the families of the village; and those who have had "no luck" share equally with those who have been successful. To-day, they all go hunting at the command of their chief; to-morrow, they fish in the same way; and the next day, they all work on the village plantation. But in every case, the combined results of their efforts are divided equally according to the mouths to be filled. All the doings of the village are directed by the chief. He holds in trust all the property of the local horde, and is supported by the community. Consequently, it is his duty to adopt all the orphans of the village, including the sons of warriors who fall in battle. It is not necessary, however, that he should excel in military skill. There are other qualifications that are considered more essential and of far more practical every-day value to one who would succeed as a chief. He must have sufficient experience, energy and diplomatic skill to enable him to deal harmoniously and successfully with civilized men. Therefore, a man who did not originally belong to the tribe but was adopted into it from some other, may become chief if he should excel in these particulars. He lays out all the work, plans the hunting and fishing expeditions, indicates the camping places and selects the ground to be planted. When the forest covering the land to be tilled has been cut down, allowed to dry and then burned, he stakes out the plot for each family composing the village. He has also a very important duty to perform as a sort of justice of the peace, and in enforcing the tribal laws. If two men quarrel, he adjusts the difference; while his wife adjusts differences between the women. He must also bring all culprits to justice, though he is not allowed to execute the sentence of the law. Custom demands that this shall be done by the wronged person. Murder and personal injury is avenged immediately, and without much ceremony, by the relatives of the victim. When the chief is informed of a rob-

bery, he at once steps just outside of his domicile, and in a stentorian voice that can be clearly heard by every person in the encampment, demands of the thief, whoever he may be, that the stolen articles be returned immediately. Usually, this has the desired effect; the stolen objects are secretly deposited in the place from which they were taken, and the affair is closed. If the articles are not returned, the chief is empowered to institute a search. If suspicion should fall upon a certain individual, the plaintiff may take from him any object he desires, to be held as security until the return of the stolen goods. If the culprit is discovered, his victim is expected to see to it that he is abundantly reimbursed for any loss suffered. If a chief should prove incompetent, or the people cannot get along harmoniously with him, they simply ignore him and choose another.

Chapter X.

KARAYÁ SPORTS.—FUNERALS.—CARNIVALS.—RELIGION.

The young men love to wrestle on the sand on bright, moonlight nights. The chief object of the contest appears to be to cause the opponent to fall by tripping him. It is an exceedingly interesting sport. The Karayá of one village cannot pass another without stopping to indulge in the "struggle," as it is called. In all such cases where a visiting team is pitted against a home team of equal numbers, it seems to be more of a ceremony, or a performance, than a test of championship. The visitors, on arrival, do not go about the village nor mingle with their hosts, until after the struggle. Instead, they crouch in the sand by their canoes, their knees drawn up to their chins, their heads hanging down, and do not speak, except to reply in as few words as possible to the questions put to them. When the ceremony of the struggle is over, refreshments are set before them, and they may go about the encampment at will. On the occasion of my visit, the night was rather dark; and when the time came for the match, the home team, accompanied by every soul in the encampment, moved out to a broad, open space on the sand, there to await the approach of the visiting team. As the latter were coming up, a series of maniacal, blood-chilling war yells were exchanged by the teams as challenges. There was something about the performance that suggested cockfighting. Or is this "struggle" an imitation of a fight between rival tigers, who, having first challenged each other with terrifying roars, finally lock in deadly combat? The

teams having lined up—there were four men to a side—they approached each other waltzing, zig-zag fashion, back and forth from one side of the ring to the other in a series of very rapid, stiff-legged, turkey-steps, the second man of each pair being close behind his partner and executing, lock-step, precisely the same movements in perfect unison with him; at the same time, the arms of all were extended in front, legs spread wide apart, bodies inclined forward and slightly squatting, and the entire anatomy of each rigid as if frozen stiff. As they worked gradually toward each other, they emitted fiendish challenges in the form of long-drawn-out yells. Finally, they came together and clinched, and the yelling ceased. The "first round" terminated quickly with four of the combatants sprawling upon the sand. For the second round, they jerked themselves out to one another in single pairs; while for the third round, a single individual, only, came out, first from one side then from the other, prancing like game cocks right up to the opponents' line.

Dr. Ehrenreich describes a war dance he saw at one of the Sambiõa villages. Eight warriors, fully armed with spears, clubs, and bows and arrows, and decorated with feathers executed the dance, led by a sort of dancing master, before whom they were arranged in the form of a crescent. They moved but little from one spot—merely a few steps forward and backward—hopping rapidly and artistically on one leg and waving their weapons in perfect unison, guided by the measured beats of their leader. Every movement was executed with the nicest precision. It is said that the Karayá learned this dance from the Kaiapó tribe.

When a Karayá dies, all his tools, weapons and ornaments are burned, accompanied by a loud crying, wailing and lamentation by the surviving relatives and friends, among whom, because of having participated in the obsequies, will be distributed whatever articles belonging to the deceased that were not consigned to the flames. There is, therefore, some inducement to be a mourner. The death dance around the corpse is next in order. First, the body is ornamented by

gumming feathers onto it, then a pole nine feet long is laid upon it, lengthwise, as it lies upon its back, and the whole is enwrapped in the palm-leaf mat which had served as the bed of the deceased during life, and wound with long strips of bark. The purpose of this pole is that the remains may hang suspended from it in the grave. The group that dances and wails as it moves around the corpse, is led by a kind of precentor, who is relieved from time to time as he grows weary. As the performers dance, they hold their arms extended in front with the fingers of one hand placed upon the backs of the fingers of the other hand, thus forming a bow. The singing is alternate and responsive. The chorus asks the deceased where he has gone and how he fares, and the leader of the chorus responds for the corpse. The chorus wails, "He lives no more! It is all over with him! Think no more of him! He is hanging from the bar!" Then the leader, speaking for the departed, responds hopefully, "I am in a beautiful land! Give me some tobacco! Did you put the plug"—the tobacco pipe—"between my lips? I am in need of nothing! But, be sure to place water at the grave!" The chorus now repeats but one question, and answers in a doleful voice: "It is all over with him! It is all over!" Very frequently these ceremonies begin before the subject is even dead.

Interment occurs the next day after death except where death has taken place very early in the morning, in which event it is the same day, at evening. The singing, wailing, lamentations, dancing and other lugubrious festivities continue three or four days, during which time all work is abandoned. The Karayá cemeteries are always located on top of a high hill near the river. The civilized Brazilians, imitating, perhaps, their savage ancestors, also place their cemeteries on the highest ground near the town, where it often endangers the health of the living.

A Karayá grave is a hole in the ground nearly seven feet in length, three feet wide and thirty inches deep. The body is hung horizontally into this excavation so that it swings freely from the already mentioned pole, each end of which

rests on top of the ground. Beneath the corpse, which swings eight or ten inches above the bottom of the grave, is placed a clay pan filled with food for the shade of the departed. Next, a number of poles are placed beside the first one supporting the body so that they cover completely the mouth of the grave; and over these, in turn, is placed a palm-leaf mat, upon which is heaped about ten inches of earth. The grave is further marked and decorated by setting up at the head and foot two stakes some three feet high, each terminating in a fork at the upper end, and embellished with a tassel of feathers, besides other adornments. These decorations are for the purpose of frightening away trespassing demons or ghosts. At the center of each post is a ring on which is carved the insignia or emblem of the family of the deceased, which, for example, may be a lizard. A strong cord is stretched between the stakes resting in the forked tops, over which, with the outer edges touching the ground, are placed two palm-leaf mats to form a miniature hut over the grave. This is intended as the domicile of the deceased. Calabash shell vessels containing food and drink for the soul, are placed upon the grave inside this mortuary hut, for the disconsolate shade is believed to linger near its discarded body for a time. Later, if the surviving relatives demand it, the bones are exhumed and deposited in a large clay urn, which is either sunk into the ground near the grave, or allowed to stand upon the surface of the ground.

The memory of the departed is cherished. Even long after the death of an individual, the surviving relatives give expression to their grief by loud and stormy outbreaks of feeling when any occurrence revives the memory of him. The occasion may be the arrival at the village of some one who was a near relative or an intimate friend of the departed, whose appearance recalls the memory of him; or it may be the revealing of some memento of the deceased. Dr. Ehrenreich says that when he was looking through the baskets in one of the huts for curios, he brought to light some memorials of deceased parents or children. Instantly, the women in the hut—

it is always the women—broke out into loud lamentations and wailings, which did not cease until the objects were again hidden from view. He says that he witnessed at a Sambiõa village a very pathetic mourning scene when the news came that a certain resident of the village had died in Pará, whither he had gone as a paddler in one of the trading boats descending the river. The mother and the wife of the deceased paced up and down the bank of the river near the village during two entire days, uttering continually loud and solemn cries of mourning. In their hands, they carried his ornaments and waved them constantly in the direction of the place where he had died. With the assistance of other women, the wailing was continued throughout the night. But whatever may be the real sentiments of the relatives, lamentations and wailing must not be omitted.

The Karayá have not suffered as much from smallpox and goitre as other primitive peoples. But tuberculosis is increasing among them, and they know that it is infectious. "Is there any catarrh where you hail from?" is the first question they ask a stranger before he is allowed to enter their huts. Intermittent fevers exist among them only in certain low regions. They use but little medicine, for all sickness and disease is looked upon as demon possession, or the result of witch-craft. Therefore, they trust to their conjurers, or tribal priests, to relieve illness. These men seek to remove the fancied poison or disturbing element by sucking the part of the body where the pain is located, or to expel the evil spirits by performing enchantments, or practicing black arts. One of the most noted medicaments of the Karayá, is the resin of the almecegêira tree, which is mixed with cocoa-nut oil and taken in the form of snuff for headache, and also rubbed on the abdomen to cure stomach-ache.

Bates, in his valuable work, "The Naturalist on the Amazon," says: "No one could live long among the Indians of the Upper Amazon without being struck with their constitutional dislike for heat. Europeans certainly withstand the high temperature better than the original inhabitants of the

country. Their skin is always hot to the touch, and they perspire but little." (This may be owing, in some degree, to the clogging of the pores of the body with the gummy, red grease with which they keep themselves constantly besmeared.) * * * "They bathe many times each day, but do not plunge into the water, taking merely a sitz bath, as dogs may be seen doing in hot climates, to cool the lower parts of the body. The women and children who have remained at home while the men are away fishing and hunting, generally find some excuse for trooping off to the shade of the forest during the hot hours of the afternoon. They appear restless and discontented in fine, dry weather, but cheerful in cool days, when the rain is pouring down on their naked backs. When suffering from fever, nothing but strict watching can prevent them from going to bathe in the river, or eating immoderate quantities of juicy fruits, although these indulgences are frequently the cause of death. They are much subject to disorders of the liver, dysentery, and other ills of hot climates; and when any epidemic is about, they take it quicker, and suffer more than negroes, or even whites. How different all this is with the negro, the true child of tropical climes! The impression gradually forced itself upon my mind that the Indian lives as a stranger or immigrant in these hot regions, and that his constitution was not originally adapted, and has not since become perfectly adapted to the climate."

The Karayá possess some knowledge of surgery. They know how to open arteries on the temple; how to bleed a patient; how to stop the flow of blood from a wound by binding the artery; understand the efficiency of sprinkling powdered charcoal upon wounds; have knowledge to bind on splints in setting broken bones, and know how to extract thorns from the flesh, which is done by means of sharp fish teeth. To empty the stomach by vomiting, they tickle the throat with the burnt end of a reed.

They make use of a scarification, or bleeding instrument, which is a block or pad set full, and bristling, with the long, lance-like teeth of the piranha fish. It resembles a curry-

comb with very long, sharp teeth. With this barbarous tool, the primitive surgeon rakes and tears the back of the patient, who holds himself immovable by firmly grasping a post or tree. The blood is caught and removed on palm-leaves. When sufficient blood has been drawn, sand, and finally pepper, is rubbed into the wounds. Even when a Karayá is not sick, he submits to this very painful operation, believing that it will be beneficial to his health. The bleeding of persons on the back is practiced by low-class civilized Brazilians.

Not much is known concerning the religious belief of the Karayá. But it is fully established that they entertain an animistic conception of the world, which is the lowest form of religious belief and practice; and it expresses itself with them in the same way that it does with the better known South American tribes. Their observation hourly suggests to them the idea that every effect has an intelligent cause; for, whenever they are able to trace an effect to its cause, as, for instance, in the doings of men and animals, that cause appears to be psychical rather than material; an intangible, incomprehensible something that we call Mind. Therefore, they firmly believe that Minds, intelligence, or invisible, immaterial Personalities, dwell, as an Ego, or as Genii, in every material object, animate or inanimate, such as animals, trees and mountains, and direct all the operations of Nature; and that brutes are differentiated from men only by their bodily form, every creature being alike a duality—having a psychical as well as a physical Self. Moreover, the phenomena of the half-life in sleep, together with dreams and visions, and the cessation of all vital activities at death, furnish to their minds clear and positive proofs of the existence of a spirit world that pervades, or lies beyond the world comprehended by the senses. They believe that in sleep and dreams, the Ego, or Shade, or second Self, steals away from the body of the sleeper to roam about and to associate with other shadowy personalities or spirits. They are convinced, furthermore, that their priests, or conjurers, are endowed with some supernatural, or mysterious powers which enable them to put themselves

at will into a trance or semi-death, in which state their souls, or doubles, explore the occult, or what is hidden from men in a normal state. They also believe that these conjurers can transform themselves at pleasure into animals—into the form of a witch-wolf, for example, in order to terrify, injure and domineer over men; and, in brief, can do all things whereby shamanism—primitive priestcraft—secures and maintains its influence over the tribe. They have no images or idols, nor even fetiches, for the reason that they have not yet advanced to this more complex belief, if advancement it may be called.

The ghosts or spirits of the dead, which, as previously stated, are believed to tarry for a time in the vicinity of the graves where hang the bodies they were forced to abandon because they had fallen so into disrepair, take delight, in after time, in returning to haunt the places of their habitation during the days of their flesh; moreover, it is believed that they appear to their relatives, especially on wild and stormy nights: When the darkness is inky black, illumined only by the ceaseless play of the terrifying lightnings, and the thunders crash and boom as if the unseen Powers were engaged in mighty conflict, while the winds moan and shriek in the forest, then the old folk think of their dear departed; and by loud lamentations and wailings, put themselves into a state of ecstacy whereby their inflamed imagination creates every wished-for phantasm.

This animistic religion is without any ethical foundation. It has not in this stage attained to a conception of a higher or ruling Spirit upon whom man feels himself dependent for rewards and punishments for his deeds; and as just stated, lacks everything which connects man externally with divinity, such as images, the paraphernalia of worship, ritual, and the like. But we find among the Karayá those ceremonials from which apparently everywhere throughout the world the higher and more elaborate forms of worship have come, that is, the mystery rites.

Mask dances occupy an important place in Karayá life. The prominent rôle which these masquerades play among

North American races is well known; but thus far, surprisingly little has been learned of similar customs that prevail among South American tribes. Only the mask dances of the Tequna, the Zuñi and the Uaupé races are mentioned casually in literature. The temples and idols alluded to by the old Jesuit missionaries are often nothing but medicine huts, or flute players' houses where are kept the mysterious mask costumes. These mask dances are of peculiar interest because of their striking similarity to those of the Melanesians as regards the forms of the mask and other customs of the dance.

The Dance Masks represent animals only; but the representation of animal forms is not carried so far among the Karayá as it is in the case of the masks of the North American aborigines and the Tequna, as the particular animal sought to be represented is indicated only by some of its most striking characteristics and not by the form of the mask outfit; or certain parts of the paraphernalia may suggest what animal is being represented.

The masquerade outfits are used singly or in pairs, and are divided, according to their forms, into three classes. The first, are suits and head gears of simple or plain braided palm-leaves. The second class is a cylindrical dance hood which looks like a sheaf of wild hay inverted over the head, which it completely obscures, while the upper part of the sheaf tapers to a point about two feet above the head, and is overlaid with beautiful feather mosiacs, patterned to suggest the creatures the primitive masqueraders desire to represent, such as certain fish or birds. The third class does not bear any representations or emblems of animals. To this class belongs what is called the black-bird mask, though this is a human face, made from a large calabash shell. The lower part is black and the upper is red, while the mouth is furnished with wax lips and wooden teeth. Between the small eye-holes, is a nose of wax placed unnaturally high, and a hanger of black and brown feathers falls down behind; while long, slender palm-leaves, hung from a belt, or girdle, form a skirt which covers the body of the masquerader. But these three classes

of masks do not include all the modifications used by the tribe, for each village has its own particular kind, and many medicine huts are crammed with the most diverse types.

If a hunting or fishing expedition has been successful, and there is an abundance of food on hand, the chief of the village may determine to hold a masquerade festival, which shall continue as long as provisions hold out; whereupon the entire village hums with activity for many days preparing for the celebration. The women busy themselves making ready meat and drink, employing all their culinary skill; while the men, if not hunting and fishing, are occupied with the preparation of the dance costumes. One dance is distinguished from another by being performed exclusively by some one person or family, and handed down from father to son; and each one is executed to the accompaniment of songs which are apparently in an antiquated form of speech, unintelligible to the rest of the people. Each animal represented is indicated by the constant repetition in the songs of the peculiar note or sound characteristic of that animal. For example, the paca cries, "Heyon hey! Heyon hey!" The alligator, "Huu! Huu!" and another beast, "Too koo! Too koo! Too-hoo-oo-oo-oo!"

The women and children are merely spectators at these masquerades, and are never permitted, under any circumstances, to see the masquerade outfit, save when an individual is regaled in it, for they must be kept in the belief that the creatures represented, or rather, their shades, are really materialized before them, and that the garb and the being inside of it are one and inseparable, for of course the outfit always covers the entire body of the dancer. Occasionally, however, the old women are let into the secret. This indicates that the secret societies existing everywhere among civilized peoples, admitting men only to their membership and excluding women forever, and who take the most absurd and monstrous oaths to guard their childish secrets from other men, and from their own wives, sisters and mothers, are of savage origin in principle.

The carnival begins with a procession of the masqueraders

through the encampment, who, having previously stolen away to the jungle and secretly donned their uncouth regalia, suddenly appear; and with a loud cry—"Han hm! Han hm!" rush toward the village, while all the villagers ejaculate loudly, in reply, "Nakum rare! Nakum rare!"—Here they come! Here they come! The procession is almost riotous, for the men throw billets of wood about in every direction. The parade over, all these imitation birds, bugs and beasts, or the materialization of their ghosts, retire again to the thicket, remove their gear, and becoming real men once more, quietly, reënter the village, and the savage banquet is brought on.

After some hours of "eating and drinking and making merry," the masqueraders again rush forth from the woods to begin the dancing. It consists of a peculiar hopping, turkey-step, and rocking the body from side to side. The dancer must not, under any circumstances, permit his real identity to become known to the spectators. He must not speak, nor cough, nor sneeze; and above all, he must not allow himself to stumble and fall, for if he does, he will be immediately put to death. If he should be compelled to cough or sneeze, as frequently happens because of the dust and the suffocating heat under his mask, he springs into the group of men standing near, all of whom begin instantly to cough, and thus contrive to drown his voice.

The various dances follow each other according to a programme arranged beforehand by the chief of the encampment, who presides over the ceremonies and festivities.

If a woman of the tribe should enter one of the secret mystery huts, or should avail herself of an opportunity to look upon a masquerade outfit when not in use, she will be punished with death. It is usual, in such cases, for the other women to intercede with the chief for her life, and he will exercise mercy in her behalf if she will promise silence and will undertake some work of expiation, such as to weave a *hammock*, or braid a large, palm-leaf mat. If she should refuse to do this, or her work should prove unsatisfactory, she will

be ordered to appear at a designated spot in the woods when the sun reaches a certain position in the heavens, and here she will be compelled to submit herself to the assembled men. If she should fail to appear as ordered, the men may slay her wherever they find her and sink her body in the river. But if she should flee to the mystery hut, no one will enter to take her for this is an asylum of refuge. If a man should betray the secret of the masquerade to a woman of the tribe, he may, nevertheless, be allowed to go unmolested. But these barbarous customs do not appear to be so strictly observed to-day as in former times. It is related that owing to an accident, all the women of a certain village, caught sight at the same moment of the masquerade outfit when not in use. In this case, of course, nothing could be done but to pardon them all and make known to them the whole secret. It is said that among the Sambiōa, these masquerades are falling somewhat into disuse. Nevertheless, they would not allow Dr. Ehrenreich and his party to bring away the masquerade outfits that they had stumbled upon at a spot in the woods where they had been thrown at the termination of a festival, as they feared that some of their women might be in the vicinity and see them. To get permission to take them, the men of the party had to dress in them. Though these customs may be less strictly observed to-day than formerly, nevertheless, the women cherish a profound respect for these supposed creatures of the forest and their mysterious hiding-places.

The masquerade outfits seem to be thrown away, or burned, at the conclusion of a festival, the feather decorations having first been removed.

Of the real significance of these masquerades, little or nothing is known, or perhaps ever will be known. It is doubtful if even the savages themselves are fully conscious of their significance. But we may get some light upon the subject from our knowledge of the customs and beliefs of other primitive peoples.

It is certain that the "make up"—the creature, animated

object, or apparition, that rushes forth from the forest to parade and dance—is supposed to be the materialization of the spirit, or double, of the creature indicated. The animals represented are always either game animals, or those that play a certain rôle in the tribal legends, such as the stork, the alligator and the electric eel. In accordance with a similar idea, the aborigines of North America were accustomed to hold buffalo and bear dances for the purpose of inducing the spirits of these particular animals to send their own kind to earth in abundance.

The Karayá have other dances, which are held in honor of animals regarded as ancestors, or to which some mythological significance is attributed. There may be similar reasons for the masquerades. The Karayá may believe, moreover, that by these festivities, they are cultivating the favor of the game animals.

When the men are asked why they keep from their women the secret of the real character of the masqueraders, they always, without exception, reply that the women are not allowed to see and know everything because they talk too much. The belief that the authority and superiority of the men over the women must be maintained and fortified, is quite evident wherever the mystery festivals are held.

Chapter XI.

"THE CIVILIZED ONES."

The time had now come to pass beyond the Karayá world in our descent of the Araguaya. But for some days, we continued to encounter their encampments on the sand-bars. When we did not land, they came out to us in canoes, seeking to obtain some manioc meal, offering us in trade roast ears of corn, broiled fish, balls of beeswax and other things. They tried to get some tobacco from us for the "civilized" man's tobacco is much stronger, or more savage, than the native product.

One day, I observed that, though these savages live in a state of nudity, they no more like to be "caught in the rain," unprotected, than do civilized men. As a rain-storm was coming up, a canoeing party, composed of both men and women, made for the beach, dragged their long, narrow canoe out of the water, high and dry, turned it over, then tucked themselves under it.

At length, we arrived at a settlement of the civilized people, called the Bareira de Santa Anna—St. Ann's Bank, where we discovered that we had, somehow, lost a day in our reckoning, so that the days we had thought were Sundays, were in reality, Mondays. The reception accorded us here was scarcely less imposing than was our farewell at Leopoldina. It was a "holy day," so the entire population, dressed in spotless white cotton and bleached linen suits, came down to the river to see and receive us. Guns were fired, horns were blown, and men cheered and yelled, while countless dogs barked and howled. The reception was royal, though we

ourselves looked anything but distinguished, appearing, instead, more like a party of dirty, uncouth immigrants, perched on top of a quantity of filthy "dunnage," just terminating a long voyage. I must confess that, after spending a time among nude, ill-smelling savages, who lived almost like wild beasts it was a pleasure to again see human beings who looked clean and nicely clothed, and dwelt in comparatively neat and substantial dwellings. Even the cattle, horses and fowls looked good to us.

This settlement was founded by a friar, but after many families had located here in order "to live at his feet," he abandoned the place and left them to their fate. These people were nearly all very poor, and, strange as it may seem in a land so rich naturally, suffered much from hunger. Soon after disembarking, I visited a ranch a mile from the village where I bought eighteen hens' eggs for the equivalent of four cents, and could have purchased a good beef bullock for four dollars. This would not indicate a lack of provisions, but though some beef and a few eggs could be had occasionally, nothing else was obtainable. In the far interior of Brazil, produce is sold for decades at prices as unchangeable as "the law of the Medes and Persians." However scarce a product may become, the price does not change; and though a buyer should offer for eggs, when they are scarce, double or triple the established price, his action will have no effect in securing him this produce. I inquired of one of the leading men of the settlement if there was any rice to be had. "No," he replied, "it has ceased to be spoken of here."

"Are there any beans?"

"Neither are beans even named any more here."

"Where can we get some manioc meal?"

"I do not know. There is none in these parts."

"And *rapadura*—can we get a little somewhere?"

"You might find some about four miles from here."

"Well!" I said, "What do you eat; tanned beef?"

"Yes, we live on dried beef and a little fish."

One reason given for these famine conditions was, that

the previous season, the river rose unusually high, overflowed its banks and destroyed the crops. But with all this destitution, rum was abundant.

As we tarried here until the following day, I availed myself of the opportunity to talk with many persons about the Gospel and to distribute portions of the Scriptures. All accepted these with thanks, and listened attentively to my words; while a few, as in the days of the Apostles, appeared to receive the Word of God gladly.

When night came, I suspended my hammock and made myself comfortable in an open shed where a native soap was made. Soon after I had "retired," a group of young men congregated just outside of my "bed-room," and I witnessed what I may call a Brazilian "Auld Lang Syne," or a reunion *stag* dance; or better yet, perhaps, an "old boys' reunion." One of our mulatto canoe men, who had been long absent, was the man to whom honors were being done. They danced about singly to the twanging of a guitar, and a few weird notes sung by one individual, terminating in a single, prolonged note in which all joined; and each time this note was sounded, the guest of honor was affectionately embraced by one of his old friends.

One more short day's journey on the river brought us to the Presidio de Santa Maria, a settlement founded sixty years ago by a friar, and used as a military post. This station marks the terminus of our travels on the Araguaya.

Our reception at Santa Maria was tame indeed, compared to that given us at St. Ann's Bank, for the people were not even friendly to us. We were met at the landing by only the *Manda Chuva*—the Rain Sender, or "boss" of the place—and two or three fellow magnates. They were expecting the teacher, but not myself; and she introduced me to them, saying, much to my surprise, "This gentleman is a Protestant missionary who is exploring the river." To this the "Rain Commander," a rough, uncultured man, replied: "Oh, the religion will do no harm! We will not make a question of that! Protestantism amounts to nothing; it is but an insig-

nificant revolt against the Catholic Church which originated in Germany in the eighteenth century. Nearly the whole world is in the Catholic Church!" This was just a little bombasticism for public entertainment, as I afterward discovered.

Though Santa Maria has been a mission of the friars for more than half a century, it is, nevertheless, a hot house of ignorance and superstition, and the standard of moral rectitude is very low. Usually, where a friar reigns will be found a "Devil's kitchen." The people not only kiss devoutly the rope that girdles the equator of the barrel-shaped anatomy of the friar, but even his shoes. The only school (?) that ever existed here was a semi-barbarous school for boys only that had been handed down from the dark ages. Even this school was short lived. But very few of the people are able to read.

The dwellings are almost wholly of the mud-walled variety, though a few were built of chunks of a coarse, porous stone which presents a dull red, decayed appearance. Climbing vines were enveloping everything, and the streets and yards were forests of tall weeds and bushes. All these details gave the hamlet an ancient and abandoned look. It was, in truth, in an advanced state of decay and reverting rapidly to the condition of primitive jungle. No vehicle was ever seen within its limits, not even the ox-cart. A house with glass windows would be a curiosity indeed, as it would be in most villages in the far interior. Of course, no such thing as a hotel, nor anything akin to it, was ever dreamed of in this place. Our party, therefore, broke up into small groups and was quartered with resident families.

This place was worse off for provisions than any I had yet seen. Our own food supply was soon entirely exhausted, and the little that could be obtained here after much foraging was consumed at once by our large party; so, like the prodigal in a far country, we began to be in want. Our source of supply was further reduced as the river was getting so high that it was difficult to catch fish. The only articles of

which there was never any lack, was powerful rum and tobacco. We could have obtained enough of the former to swim in, though scarcely a mouthful of food. The situation was relieved somewhat by our Karayá canoe men returning to their villages, while the Cherente and remaining canoe men were sent forward to the Cherente villages.

I began at once to circulate among the people offering them the Book, reading it to them and talking with them, besides placing in their hands a Scripture pamphlet. Many regarded me with mingled fear, suspicion and curiosity, while others apparently heard the Word of God gladly. I found an old man who already had a New Testament in his possession, which had been obtained long before from some colporteur. It seemed to be a secret treasure, and was brought to light only after I had conversed some time with its venerable owner. It is a common occurrence in Brazil for persons to secretly possess and to read the Bible. When the old man discovered that the verses in my pamphlet accorded exactly with the same verses in his Testament, his fear and reserve broke down completely and he became very cordial, confessing that he much enjoyed reading the Book.

Another day, as I was seated in the door of my hut, a merchant came to me requesting that I read to him from the Bible. While I read and talked, other persons lingered near to listen, and an enjoyable hour was spent. All that was read and spoken seemed to commend itself strongly to my auditors. From fearing me, and regarding me as some strange embodiment of evil, as they had done at first, the people now became less suspicious and began to feel kindly toward me. Though I read and explained to them some of the strongest Scripture passages, I tried to do so in the Spirit of Christ, and they listened kindly and with interest to all that was said. I am sure that this day's experience was in answer to prayer that inquirers might come to me with receptive minds.

I had a talk soon with the chief man of the village and found him really favorable to the Gospel instead of antago-

nistic, as he had at first appeared. He had, secretly, a part of a Bible, so possessed considerable light; and was cognizant of the evils of the religious belief that dominated the minds of his countrymen. Nevertheless, he had failed to follow the light because of moral cowardice, and because he "Loved darkness rather than Light." He said to me, "I am aware of the enormities of my religion, yet, I must remain silent, or appear friendly to it because of the attitude of my fellow citizens." He requested of me a complete Bible and my Scripture pamphlet. It was at his suggestion and with his assistance that some informal Gospel meetings were held.

We were delayed at Santa Maria a long time owing to the impossibility of securing horses and mules with which to travel overland. Meanwhile, life became daily more difficult: Breakfast was postponed until noon, or later, and was usually very scant, and there was a long, long time between meals. I changed my *boarding-house* and went to *room* in a structure composed of a grass roof, a pole fence on one side, the open air on the other, and floored with hummocks of earth, rocks and rubbish; and had for fellow boarders, dogs, cats, hens and three kinds of wild fowls. Our dining-table was a box that stood knee high. I employed a woman to come in and cook our meals when there was anything to cook. One day, a beef was slaughtered in the village and we got some of the meat and salted it down in an empty powder keg. We fared better while this lasted. But I never passed an entire day in Brazil without food of some kind when able to eat it.

It was while here that I had the first of many experiences with intermittent fever. Irregular living may have helped to bring on the attack, though the natives said it was because I had eaten oranges that were not fully ripe. I may say that the traveler in tropical countries can scarcely do a more imprudent thing as regards health than to eat fruit on an empty *stomach*, then *expose himself to the sun's rays at mid-day*, for the heat causes the fruit to ferment in the stomach. I was removed to the abandoned military barracks where it might be more convenient to care for me. This was a barn-like build-

ing with a tile roof, but it was falling into ruin. The roof at one end and the gable, were entirely gone and puddles of water stood about on the earthen floor. My hammock was suspended over the one dry spot in the ruin. I was so ill that it was thought I would not recover. One day, I overheard my attendants uttering laments; but though I was half blind and nearly dead, I had assurance within myself, in answer to prayer, that I would recover. As dogs had made their bed on the dry, dusty spot over which my hammock swung, I got some experience that I shall not soon forget with the colonies of penetrating fleas that had collected here. Their ability to operate very stealthily and my comatose condition, made me an easy victim. When I gradually became painfully conscious that there was "something doing," and called my attendant to investigate, he found that a large number of these insects had wormed themselves deep into my feet, chiefly around the toes and under the toe nails, and had already developed sacs and deposited eggs; so he dug out fifty or sixty of these sacs.

As my improvised hospital was yawningly open, my *room* was as public as a city market, and both man and beast entered without "let or hindrance." The fowls came in to cackle and crow, the goats to bleat and the dogs to bark, while my two brilliant plumaged macaws climbed in through the open roof every morning and screamed fearfully. The villagers also entered and conversed at great length in loud voices; and even groups of naked and painted Karayá from across the river appeared.

The scarcity of provisions became more and more pressing, and little could be obtained, however much money one might offer. At times, I was fortunate to get even one meal a day of a kind of thin paste, and this had to be fought for. One day, my attendant bought for me a few pounds of deteriorated wheat flour at thirty cents per pound, but owing to lack of knowledge, or lack of material, or both, he failed to make anything with it but a pasty gruel. I offered one dollar per bottle for milk, but succeeded in getting it only

alternate mornings for a few days; then the women who owned the cow sent word that the calf needed the milk and I could not have any more. To her, of course, the calf was more important than myself. But when I went to pay for the milk, she refused the money, saying that milk was blood, and it was a sin to sell blood. Cows in Brazil usually give but two or three quarts of milk at a milking, and their calves must always be used to start the flow of milk. One of the peculiar scenes witnessed daily in South American cities, is the milkman with his two or three fat, sleek cows and famished, wretched appearing calves, muzzled, and tied to their tails, peddling milk from house to house. He carries a can of milk in his hand, and the housekeeper may take milk from the can, or have it drawn from the cow. But one who wishes pure milk has it drawn while she looks on.

Naturally, a physician is never seen at such places as Santa Maria. Nor was a post-office ever thought of here. The social grade of the people is so low that if they had a post-office, the clerk could carry the entire mail in his vest pocket. The post is a fruit of Christian civilization. It is said that in North America, four things are coincident with the founding of a town: a post-office, a newspaper, a church and a school. But in South America, nothing but the "church"—temple—may appear in fifty or one hundred years. But these temples, whose gods are wood and stone, deform instead of transform men's minds; hence a post-office is not needed. It was reported to the Brazilian government, once, that the British had seized an island off their coast. A cruiser, sent to investigate, brought back the report that, visiting the island, they "found neither a sovereign," (a five dollar gold coin) "nor a Bible, nor an empty beer bottle." So it was decided that the report of British invasion was false. This is the Brazilian idea of what symbolizes British character, and their notion of British colonization.

The Baptist Church and Church Edifice at Sao Fidelis.

The Rev. A. E. Nelson Baptizing in the Amazon River.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Chapter XII.

THE CHERENTE TRIBE.—SAVAGE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.—HUNTING.—AGRICULTURE.—WILD FRUITS.

As soon as I was able to mount a horse, our party arranged with a small trader to travel eastward with him to the river Tocantines, and to visit a village of the Cherente tribe en-route. I looked forward with the keenest pleasure to escaping from the pestilential air and the famine conditions of Santa Maria, and to breathing the purer air of the hills over which we were to pass. When I came to mount the horse that had been provided for me, I found that it and myself were about alike—nearly defunct. Fortunately, a bottle of milk appeared for me just before we started, on which I breakfasted.

It was such a glorious morning when we set forth, that I experienced, even in my weakened condition, a delightful exhilaration of spirit as we rode forward through the verdant wilds, breathing the fresh, invigorating air of the uplands.

A pathetic incident, illustrative of Karayá character, occurred as we departed from Santa Maria. The Karayá family from whom I had bought one of my beautiful macaws, followed us two miles, weeping, to say good-bye to their bird, to which they had become greatly attached.

We rode some thirty miles the first day—much further than I had thought we could travel—and camped for the night in the jungle near a little river, which we crossed with our baggage in a narrow, dugout canoe, then swam our horses over. We suspended our hammocks between the trees near the water, but the mosquitoes saw to it that we did not sleep.

We had scarcely even a trail to follow on this journey, for the path was barely discernable. In traversing forest and jungle, we were so constantly combed from head to foot by rough branches that our clothing reverted rapidly to mere fibre. We needed leather suits, including leather coat, trousers and hat, such as are worn by well-equipped wilderness travelers and "cowboys" in these regions. At times, we had to carve a passage through dense masses of vegetation.

We began the second day's march by crossing a broad bed of quagmire covered by two or three feet of water. Each rider had to be careful to guide his horse so that it would not step into the tracks of any other horse, for in this case it would break through the bog and become mired. Having fallen some distance behind the rest of the party on entering the marsh, I was not forewarned. Consequently, when in the middle of the swamp, my weak horse sank down on his haunches, and was about to lie down, compelling me to dismount instantly, and wade "ashore," leading my wallowing horse.

We traveled but a few miles this second day, then, dismounting at a large hut, splendidly built of palm-branches, where dwelt a cowboy and his family, tarried here until the following day. This was the first human habitation we had met with since leaving Santa Maria, thirty-five or forty miles distant. Destitution prevailed here also, for we found scarcely a mouthful of food, though the family had been living here two years. The eight children of the family remained hidden while we were present, for they were virtually naked. Some days the head of the family secured a little game, while at other times, the family subsisted upon boiled or roast pumpkin. The cowboy possessed nothing himself but a cross-cut-saw shaped pig, a skeleton of a dog, and one fowl only—a cock.

Another day's ride brought us to a second ranch where the resident family had lived twelve years. They also existed in abject poverty; but we succeeded in getting four eggs, and I saw a little tobacco growing near the hut.

The fourth day, we arrived at a fertile spot where lived three or four families, and where the owner of our little troop had a rude distillery. But the making of rum had been given up long before our visit because the enterprise was thought to be "bewitched." The cane juice would not sour and ferment, and other details went wrong. Finally, these and other mysterious occurrences convinced the superstitious and unhappy owner that an enemy had bewitched the plant and it was useless to continue the work. Such superstitions are general in Brazil among all classes.

Night had closed in when we reached this settlement, and though we went foraging to the resident families, we could not obtain a taste of food. Therefore, we dined on a paste of manioc meal and water, seasoned with coffee. But fortune smiled upon us in the morning for a handful of rice and a chicken came to light, and a Nimrod who had watched all night near a saline bank where the wild beasts came "to lick," shot a tapir and gave us a fore quarter. There was a surprising amount of meat in it, which looked and tasted like very rich beef. To preserve it, we had it cut into thin layers, salted, then dried in the sun. But this treatment made it as impossible to masticate as the tapir's tanned hide. To eat some of it that had been cut into small pieces and boiled with rice was like trying to eat rubber corks. This dried meat is usually prepared for eating by first boiling it a long time, then frying it.

Cowboys and muleteers have a way of preparing food for a journey of one or two weeks so that they do not need to carry any cooking utensils whatever—nothing but large spoons with which to eat—and can carry all the food they need in a small bag. Frequently, they omit even the spoons. A quantity of sun-dried meat is cut into small pieces, then fried in a pot with plenty of pork fat; and finally, the whole mass of meat and grease is mixed with a triple quantity of manioc meal and put into a cotton bag for carrying. I once had chicken prepared in this manner and found the mixture excellent.

Having rested one day, we went on to the *Bananal*—Wild Banana Grove—village of the Cherente tribe. We now had no trail whatever that I could discern, and, following our guide, we meandered about through forests and jungles, jumped our horses over deep, narrow water courses and swam or forded others. Once, when we arrived on the high bank of a narrow stream and peered down into its dark, gloomy depths, we were astonished to behold our guide who had already ridden to the bottom by a series of slides and short stops. It was like looking down into a large deep well and seeing a horse and rider at the bottom.

We reached the Bananal village after a seven hours' ride, and were met in the *suburbs* by the entire population. It was truly the most marvelous assemblage, or "reception committee" that I had ever seen. Several of our motley crew of canoe men, including one young Karayá, had preceded us to this village. A few, therefore, of the nondescript collection of human beings that met us were dressed in the full military uniforms brought by Sépé and his party from Rio de Janeiro. A few others wore the usual coat, trousers, shirt and hat of the "civilized" Brazilians; several wore shirts, trousers and hats, simply; some, trousers only; others wore shirts as aprons by tying the arms around the waist and allowing the body to drop down in front; a number wore hats only; others, again, had only a strip of cloth bound around the waist; while a few of the females were adorned with low-cut white cotton gowns which were like huge sacks inverted over the body, having a large hole cut in the bottom for the head, and arm-holes cut in the two corners. The remaining individuals of the primitive horde, which were vastly in the majority, were in a state of nature.

As we approached, horns were blown, savage trumpets emitted their hoarse, dismal sounds, guns were fired, and wild cheers burst forth; following which we were escorted in triumph by the entire *city* to a hut that had been held in readiness for us. This hut was immediately filled to overflowing with the strange, uncouth horde of human beings that

came to get a closer view of us, and to greet us after the manner of the civilized people. It was indeed a very singular experience to me to be embraced by big naked savages.

As soon as it was made known to our remarkable, though kind and interesting hosts that we had eaten scarcely anything that day, chunks of fresh roast tapir and wild pig meat—and who knows what other kinds?—began to appear in goodly quantities. They also brought us lumps of a sour, bread-like mixture made of corn meal. I was in the hungry state of convalescence and positively ravenous, so I much enjoyed even a jungle dinner. Our hosts, moreover, had fattened and reserved for us a domestic pig, which they promptly slaughtered and presented the meat to us; and in various other ways they ministered to our wants.

Having dined and gotten settled in our hut, two of the captains of the village appeared and delivered an address of welcome in their native language. Though I could not understand their words, yet they were the most unique orators I ever listened to. They were dressed in native costume, which was nothing whatever but their own dusky skins, and stood facing us while the entire population of the village encircled them. They were grave and dignified and spoke in measured tones in deep bass voices with many seemingly appropriate movements of the body, waving of the hands and contortions of the face; and judging from appearances, these orations, though pronounced by savages, wer not unworthy of a civilized orator. Under all the circumstances, their native, or rather, Nature costumes, did not detract in the least from their dignity and seriousness; and I could not but feel much respect for these primitive orators. The greater my acquaintance with the children of Nature, the higher became my regard for them; and far from being "wild beasts of the forest," as I have often heard them called, they are true human beings, no less endowed than most other men.

Concerning the language of the Cherente, it seems as I listened to these orations, to be made up largely of abdominal grunts, mmmms, ahems, chirps, such as one gives when driv-

ing a horse, clucks and gurgles, though many sounds are produced with the teeth and lips. As near as I could learn, the verb "to speak," is conjugated in the present tense as follows: Towazá imlmle, tezámle—I speak, he speaks—towazá wámleme, sezá imléme, témle. I spoke, is as follows: towáto imleme, tenáto mle, (first and third person only)—towáto wámleméne, tó omleme, tenáto mle. I will speak, is as follows: Waquazêza imleme, teze kúmle; towazáto wamlemêne, ktezáco imleme, quázêzámle. Somízarý, means horse or horses; wápsã—dog; ambú—man; sý—bird; krý—hut; wêdê—tree; pattirír—cat; siká—hen; kú—river; kudú—tapir; zuemhú—ants; ukú—jaguar; pó—deer; pikó—woman, or women; ktíkú—cow or cattle; kuubú—domestic pig; kiú—bees; umá—parrot; somízarý toaráh—the horse runs, or the horse is running; somízarý mantotesúsi—the horse ran; imêna xísa kirír—the horse runs fast.

The Bananal village is small, being composed of but thirteen huts, and having a population of but one hundred twenty, of whom seventy are children. The Cherente tribe has been under the directorate of a friar, paid by the government, for more than fifty years; and during this time has been in touch with such "civilization" as exists in the far interior. But the friar, surely, ought to have been a man of culture, and to have raised his wards to a good state of Christian civilization. What his character really was, however, and what manner of civilization he was the soul of, will appear in future pages.

I found the Cherente huts as good as any of the dwellings of the aboriginal people I had yet seen, and equal to those of the low-class "civilized" people. They are constructed by planting in the ground fifteen or twenty feet apart, two posts ten or twelve feet high and terminating in a fork to support the ridge poles; then four shorter posts, also terminating in forks, are set up to form the four corners of the structure and support the plates. Rafters and bamboo horizontals are bound on to these timbers with lianos, or wild climbing vines, while upright stakes are set in between the posts. Finally, over this entire frame-work, including the roof, is bound the skin, or

covering, which is of long, feather-shaped palm-branches. Usually, each hut is divided into three compartments, and is really very much like the domiciles of the "civilized" people in this part of Brazil. The floor is the bare ground. Platforms of poles eighteen inches high are built against the walls of these huts, on which the inmates sleep, or sit cross-legged. No mattresses or bedding of any kind are placed upon these primitive bedsteads, except, at times, the skin of a wild animal. No other furniture whatever exists in these barbarous residences with the exception of a few clay and calabash shell vessels.

We noticed one large, roomy, circular-shaped hut which had a kind of hip-roof. This was the *Old Men's and Old Ladies' Home*, which we found occupied by a dozen aged men and women. I was told that these individuals always receive a portion of whatever food is brought into the village. Still another hut was isolated two or three hundred yards from the cluster of huts composing the village. This is the village *convent*, or *reformatory*, and we found here eight or ten boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen years with a circular patch clipped on the crowns of their heads. They were not permitted to mingle with the rest of the villagers at any time, or to leave their *reform school*, except to march in a body to the brook to bathe several times during the day and evening, sounding the buzzina as they went. Perhaps the blowing of this savage trumpet was to inform every person in the village of their movements. I was told that they were detained here as a restraint upon the indulgence of animal passions, or because of the promiscuous indulgence of such. They do not fish or hunt, are not allowed to participate in any of the village sports or festivities, and engage in none of the village occupations, except only occasionally when the father of one or another of them takes him to work a little in the village plantation, where he is constantly under the parent's eye while absent from his *cloister*. These boys, also, receive a share of whatever food is brought into the village.

One morning, we visited the *roça*—plantation—of the Bana-

nal village. It was nearly a mile long and located in a valley, the soil of which is a black, alluvial deposit and very fertile. Here we saw growing a fine crop of corn, manioc, rice, peanuts, squashes, sweet potatoes and bananas. This village is owned by the community, according to the custom of South American tribes, and each individual or family works as ordered by the chiefs of the village. Of course the Cherente have the same agricultural utensils as the "civilized ones," which are straight-handled axes, grubbing-hoes and large knives, and these only. This splendid, large plantation was convincing evidence that the Cherente work a great deal, and that the oft-repeated declaration that Indians will not work, is false.

The Cherente have very few domestic animals—a pig here and there, a few hens, and an occasional dog. They have no cattle or horses; or even any captive wild creatures. As few families of this tribe live near any large stream, they fish very little, and are compelled to depend almost entirely upon the chase for their meat. Hence, they are more skilful hunters than fishermen, which is not usually the case with the aboriginal tribes of Brazil. They now use a few single-barreled shotguns.

When a Cherente goes hunting and kills a wild pig, for instance, he dresses it at once, kindles a fire and roasts all the meat by empaling it on stakes inclined over the fire. When cooked, he puts it into a bag which he carries; and if there is not sufficient to make him a load, he continues to hunt until he catches another animal. If he should have to remain over night in the forest, as frequently happens, he builds two fires and sleeps between them so that the *onça cangasú*—jaguar—may not approach him to make a meal of him. Returning to the village, he promptly delivers all his game to the captain who divides it, proportionately, among all the families of the village. A feast and a dance usually follows the return of a successful hunting expedition.

One evening, during our visit, such a dance was held on the village playground and attended by the entire population,

except the poor fellows in the *convent.* The savage citizens were summoned to the *function* by the loud and vigorous calling of the "town crier," who was, presumably, one of the leading men, or captains. Assembling, the company formed itself into a large circle, and all sang; and all danced, too, after they had worked up sufficient enthusiasm. They danced either singly, or by all joining hands, like a great circle of school children. The performance was begun by several of the young men hopping, jumping and rushing about individually inside the ring, one of whom sounded the buzzina, while the rest of the company sang. What astonishing music this was! It was wild and uncouth to the last degree; nevertheless it was entirely appropriate to this assemblage of nude and sombre savages that swayed this way and that in the obscurity, uttering its hoarse sounds, demon like, here in this remote, howling wilderness. The noise was like a low, gutteral, sepulchral moan and rumble. The *music* of this savage chorus was rendered the more fearsome by the constant dismal booming of the *buzzina.* The song was merely the continual repetition of a few words. The Cherente *buzzina* is like that of the Karayá, though longer, being a kind of combination of the flute and drum. The calabash shell attached to the extremity of the flute part is eighteen inches long and five inches in diameter.

One morning, just as the sun was rising over the eastern wilds, several old men joined hands in a circle, like a company of children at play, and sang and danced. They moved in a circle, each individual slowly rocking himself right and left and stepping sidewise a kind of turkey-step. The song was a low, base rumble in a minor key; though the whole performance was of a joyful nature and in praise of the birth of the new day. It was a strange sight, indeed, to see these aged men playing like little children. It was one more evidence that the primitive man, though big and old, is merely a child.

Though the Cherente no longer go on the war path, but instead, follow the pursuits of peace, tilling the soil far more

extensively than they could in the days of old, as they now have steel tools, yet it is painfully evident that they, too, in common with other tribes, have been debased morally and socially by contact with "civilization:" and this, too, notwithstanding that they have been subject to the friars for more than half a century. Indeed, many of these "poor tame brothers" appear to be in a worse state, even as regards this world's goods than they were "in the good old days." Only Christ can lift men up and improve them in every respect, because He transforms the heart and *renews the mind.* All else takes away more than it gives.

The Bananal village is the largest that the Cherente now have. All the other families of the tribe are living in very small groups scattered over a wide territory, and are extremely poor. Indeed, the Bananal village, which was founded but two years prior to our visit, is an attempt of these people to improve their condition by re-establishing tribal life.

Chapter XIII.

LIFE ON THE RIO TOCANTINES.—"THE DEVIL IN FLESH AND BONES."—SACRED BULLIES.

We stayed but three days at the Bananal village, then traveled eastward to the Rio Tocantines, crossing enroute the high ridge that separates the valley of the Araguaya from the Tocantines.

We daily feasted upon the wild caju fruit, finding it excellent. It is very acid, though, strange to say, it has a slight honey flavor. Crossed with other varieties of plum, the product might be very fine. While ill at Santa Maria, I derived much benefit from eating the wild morisy cherry, previously mentioned. It is prepared for eating by crushing it, then pressing it through a sieve to remove the stones and skins, and finally, stirring into it a little sugar and water. It would be difficult to find a fruit so well suited to promote health, in a region where fevers prevail.

I was much interested to observe that the wild fruits in the tropical regions of Brazil are usually acid, yet having, in a more or less marked degree, the flavor of honey, and besides, a slight taste of turpentine, though they do not have this latter quality to a disagreeable extent. All these fruits are very healthful. Another interesting wild fruit is marmalade, which looks and tastes remarkably like the manufactured article. There are many varieties of it in Brazil; but, unlike most of the native wild fruits, it grows on a low bush. Nearly all the wild fruits that I have seen in Brazil, grow on trees, and not on bushes or vines. Another interesting

fact regarding the fruits of Brazil, compared with those of North America, is that fruits similar to those of the latter country which grow on vines on the ground, are found growing on trees in the former country. The mamão, for example, reminds one strongly of a pear-shaped muskmelon. It is the same size and nearly the color of the muskmelon; its flesh and seeds are identical with those of the muskmelon and it tastes much like it; yet it grows in a cluster at the top of a tree, not unlike a telegraph pole, ten to thirty feet high. Another wild fruit is one which suggests that it is a combination of the muskmelon and the watermelon. It grows on a heavy wooden vine, like the trunk of a grape-vine, which climbs a tree and bears its fruit high above the ground. The fruit is twelve inches long, round, and six inches thick. The seeds and flesh resemble the muskmelon, but the pulp is watery, like the watermelon, though slimy and rather tough. It is very sweet, and so aromatic that if one were to eat it sitting on the veranda, all the neighbors to leeward would scent it.

A surprising thing to the traveler in Brazil is, that instead of the ground being covered with beautiful wild flowers, as many people suppose, but few are seen. About the only flowers met with are the blossoms of trees and vegetable parasites. During the growing season, large trees are seen everywhere that appear to be one mass of brilliant blossoms. The trees are nearly always heavily freighted, and often beautifully draped, with uncounted varieties of parasites and aerial plants, among which orchids figure prominently.

We got our first glimpse of the great river Tocantines at the confluence of the Rio do Somno—River of the Sleep—six days after leaving the Bananal village. It is a mighty river, even at this point, some fifteen hundred miles from the sea, for it is nearly half a mile broad, and has an annual rise and fall of twenty-five or thirty feet. During the rainy season, a prodigious volume of water pours through this deep, narrow channel. Fish do not seem abundant in this river, or else no one knows how to catch them.

The Rio do Somno takes its name from the fact that a

trading boat, while ascending the Tocantines long ago, tied up here for the night; and while the large party of canoe men slept, the Cherente savages fell upon them and clubbed all of them to death. A Brazilian village of seven or eight hundred inhabitants now exists here. We crossed the Tocantines to the village in a borrowed canoe, for there was no ferry.

The "streets" of this village, like those of Santa Maria, are merely broad lanes filled with forests of weeds, through which run narrow paths, like cow trails. No street grading had even been done, and sidewalks were undreamed of; nor had a vehicle of any kind ever been seen here. All carrying is done on the backs of horses and mules, or on the heads of the people. All the buildings are of one story, with yawning apertures for windows, which are closed by large, door-like shutters, for glass windows are unknown. A public hostelry existing here could not be even imagined. Consequently, I secured lodging in a corner of a family dwelling located on the principal street. The floor of this house was the ground, as usual, and the ceiling was the bare, unadorned roof. The part of the roof facing the street was of tiles, while the rear part was of palm-branches; and the walls of the house were of sun-dried brick. The cooking was done in a separate shanty built of stake walls and palm-branch roof close in the rear of the large house. One never lacks for fresh air in a house of this kind, because the tile roof is so open that the wind blows through it as freely as through a corn-crib; also the rain comes in when the wind blows. I could have bought the house I occupied and the half acre lot, for the equivalent of thirty dollars, yet it was better than the average house in the village. I ate occasionally at a house that I could have bought for five dollars; and probably "the best house in town" was not worth more than one hundred dollars. Only four or five had a room or two floored with boards. With the exception of these board floors, the doors and window-frames of other dwellings, and a few tiles, no house in the village cost anything to build but labor.

No business whatever is carried on at this village except trading in a small way. There were a few very small general stores. The goods offered for sale here are almost wholly in the dry-goods line; and even this stock is limited to a little assortment of prints and other cotton goods, needles, thread, buttons and the like, and in addition to this a few knives, hoes and axes, powder and shot, wooden soled slippers, and a few pills; and last, but by no means least, rum and tobacco, and a few bottles of imported wines thrown in. Merchants keep nothing in the provision line. There is no such thing here as a "grocery store." Nor could the village boast of a butcher shop, or a bakery. It is difficult to conceive of a village which is the only mart for more than one thousand people, and yet without a grocer, druggist, doctor, barber, blacksmith, shoemaker, a permanent tailor, a hotel, school, or a printing office. The mail, however, comes here at wide, irregular intervals.

It may be asked, How do these people live? This question is not easy to answer. Many of them seem to exist, merely, instead of to live. Many families have small plantations at a distance from the village where they raise a little corn, manioc, and a few pumpkins; a few others own some cattle; others go as paddlers of the trading boats on their annual voyage down the Toncantines to the city of Para; a few are muleteers. Some men seem never to do anything except to mount a horse and go foraging once or twice a month. Many women make lace, which they sell at about twenty cents per yard, though four or five days are consumed in making a yard. With the chunk of beef or few quarts of manioc meal that they buy with the pittance obtained in payment for their work, together with a few bananas, a squash now and then, and a bit of game brought in from time to time by a friend or relative, they manage to eke out an existence, though many days they are forced to subsist upon manioc meal and bananas only. Fortunately for these poor people, beef, which never changes in price, costs but twenty cents for ten pounds. That is, beef can be bought at this price at the wide intervals

when some one of the few men who can raise eight or ten dollars, feels disposed to ride many miles to a cattle ranch, buy a bullock, lasso it and bring it to the village, slaughter it and put the meat on sale. But this does not occur more frequently than twice a month in the dry season. Families that are able, buy a quarter of beef at one time and preserve it by drying it in the sun, thus keeping themselves supplied. In Brazil, the butchers' customers are not permitted to select any particular piece of meat, but each must take it as it comes, meekly accepting either brisket or porterhouse.

In this part of Brazil, the staple food is sun-dried beef and manioc meal. People who live well, have, in addition to this, boiled rice saturated with pork fat, and occasionally, brown beans, boiled. Manioc meal sells here at about one dollar forty cents for fifty quarts; unshucked rice, when obtainable, brings one dollar twenty cents for fifty quarts; *rapadura* is five cents for two-pound bricks; and eggs are three cents per dozen, when, at rare intervals, they are for sale. No baking powder of any kind, or yeast, is known here. When cakes are made of manioc starch or corn flour, which is seldom, large quantities of eggs are used to render the finished product somewhat spongy. It is a wonderful compound, and of a weight and strength to inspire fear. Wheat bread is rarely seen here. There are but one or two ovens in the entire village. They are built of clay, are dome-shaped and very large, with walls twelve or eighteen inches thick. They are located in the yard, for each one is used by many families.

If necessary, I could live in this village on seven or eight dollars per month. I could not live in Waldorf-Astoria style, but I could have a sufficiency of the food of the land, and doubtless would have just as good health and be just as happy as the people who live at this luxurious hostelry. But, with more means, one could do a larger work. There are many places in South America where the messenger of Christ could reside, and labor, on an income of one or two hundred dollars per annum, if he were content to subsist as frugally as the United Brethren Missionaries did, or as did Ansgar, the

Apostle to Scandanavia, or as Patrick, or as many of the early Jesuit missionaries, or even as Jesus and His disciples; and equipped with a photographic outfit, for example, one might gain his year's salary by a few weeks' pleasant labor. However, the more liberally the missionary is supported, the more work he can accomplish.

There are no wells in the Rio do Somno village, as there seldom are in any village or town in Brazil, but the water is carried up the high bank from the river into the village by the women, who use for the purpose large clay pots which they cleverly balance on their heads. Nearly everything in South America that can be transported by human strength, is carried on the head. In large cities, pianos, even, are seen being moved along the streets on the heads of men.

A pound or two of mail reached the Rio do Somno village about twice each month. It included four or five small four-page newspapers containing a few items of local news and some political effusions. The smallest items of news of the great events of the world seldom leak in here. Nearly four months are consumed transmitting the mail from Rio de Janeiro to the Rio do Somno. In traversing this great distance, it is carried one thousand miles by rail, fourteen hundred miles on mule back and two hundred miles by canoe down the Tocantines.

Owing to illness, I remained much in seclusion during my first week at the Rio do Somno village. But when I began to appear in public, I discovered with dismay that there was considerable excitement in this place of eternal repose, and that I was the unenviable cause of the disturbance. It was "noised abroad" that Antichrist had appeared in the village; or, "the Devil in flesh and bones," to translate literally the words of the people; or, "the *subdelegate* of Satan." And that I was thrusting into the hands of the people a Book which taught "a short cut to hell"—enticing them quickly to everlasting ruin. As I made my way along the mere cow-paths of streets, I was stared at with mingled curiosity and dread. Entire families—father and mother, boys and girls, came forth

The Village Oven.

Hauling Logs to the Saw Mill in Paraguay.

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from their dwellings—keeping always at a safe distance—and eyed me as if I were a monster, or a strange and dangerous beast—a tiger, that had crept in from the jungle "seeking whom he might devour." Others, again, gaped at me wonderingly through the yawning windows of their dwellings, or through partially open doors, seemingly not daring to risk themselves from behind their barricades. They stared at my eyes: Did I have red or fiery eyes, or some other ocular abnormality? —and my teeth: Did I have tusks or metal teeth?—It might prove very unfortunate for one, under these circumstances, to have gold-filled, or gold-capped teeth, if he should permit them to be seen.—And did I have horns?—wolf ears? And what about my feet; Did I have a hoof—a cloven hoof? Or, did I have a web foot, like a duck? Many thought I was a special messenger direct from the Inferno, with sealed orders from his satanic majesty, and was, therefore, some monstrous embodiment of evil: That there was no vice, or crime, or wickedness, known or unknown to men that I was not an adept or post-graduate in. The anxious family that harbored me was examined and reexamined, inquisitorily, regarding my habits and doings. "What does he eat?" they questioned. "What does he say?" "What does he do?" "He doesn't eat pork, does he?" "It is reported that he is giving the people bewitched golden crosses in exchange for those blessed by the priest." "Have you seen him do this?" "Where does he go nights?" They believed, apparently, that I occupied the black, mysterious hours of night conspiring with *other* hob-goblins, and "cooking up" subtle villainies to allure men to everlasting woe. No rain fell for a week, though the rainy season was nearly at its height and there should have been a down-pour nearly every day; so it was common talk that my presence in the village was the cause of the stoppage:—The gods were angry and would send no rain. Superstitions of this kind are universal in South America, even where the full light of civilization is thought to shine. If there is a famine, or a flood, or a plague, or a misfortune of any sort; or if anything unusual

occurs, the messenger of Christ is pronounced the cause of it. While enroute to the coast some months later, and traversing a wide region where no rain had fallen for one or two years, it so happened that torrential rains followed us all the way. Perhaps in this case, I brought the rain—an unspeakable blessing.

One day, after I had been in the village some weeks, a gaunt, fierce-visaged, partially intoxicated individual, obtruded himself into my *private apartment* while I lay in my hammock, ill with fever. He wished to see for himself what sort of a fiend I really was. He was boisterous and abusive at first, exclaiming, "You are a Jew!" Now, a Jew in the minds of these people is one of the forms assumed by the Prince of Darkness. "Do you eat pig meat?" he demanded with a snarl, after I had quietly disclaimed the honor of being an Israelite. Next, he inquired with suspicious glances if it were true that I wrote the names of my visitors upon bits of paper and burned them. He doubtless feared that he, himself, might be "hoodooed" in some way. "Let me see your foot!" he finally demanded, with the air of a witch detective. Having satisfied his curiosity, and become convinced of the utter falsity of the stories that were circulating concerning me, and that he himself had believed, and discovering that I was neither a water fowl nor a four-footed beast, his behavior toward me immediately underwent an entire change. He now became very cordial and embraced me, uttering, at the same time, imprecations against his fellow villagers, saying, "What damnable people to say that this man has a duck's foot!" Then he declared that he did not believe in images, and finally, asked me to read the Bible to him.

Soon after my arrival at this village, the old priest, who was almost an absolute monarch of this region, and who resided at a hamlet sixty miles distant, visited the village in the discharge of his priestly duties. At the earnest solicitation of a few men, and accompanied by them, I called upon him, though according to Brazilian custom, he should have called upon me first. Owing in part, perhaps, to a misapprehension

of my object in visiting him, but largely, doubtless, because he had now reigned for decades and had become unalterably accustomed to domineer over and bully his poor, simple fellow beings with extreme arrogance, he behaved toward me in a brutal manner. First, he fiercely ordered out of the house one of the men who accompanied me, as if he were a slave. Next, with an air of righteous indignation that such a vile, slimy creature as I should dare to pollute the holy atmosphere that enveloped him, he declared, savagely, that he would not disgrace himself by discussing religion with me. Then, immediately, which was in harmony with his would-be Jove-like character, he began to launch thunder-bolts of maldiction and a storm of abuse upon my humble self and on the Church of Christ, saying, "the Holy Scriptures teach thus, and thus, but these devils deny it!" He blustered and roared loudly, vomiting clouds of black smoke and a river of lava from his sacred crater, essaying, without scarcely pausing to breathe, to make a heroic and awful display of his authority and omnipotence before his quaking subjects, as well as to bury me, like Pompeii, under his eruptions and prevent my uttering a word of defence. Had we been alone, he would, doubtless, have behaved more sanely. When I at length burst through the hurricane of speech, and drew a Testament from my pocket to read from in proof of what I had averred, it affected him like a red rag does a vicious bull. "That book is false!" he bellowed, "I burn all of them I can get my hands on!!" I then requested that he produce his Bible, saying that I would gladly read from that instead. But he was now forced to confess that he had no Bible, though he had shortly before assured me positively that he read and studied the Bible "daily." Finally, when he could no longer appeal to reason, he again resorted to denunciation and intimidation, the weapons of wickedness and brutality, yelling in my ears, "Liar! Beast!! Minister of hell!!" concluding his tirade by ordering me to "sow no more tares in his field," and saying to me with a menacing look, "If you do not take your pestilential self away from here immediately, there will happen

to you that which befell certain Protestants at Santa Rita: They saw the evening, but they never saw the morning." I replied by relating the incident of Peter and John being admonished by the Jews not to speak any more in the name of Jesus, and said that my answer would be the same as their answer.

This sacred bully sought first to frighten me out of the village. This failing, he plotted, without success, to have me violently ejected. But not being ready to depart, I remained; though I am not courageous. Added to his domineering brutality, he was a wine bibber and a libertine. This is the individual who, for a quarter of a century, was director and teacher of the Cherente tribe. If this man, who is the spiritual, moral and social leader of the people over whom he reigns, and who is to them a materialized god or a kind of incarnate deity, controlling them body and mind, like a Nero, is of this character, what can be the state of mind of his ignorant, misguided subjects?

When an assassin "does a charity," as they express it, for a person like myself, he accomplishes three important things: First, he performs a deed of such transcendent merit that he purchases his own *salvation*. Secondly, he purchases *salvation* for his friends and neighbors by ridding them of that which threatens their eternal ruin; and, thirdly, the slain one, having by his death been "baptised in his own blood," has purchased his own salvation.

I conducted some Gospel meetings in the largest room in the house where I was staying. As usual, men only appeared within the room, most of whom remained standing during the service as there were seats for only a few, who sat upon rude stools and on my boxes. A few other men—the more fearful ones—stood about in the darkness just outside the doors and windows; while the women crouched in obscurity in the adjoining rooms or squatted behind the doors. Hence, the invisible audience was doubtless greater than the visible one. The topic of the first "conference" was, The Bible—the Word of God—our supreme and infallible Authority,

which we must listen to and obey. Close attention was given at every meeting; and as I "read and gave the meaning" of "the Message of the God of heaven," I felt powerfully impressed that it sank deeply into the hearts of my auditors, despite their fears and prejudices, for "the word of God is living and active and sharper than any double-edged sword." Though doubtless nearly all my listeners were here out of curiosity, I experienced a joy of spirit which I cannot describe as I declared the Message of God to them. A few sticks and stones were thrown against the house during the first meeting, but this slight disturbance did not break the attention of my auditors. At a subsequent meeting, the visible audience was smaller, owing perhaps to the hostility which was becoming more and more manifest, though the interest was undiminished, but instead, had increased. Suddenly, the quietness and devotion of the meeting was violently interrupted, as if a bomb had been thrown among us.—An astonishing shower, accompanied by an extraordinary noise, had vehemently assailed the house.—A mob of poor, deluded women, inspired by the priest and "possessed of the devil," had charged down upon us to break up our little meeting. They launched a volley of sticks and stones against the house, accompanying this heroic act with loud screaming. My audience instantly became intensely excited, and finally rushed into the street—though not until the shower had ceased. It lasted but a moment, and the authors of the tumult disappeared as suddenly as they came. But two or three of the men who had been in the meeting, ran home and armed themselves with repeating rifles, while others appeared with sword-like knives. No one was injured, however, and no damage was done to the house beyond the breaking of a few of the tiles of the roof; and quietness being soon restored, we resumed our "conference." A few missiles were thrown the next evening, but without causing any disturbance. But the attendance continued to decrease, as is usually the case, owing to the abject fear the people had of their spiritual "Legree," the priest, though the interest, on the other hand,

seemed to steadily deepen. When the sermon was finished, the meeting always became quite informal, so that numerous earnest and pertinent questions were asked me, and we communed together until late into the night.

Various absurd, even malicious, stories were circulated, not only about me, but about the meetings as well. One report pictured me as a sort of conjurer or wizard, and was to the effect that when any one called upon me, I carefully wrote his name on a piece of paper, then, with mysterious mutterings, burned the paper. Another was that at the meetings, when prayer was to be offered, I said to the people, "Kneel horses!" and at the conclusion of the prayer, I said, "Arise, mules!" These slanders remind one strangely of the stories that circulated among the heathen concerning the early Church. These fictions were in accord with the belief that I was some diabolical being. But they said of Christ that he had a devil, and the servant is not better than his Master.

As the people continued to watch my every movement and to question the family where I stayed concerning me, they began to say with surprise, "Why, he doesn't drink!" Every person here drinks the powerful native rum, and as I was thought to be not merely a worshipper of Bacchus, but Bacchus himself, I was expected to "swallow" prodigious draughts. Later, they exclaimed in astonishment, "Look, you! the man does not even smoke!" And where is the man in these parts that does not smoke? Even children just weaned, smoke. As the days passed, they began to say of me, with increasing surprise, "Certainly, he cannot be a bad man!" and still later, "In very truth, he is a good man and has not even one vice!" then, "He is an illustrious person!" and finally, for these people are very free in the use of superlatives, "He is, without doubt, a most illustrious person!" Thus the antagonism felt toward me subsided until I could go about with safety.

The people now became angry with their priest, affirming, "He assumes that we are idiots, having no more brains than

to believe his beastly lies!" for it is always the priest who poisons the minds of the people respecting the Gospel. A young man who had become very friendly to me and was reading the Bible, said to me, one day: "When you arrived here, I thought you were Satan's *legate;* but now, I think you are a saint, and that you must have much merit laid up in store." Naturally, I appreciated his change of feeling. As the fear and aversion of the people diminished, they came to see me more freely, and I could talk with them and read God's message to them; besides, I felt more free to visit them in their homes. My reason for describing so fully these experiences is that they are an example of what occurs in varying degrees in numerous other places when the Gospel of Christ is first introduced; though the evangelist does not always escape so unscathed as I did.

During the first weeks, life among these "civilized" people had proved more insecure than I had found it among the wild men of the forest. During this time, a few of the leading citizens, who were anxious that no harm should befall me while in their village, insisted upon providing a body guard for me when I went out at night. I learned, after the danger was long past, that an effort had been made to have me ejected from the house where I was lodging. Still another plan was to take me forcibly to mass and compel me to pay homage to the "Holy Ones;" though many of the people believed that I could not endure the sight of a crucifix, that to look upon it would throw me into a paroxysm of rage and fear. The most violent proposal was to have me dragged out of the village. There would be no difficulty in securing instruments for such an outrage as assassins are common in this part of the world. I frequently saw a man who had four murders to his credit. He was an ambulating arsenal, having always two horse-pistols and sword-like knives hanging from his belt.

At Easter time, each year, a straw man is fixed up to represent "Judas;" and a gang of brave young men and boys, armed with clubs and whips, flail and pummel it furiously, and drag it, and at last, hang it. Even in the most enlightened

cities of Brazil, "Judas's" may be seen here and there hanging from telegraph poles and wires and from lamp posts. It was suggested that they treat "the Jew"—meaning me—as they had treated "Judas." If they could succeed as well in imagining my effigy to be my original self as they had imagined the Judas dummy the original Judas, this buffoonery would harm no one. While they are "putting an end to Judas," as this brilliant performance is called, the temple bells are clanged vigorously.

Occasionally, when a death occurs here, a few relatives and friends gather at the house of mourning, and chant, wail and howl for an hour or two, sometimes, even all night. A few men who are especially skillful in howling loud and long, lead in the lamentations. They seem to think that by these ceremonies, or rather, uproars, they can pacify the gods somewhat, purchasing merit and shortening a little the millenniums of torment the departed soul must endure. Sometimes dying persons are taken to the temple in order that they may expire in the presence of the "holy ones," where "the Dog"—Satan—cannot easily seize the soul.

As the dry season now prevailed, when nature lies dormant, provisions became more and more scarce, making life difficult for me as I had not been able to lay in a supply of such eatables as the locality afforded when obtainable. Owing to the remoteness of my situation, and to some misunderstanding, no finances reached me, and what funds I had brought with me became entirely exhausted. Consequently, I could not buy food, even when a morsel was offered. Some people advocate "going without breakfast." Circumstances forced me to adopt this system of living—even to omit dinner also at times, and drink water for supper. I have been asked if I believe in fasting. I do. But Providence usually orders my fasts. I deny myself gladly if there is no food. In doing the will of God—and I cannot conceive of a more happy life than to be always doing this—providential circumstances appoint fasts without my imposing them upon myself arbi-

trarily. But, the real Christian fast is to become so absorbed in prayer and service that one forgets to eat.

I was once fastidious, but I was cured of this in Brazil, and the quality of my food ceased to concern me. For a time, I dined almost daily upon dry manioc meal—which was like bass-wood sawdust—*rapadura* and water or coffee. But since God watches with tender care over all His creatures, He ordained ways whereby I was provided for; and I regained my health despite adverse circumstances. A Psalm which has long been priceless to me, is: "Shall I look unto the hill?—From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from God who made heaven and earth." Moreover, the people who had been antagonistic to me at first now showed me many kindnesses, even making sacrifices for my benefit. Indeed, I have never received more tokens of true friendship than these poor, simple people bestowed upon me, and I shall never cease to entertain affectionate regards for them, and to wish myself once more among them.

Chapter XIV.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS.—UNIVERSAL SOCIALS.—SOBRIQUETES.—BAD MEN NAMED AFTER THE GODS.—THE PROSTITUTION OF RELIGION.—POISONING THE MIND.

The time having now come to hold the annual *festa* in "Homage to the Divine One" and to "Mary Most Holy" at a hamlet called Piabanha, some seventy miles up the Tocantines, I accompanied by invitation a family that was going to attend the festivities. As these religious, though Bacchanalian festivals are the supreme social events of the year in the lives of these simple people, which are otherwise barren of social pleasures and stupidly monotonous, they assemble almost universally from jungle and hamlet, dressed in the best suits they can procure, which have been made especially for the occasion, bringing with them a supply of the most toothsome victuals and delicacies they can produce, or obtain. Many families that live in extreme isolation travel gladly one hundred miles or more on horseback, or even on foot, through the almost pathless wilds to participate in these festivities. The occasion resembles a sort of camp meeting, or protracted picnic, though always held in the village, and reminds one of the story of the tribes "going up" to attend the Passover at Jerusalem. All visitors who cannot crowd themselves in with resident families, or into vacant dwellings or sheds, camp out here and there, swinging their hammocks between trees.

The women of our party, following a universal custom among the women at festal time, were busy for days making preparations. These preliminaries completed, we embarked

in a canoe for the *festa*, as this was the most pleasant and convenient way to travel, though it was not easy to paddle and pole up stream. The dry season now prevailed and the weather was beautiful, brilliant and charming, while the river was looking magnificent, for the water was low and sky-blue and extensive sand-bars stood revealed. We hugged the shore all the way in order to avoid the force of the current; and prepared and ate our food under the trees by the river side, using a sand bank for a table and a deer skin for a table-cloth. We passed the night in the open air, suspending our seven hammocks from the branches of a single, wide-spreading tree, and in the cool, fresh air, slept well. It was delightful canoeing on the river in the early morning. A luxuriant vegetation adorned both sides of the broad, blue flood, and the air was pure and invigorating. Rude dwellings were met with here and there along the river, at a few of which we made a brief visit. We tried to buy eggs, chickens and other produce; but, "We have nothing," was the universal response to all of our inquiries. At one place, we found the family making rum. They kindly treated us to a drink of the newly extracted cane juice, which, warm from the hot rays of the sun, and very sweet, tasted like freshly drawn milk.

I always took a few copies of the Book with me whenever we went to make a call, so as to be fully prepared to take advantage of every opportunity to do missionary work. I met at one hut an elderly man who had been drinking rum somewhat freely; but, learning who I was, he seemed to wake up, manifesting a strong desire to possess a copy of the Bible. He said he was unable to read it himself, but his son would read it to him. Thus, "the lamp from off the eternal throne," casts its benignant and transforming light in many rude, far-away abodes.

At length, we arrived at the village where the *festa* was to be held, and where dwelt and reigned my old friend (?), the priest. It is a "beastly place," to use a local description, and said to be, under ordinary circumstances, one of the most stupid, lifeless and heathenish places existing anywhere in

this part of Brazil. The domiciles are, for the most part, mere shanties built of adobe and of thatch. It is similar to the village at the Rio do Somno, though more barbarous. The priest lives in a palace, compared to the kennels occupied by the rest of the inhabitants, and in regal style. He " is clothed in purple and fine linen " and " fares sumptuously every day." I heard from more than one source that he is a sort of god to most of the people, and that if he should command them to eat excrement from the highway, they would obey promptly. These " devout ones," some of whom aped him in dress, deportment and mannerisms, say of him that, " during the day, he is here upon earth; but at night, he goes to sleep with ' Jesus Christ ' in heaven."

The government mail service reaches Piabanha, though the mail is delivered only once or twice each month. But it never includes a newspaper, not even for the priest, and but a mere half dozen letters. The people do so little correspondence, indeed, that no post stamps are kept here, and none can be obtained nearer than seventy miles distant. I dined one day with the " postmaster " who was a leading man of the place. He did not appear to have even one table in his rude dwelling, and a low, rough bench was used instead of a table. He was reading with much interest a Bible obtained from me.

As every house in the village was overflowing with visitors when we arrived, we camped in a small orange grove, suspending our hammocks under the trees.

In arranging for a *festa*, one of the first things to do is to raise some money with which to buy powder, sky-rockets, coffee and rum, and to purchase materials for a public banquet and for compensating the priest who conducts the religious ceremonies and pronounces a discourse. But much of the needed supplies are donated by various individuals who have been requested to do so. To raise the money, a few men who can sing a little and play some instrument, such as the guitar, the cornet, or the accordion, compose themselves into a sort of German band. These individuals, carrying before them a banner with an image of the " Holy One " stamped

upon it, and followed by a varying number of persons, some of whom are "doing penance," or purchasing merit, by carryings rocks or large clay pots of water upon their heads, visit every family in the village. As the group enters the house, "the devout ones," which are usually the women and the children, only, kneel and reverently kiss the Holy One, undisturbed by the fact that the banner is never cleansed from year to year, though kissed by a multitude of filthy, diseased people.

After the kissing, the musicians (?) sing and play a plaintive hymn requesting a gift of money to make a *festa* in homage of the "divine one." When the music ceases, the Judas extends the collection box to the members of the household; and as often as any one contributes, the banner-bearer, who may be some "son of Belial," waves the banner over his head, saying, "The Divine One"—the Holy Spirit—"be with you;" or, "Our Lady bless you."

The ceremonies attending the celebration of the feast begin on the vesper of the festal day, proper, by the "coronation of the emperor," or the "empress"—the person elected to preside over the feast, and to act as host, or giver of the feast. The crowning occurs in the temple. The "emperor" elect, attended by his *suite* and followed by a multitude of his *subjects*, advances to the altar, where the priest places a small iron crown upon his head, sprinkles him with "holy water," then mutters a few unintelligible words. The crown is so small that the wearer must walk as if he were carrying a china bowl upon his head, or it will fall off. The whole company now retires to take up a position in front of the temple to witness the ceremony of the raising of the flag pole, which is surmounted by a banner having an *image* of the "Holy One" stamped upon it. This terminates the public ceremonies of the evening, and the remainder of the night is given up to visiting, dancing, drinking and sensuality.

The *festa* proper begins at sunrise the following morning, with religious ceremonies in the temple, which are attended by the "emperor" and his court, followed by the entire popu-

lation, and a crowd of visitors, gaudily attired. The function is made still more ostentatious and regal by the roar of artillery—the firing of blasts of powder from iron tubes—the exploding of dynamite rocks or aerial bombs, and the rapid clanging of the temple bells. This tumult is to frighten away the Devil as well as to laud the "Holy One." The priest also utters a discourse, which is just a little meaningless performance, though at this *festa* which I attended, his subject was "The Holy Spirit." What a pity it is that the most sacred things should be thus burlesqued. There were no seats in the temple, the floor of which was packed earth. The women, sitting or kneeling on the ground, occupied the center of the big, barn-like room, while the men, crowding in on either side, remained standing. The "emperor" sat majestically on an improvised throne near the altar, observing the rites with a blank look. At the conclusion of these ceremonies, his majesty, wearing the iron crown, attended by his "court," and surrounded by the populace which kept at a respectful distance from him, marched "with great pomp" to his own house where the public banquet, which was now ready, was to be served. As the house was small, a palm-branch booth had been constructed in front of it in which were placed two long tables. Into this booth crowded the hungry multitude anxious to get their annual square meal; for it may be affirmed of many of these people that it is probably the only time in the whole year when they get a really satisfying meal. A throne was arranged for the "emperor" at one end of the booth, where he sat in state while the crowd devoured the feast, which was remarkably sumptuous for such a place. What a motley collection of human beings it was that squeezed itself into this rude dining hall! Only men partook of this banquet. They were dressed in all styles from that of the Cherente savage, who was adorned with nothing but a coat of red paint, to that of men in full European dress of immaculate white and neat dark suits. The upper and nether crust of civilization and savagery, with the great mass of barbarism between, seemed to have come together on equal terms.

During the afternoon, there were some equestrian sports representing historic events connected with the expelling of the Moors from Spain. Other innocent diversions were also indulged in, besides which there was vulgar masquerading, lewd dancing, unrestrained drinking, and the like.

As the feast in worship of "Our Lady"—the great goddess—was to occur the following day, some preliminary ceremonies were observed in preparation for it. The "Queen" (elect) "of the Festa," surrounded by a considerable retinue, rode out on horseback, followed by a mixed multitude on foot, to a spot a short distance from the village, where she was married to the king of the feast. Immediately after this mock marriage, a collation was served consisting of coffee, and cakes made of corn meal and manioc starch. This ended, the royal procession again moved toward the village advancing very slowly and halting every one or two hundred yards to be entertained by the lewd dancing of a few dissolute females. This dancing was accompanied with drumming of the hands on rawhide seated stools, and the singing of ribald songs. When the queen proceeded to her coronation at nightfall, the *royal procession* was led by a band consisting of a cornet, a clarionet and a snare drum, the musicians playing their one piece—a kind of jig.

On the morning of the second festal day, the queen was escorted to and from the temple, to attend the usual religious ceremonies, by thirty or forty men and boys brilliantly dressed in feminine attire. The preceding afternoon, some money was raised for this feast largely in the manner already described, but with the addition that, following the small group that was soliciting funds, was a large company of men, women and children fantastically dressed in bright colors, many of whom were doing penance, or castigating themselves, by carrying various heavy weights upon their heads. One of these two feast days was Sunday; but both days, and all of both nights, were alike passed in "eating, drinking and making merry,"—in visiting, gormandizing, dancing, drinking, gaming, the masquerading of vulgar clowns, and in lewdness and sen-

suality. Though many of the people occupied themselves more or less innocently, yet it shocks one to know that everything is done in honor and in worship, not only of "Our Lady," their chief divinity, but also of the "Divine One," by which is meant the Holy Spirit. These *festas* are truly pagan and saturnalian; nevertheless, I sympathize deeply with these poor people, whose lives are often so lonely and so devoid of social advantages, and whose hearts hunger intensely for these annual socials.

On the evening of the second day, I visited the house of the man who had just been elected "emperor" to preside over the *festa* of the Holy Spirit for the following year. He had filled up his coffee-pots, uncorked his demijohns of rum, and was "treating all the boys" in celebration of the high honor that had been conferred upon him. Many were coming and going and all drinking freely, and instead of being filled with the Spirit of God and dominated by his sweet and ennobling influence, these men were being filled with the spirit of Bacchus, and dominated by his degrading influence.

The person who is to preside over the *festa* and also those who are to provide the various articles required, are designated by means of the lot. The names of a number of eligible persons are written on separate slips of paper and deposited in a box, while the various duties to be performed and the names of the articles needed, are written on other slips of paper, and placed in a second box. At a convenient moment during the temple service, the contents of each box is "shuffled," and two men each draw a slip from each box at the same time; then the slip from the first box, containing the names of persons, is read aloud to the waiting congregation, followed by the reading of the slip from the second box; thus, Peter Prince-of-the-Apostles—one demijohn of whiskey; John the Baptist—five yards of tobacco.

Shortly after attending this *festa*, I was present at another which is given annually by a private individual at his cattle ranch by the river Tocantines, some distance below the Rio do Somno village. It was in honor, or worship, of the "Holy

One" whom the ranchmen had chosen as his special protector, and whom he believed had vouchsafed him special favors. Each holy one is believed to guard with special solicitude those persons who are born on his day, and who bear his name.

The old ranchman owned some two hundred cattle, and manufactured rum and *rapadura.* His dwelling, though situated at a charming spot near the river, and surrounded by a rich and delightful tropical vegetation, is totally out of harmony with its beautiful environment, for it is a small, low dirty, mud-walled, grass-roofed, earth-floored coop, filled with a variety of unsightly objects.

In preparation for the *festa,* the ranch owner slaughtered two bullocks, two hogs and thirty fowls, while the women made ready a quantity of corn and manioc meal cakes, and two kinds of sweetmeats, made of meal and *rapadura;* and lastly, the coffee pots were filled and the demijohns uncorked.

The guests continued to arrive during the entire day, coming principally in canoes, until by night, over one hundred were present. The women were neatly dressed in calico, with wooden-soled, tan colored slippers, without counters, held loosely on their stockingless feet at the toes only, hatless, but wearing instead of hats, bright colored mantles, or shawls, draped lightly over the head and shoulders. The men were dressed in cotton check, or bleached cotton trousers, coats and vests, bare footed, or wearing slippers like those just described, though a few wore shoes.

How these people did eat when the banquet was brought on at five in the afternoon! Indeed, the word, eat, does not describe it. They bolted, guzzled and devoured wholesale, reproducing with considerable exaggeration as to the quantity each individual consumed, the scenes enacted each day at noon in the big eating houses of Chicago and New York. It was a gormandizing spectacle. As the house was so small, a high table was placed outside in the yard, upon which the food was heaped. Around this table the seemingly famished multitude crowded, and devoured the food in a standing position,

two or three persons eating from each plate. They ate principally with large iron spoons, like soup spoons, and with knives which they carefully freighted from point to hilt, then put the whole length of the blade into the mouth. I waited until "the rush was over;" but even then, before I could finish eating, a hungry man pushed in and began to rapidly unload my plate without even saying, "with your permission." He meant no offense by this act; but not seeing a plate for himself, he seized what was nearest. I willingly pardoned my assistant since it is common among these people for two or three to eat from the same plate, and half a dozen from the same pot. Learning who I was, my assistant at dinner came to me again during the evening, earnestly desiring a Bible; so I had a pleasant talk with him and found him no less hungry for the spiritual manna than he had been for the material food.

At this *festa*, as at others, "the people ate and drank and rose up to play." About sunset, the largest room in the house where dancing had been going on during the day, was cleared, then a rough altar was erected in one corner by spreading a towel over a small, rude table. On this was placed the "holy one," an idol about one foot high, which was the ranchman's special protector. As many persons as could wedged themselves into the room and kneeled on the ground before the idol, while the remainder of the numerous company kneeled just outside the door; and all "recited"—chanted and groaned a sort of prayer supplicating the continuance of the good offices of the holy one. This ceremony concluded, all went one by one to "bow down" before the idol and to kiss it. A man who did not know me, seeing me outside in the dark, inquired of me, "Did you go yet to kiss?" The worship having terminated, both the holy one and the alter were removed and the dancing was resumed which continued all night. As the rum was as "free as water," there was much drinking and more or less drunkenness.

Living, as I did, for long periods of time entirely alone among the people, and on equal terms with them, I naturally

observed various other interesting customs. One of the most curious and unique is their mode of nomenclature. Especially are sacred and divine names employed in a startling manner. They are applied to everything, animate or inanimate, virtuous or vile. States, streets, army corps and men are named "Holy Spirit." I heard a mother, as she dandled her child, addressing it, "my Holy Spirit." Men are named "John God," and "John Holy-Spirit-of-God," while "Jesus," "Messiah" and "Emanuel" are very common. I knew a prostitute named "Mary Queen-of-the-Angles," and a debauchee named "Bishop-of-the-Holy-Ones." "Saint Anthony" was a multi-murderer and drunkard, "Saint Matthew" and "Moses" were drunkards and libertines, and "Mary of the Conception" was a harlot.

The use of sacred and divine names in this manner constitutes the profanity of these people. It is impossible to "swear" in Spanish and Portuguese as in the English language. Fortunately, very fortunately, it is not practicable to utter a "volley of oaths" in these tongues, for it is foreign to their genius. Perhaps no language in the world can be so readily tortured into profane speech—the Devil's prayer—as our noble English language. But we can also say, thank God, that no language in the world is so rich in exalted and inspiring literature, and so well adapted to every human need. Theological students in Brazil call the English their sacred language, because their theological books are in English.

Since everything animate or inanimate, living or dead, is called "The Devil" in Brazil, the expression is on the lips continually of every one able to articulate. Every beast in our cavalcades was called "The Devil!" I saw a store in a large city called "the Good Devil Clothing house." Expressions such as "God give you a good night," "God bless you!" "Our Lady Bless you!" are profane expressions, as they are meaningless and are uttered momentarily. "God willing!" is as often heard as "The Devil!" It precedes every expression of a thought of action, however trivial. "My God!" or "Oh, my God!" is the most common profanity, and more frequently

heard than any other words in the language, except "The Devil!" This last exclamation is used in the sense of disgust, as, for instance, when a fowl enters the house and flies up onto the table—no rare occurrence—or a dog pushes open the door and enters to steal. "Look Mary!" is a common exclamation of surprise. "Oh, my father in heaven!" is another very common profane ejaculation. "Long live Mary!" "Long live Mary, full of grace!!" and "Value me, our Lady!!" are profane expressions of fear.

The word *bicho,* which the lexicographers say means anything living, except a man, a fish, or a bird, is the appellation given to every object, living or dead, as an interchange with the exclamation "The devil!" It might be translated by the word, beast. A mother will say to her child, "Shut the door, my little beast!" "Demon," is also a name for everything. A young woman, calling upon another, is greeted as she enters the house with, "Where did you get that thing, Demon!" "I got it from John Chrysostum, my Demon!" "It is a lie, Demon!" As a woman delivers some crochet work that she had been employed to do, she says: "Here is your pigsty, I don't want it!" A woman exclaims at a girl sitting in a door, "Get up, head of a bat!" The girl, forthwith, springs to her feet and seizes the speaker around the waist, which provokes the exclamation: "Let go this beastliness!" This is a little sample of the language that is heard on every hand among the lower classes. One grows very weary of hearing the constant repetition of "Shoo, hen!" or "Shoo chicken, painted" (spotted), and "Oh people! this hen is crazy!" as a fowl enters the kitchen and begins to consume the food prepared for the family.

Nearly every Brazilian bears the name of some famous personage. Each is given the name of one of the "Holy Ones" on whose day he is born. If there is anything in a name, these people should all be exalted characters, unless they become utterly crushed under the weight of the great names they bear. Needless to say, their characters are usually diametrically opposed to those suggested by these

celebrated names. I knew an unlettered, adulterous man named "Martin, Man-of-light;" another, a brutal assassin, was named Saint Benedict; while Confucius and Socrates are often the most ordinary characters.

Concerning surnames: These appear very strange compared with those common among English-speaking peoples. The names of trades and professions, such as Smith, Baker, Butler, Miller, Cook, Sailor, Abbott, Dean, Priest, Bishop, Doctor, Judge, are not found. Nor are colors, such as Brown, Green, Gray, met with. But instead, such names as Milk, Chicken, Sucking-pig, Guinea-pig, Jungle, Nut-tree, Oak-tree, Olive-tree, Olive-grove, Olive-seller, Feather, Guilded Mountain, Wolf, Axe, Stolen, Hammer, and Cow's-head. This last name is that of a man prominent in American colonial history.

But these people are not addressed personally, or spoken of by their surnames, as is done among English-speaking people, but by their given names; as, for instance, Mr. (Lord) John, Mr. Edward, Lady Mary, Lady Anna.

As we know, surnames were not used anywhere in the world prior to the tenth century of our era, and men were distinguished from one another by their occupation or place of residence, or by designating their parents, or by means of some prominent characteristic, as, for example, John the Baker and William the Miller; or Robert by the Brook and Henry of the Woods, Theodore of the Rose Field and Jack of London; or else, James the son of William (now James Williamson), Thomas the White and Samuel the Walker.

This process of creating names seems to be still in operation to some extent in Brazil. While the majority to-day have recognized surnames, yet they are not much used except on special occasions. A man readily discards one name and assumes a new one, which, in many cases, is given to him first as an appellation or nickname denoting some marked characteristic, or for other reasons just mentioned. These tacked-on names often stigmatize their bearers who become very angry when addressed by them. Nevertheless, these titles are usually appropriate. The traveler in Brazil must

exercise care in these matters. If he should be seeking some one from whom to purchase much needed supplies, and should be referred in all seriousness to Socrates Cricket-Painter, or to Emanuel Monkey, or to Chico Run-Run, he will readily guess that these names are sobriquetes, and will inquire if they are, and if their hearers accept of them; otherwise, in using them he might stir up fierce wrath and fail to make the desired purchases. When an appellation is agreeable to the bearer, he often accepts it as his established name.

One marvels that these people should be so destitute of respect for divine names and things, and that they should burlesque religion and turn it into a saturnalia. But the explanation is found in the character and practices of the priests, who stand before the people as the plenipotentiaries of Deity. These "holy priests," the spiritual and moral leaders of the people, are conspirators against the family, and foes to human progress and happiness. "They have ceased to be men; they are sacred saurians covered with thick scales and green archaic slime." They are moral and social cancers, drunken, murderous and sensual, maintaining mistresses openly and shamelessly. How can one paint those, who, to borrow their own words, "paint the devil?" They seize upon the prerogatives of Deity, and hypnotizing men, dominate them body, mind and spirit, and hermetically seal against the Light every avenue to Man-Soul. They have a schedule of prices covering every function they perform, and making merchandise of their subjects, *prey* upon instead of to *pray* for them; hence, this religion is called by its own votaries, "the religion of money." These priests are a striking example of the wolf sheperding the sheep and the fox guarding the geese.

While the Lord Jesus Christ is ever saying to men, Take! Take! these men are at the opposite pole and ever saying, Give us! Give us! Jesus came to "take away the sin of the world, but these men have come to filch away the money of the world. While Jesus seeks to *make* men, these "holy priests" seek to *unmake* men. Christ transforms, transfigures and glorifies human life, but the priests deform, disfigure, and

brutalize men. While Jesus is the Light of the world, these men seek to entomb the world in eternal night. To deaden the Conscience and the Intellect is to paralyze and degrade the whole man. That which poisons the soul and the mind, poisons and ruins the entire man, morally, mentally and socially. It is a systematic and persistent attempt to suppress and extinguish all enlightenment and all progress. It is destructive of all true manhood and all true womanhood. "It kills all practice of real virtue, and destroys self-help and individual liberty and responsibility. It sets a premium upon vice by the ease and frequency with which it may be committed."

Before these moral lepers, the priests, ensconced in their confessional cages, like jaguars crouching in the jungle, come especially the women and the simple-minded children, who, kneeling before the priest, divulge to him in detail in a whisper, as if addressing the Most High, all their secrets and private matters, answer all the soul-contaminating questions put to them, and receive from this depraved creature counsel and advice as from God, and the canceling of their sins. The wills and consciences of the people are cauterized and atrophied, thus paralyzing every faculty of being.

The Shekinah no longer dwells in temples made with hands. The human heart, or Soul, is now the temple of the living God, the Sanctum Sanctorum, the Holy of Holies. But if the spirit of Anti-Christ seizes and enthrones himself in this Temple, "showing himself that he is God," there can be but one result, the degradation of the whole man, physically, mentally and morally.

Therefore, these people are very lacking in moral sensibility. Having recited in a purely mechanical way, like talking machines, certain prayers; or accompanied, like puppets or automatons, the performance of various rites and ceremonies, their moral accountability to God, omnipotent, ceases completely. Conscience is dismissed as no longer needed; or the priest has possession of it by either deed or seizure, and will act for his fellows in all spiritual and moral

matters, or affairs of the soul. In fact, the priest *is* the conscience of all persons under his control.

Having pacified the gods by executing automatically the required acts, the people are at liberty to indulge their passions as they may wish, or may have opportunity. Good and evil, right and wrong, is largely a matter of credit and debit, or merit and demerit, in men's accounts with the gods; and as often as the debit side of their ledger of life exceeds the credit, the account can be balanced, in imagination, by means of a few credits gained by performing automatically some religious acts.

The prostitution of religion, and of Deity, is the degradation of humanity. "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." It is also a beautiful and inspiring truth that the chief purpose of God is to glorify man and enjoy him forever. But, "the priestly code of doctrine is well calculated to ruin the infatuated people who believe in it. It blots out the death of Christ from the pages of history, denying to that ineffable sacrifice any saving effect. It reduces respect for the omnipotent God almost to the vanishing point."

Chapter XV.

IMAGE WORSHIP.—ORIGIN OF FAMOUS IDOLS.—THE ATONEMENT OBLITERATED.

Defending their use of "images," so called, the people say to me, in substance, "Do you not prize a photograph of a dear, deceased friend, which, representing him, recalls to your mind with tenderness, whenever you look upon it, all that was noble and beautiful in his character, and his many loving acts? This is why we have images and pictures of God and of the Holy Ones."

Replying, I ask if it is not true that the value of a portrait lies in the fact that we have *known and esteemed the original,* and it is *an exact image of him?* If such a picture is ever regarded, like their "images" and like fetiches, as a *substitute for the original,* and as being *possessed by his spirit.* If it is rational for them to attribute personality to an inanimate object, like savages do? If God has given men His picture? and if they think that the rude, offensive lithographs, statuettes and dolls they have are true and faithful representations, and satisfactory substitutes, for the Most High? If it is possible for any human hand to paint a true picture, or chisel an image of the Being Who is purely Spirit, or Mind, and not matter, and whose overwhelming glory and majesty infinitely surpass all human conception? If any sane person would give out a picture of himself that was immeasurably inferior to the original? Then, I declare that God has not only withheld His picture, but has absolutely forbidden men to make any representation of Him whatever, reading in support of this the first verses of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and one or

two others of the strong passages against idolatry which are found everywhere in the Bible.

These people make precisely the same excuses for their image or idol worship that the Hindos and all other idolatrous peoples make; and the very same, word for word, as the idolaters spoken of everywhere in the Old and and New Testament. They aver that they do not worship the image, but instead, the god, through this representation of him, which is exactly what all idolaters in every age have professed. Yet, the immortal god is believed to dwell in, and find a body in this material representation of him, just as a man's soul dwells in his body; and despite all the sophistry of the teachers, both the tangible object and the supposed indwelling spirit are one and the same entity for all practical purposes as the devotee cannot distinguish between them. Besides, the people are plainly taught by what is called "single worship," to adore the material object which has been consecrated—deified—by the priest. Moreover, that the object and the supposed indwelling spirit are a divine unit in the thoughts of the worshippers, and that the object itself is worshipped, is abundantly demonstrated every day; for the devotees speak of the figure as they would of a rational being, clothing *him* with personality, calling *him* "the Holy One," or "God The Father," or giving *him* some other divine name. They regard *him* with superstitious fear and reverence. They kneel before *him* and gaze at *him* fixedly, like stuffed owls, reciting prayers and supplicating his aid. They kiss *him*, and punish *him* when *he* fails to grant them their petitions. They bear *him* in solemn procession through the streets and bend the knee to *him;* hold great festivals in worship of *him;* and firmly believe that *he* brings them good and daily protects them from evil. Anthropologists affirm that there is no essential difference between image worship and fetichism. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of an image of corruptible man, and of birds. * * * * They exchanged the truth of God

for a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever."

As it is manifestly the nature of every human being to become gradually like that which he admires and adores, so it is a fact that has been demonstrated a million times that the more devoted the image worshipper is to his idols, the more his intelligence dies out, giving place to a fearful darkness, and the more he becomes mere matter and not mind, just as his god is mere dead matter.—" They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throats; *They that make them shall be like unto them;* Yea, every one that trusteth in them."—Psalm 115. Every one that " bends the knee " to them will become as dead intellectually, morally and spiritually as they are.

Even holy images and pictures that are master-pieces of art, have, apparently, no uplifting or ennobling effect upon the worshippers, for the reason that only an enlightened, cultured mind can appreciate art. In proof of this, behold in Ireland, Italy, Spain and Russia, hundreds of magnificent temples and cathedrals, themselves poems in stone, replete with sacred statues and pictures that are the flower of art. Yet, these same superb sanctuaries, created for the glorification of the priesthood, overshadow masses of hunted, ignorant, superstitious, unmanned devotees, of whose blood and tears they are built, who live in hovels and on a social plane little above that of savages. What will be seen in an object, depends upon the order of mind that contemplates it. An ape may see the moon even better than a Newton, but how vast the difference between what each sees! Idolatry can no more produce a Christian character than a gourd can produce a cedar of Lebanon. Such a character can be developed only when the Spirit of Christ has been planted in the heart; for the real Christian is " born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever. "

The gods of the South Americans are a thousand "canonized," or deified dead, who are manifest to men in the form of statuettes, dolls, dummies, manikins and lithographs. They were noted characters in the days of their flesh; and growing in fame after their demise, and coming to be regarded, popularly, as gods with varying powers, they were, at length, officially apotheosized. This is perhaps the origin of all idolatry, save the gods that are the personification of the forces of Nature.

In every dwelling is found an "image" of some one of these gods standing in its niche, while surmounting a pole in front of the house is a picture (?) of the family Protector, suggesting strongly a totem pole. Before one of these "Holy Ones" the family kneels every morning and "recites," parrot-like, supplicating his favor and protection. Instead of listening to the Voice of Supreme Wisdom and Goodness by reading and pondering God's Holy Word, and praying to Him with the intelligence and from the heart, they mutter, automatically, like talking machines to these dead objects. Their *bible* is the arbitrary commands of villainous priests; their *salvation—absolution* is by purchase, self-castigation and purgatory; their everlasting expectation, flames and despair. The BIBLE, which is the MIND and the love message of the LIVING, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient God, is, they are taught, "A short cut to hell," the most infamous volume extant, and should be burned; while the Christian missionary is Satan's special emissary, or, "The Devil in flesh and bones."

While the followers of Christ hold "Conventions for the deepening of spiritual life," these people have bacchanalian feasts for the deepening of carnal life. The former feed their souls and intellects upon the heavenly Bread and Science, the latter gorge their stomachs. The first seek to reproduce Christ in their daily lives, the second to reproduce Satan. One drinks at the glorious river of spiritual life, the other swallows demijohns of rum. The first worships the Father of Lights in Spirit and in truth, the second celebrates the "Holy Ones," or demigods, with powder, pomp, pyrotechnics,

pantomine, pandemonium and prostitution. One has eternal joys, the other noctural pleasures. The former fast always from sin, the latter fast occasionally from beef. The first entombs, or extinguishes, his sins, the last entombs, or extinguishes, the celestial Lamp, the Word of God. One burns his sins, the other burns the Book of God. "Give ear unto the Law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. What unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith Jehovah. * * * Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings. * * * Come now, and let us reason together. * * * Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

An advertisement concerning a religious *festa* reads as follows: "Notice to the illustrious preparers of the festival to the Holy Spirit: At * * * may be found a beautiful assortment of—

Holy Ghosts in gold, with glories, @ 40c each.

Silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, @ $6.50 per hundred.

Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver @ 75c per hundred."

At a certain festival, held annually, a big wooden manikin, called, "The Christ," dressed in red, and staggering under the weight of a ponderous cross, is borne through the streets on a float carried by men. Occasionally, some "son of Belial" is induced to become "The Christ" instead of the dummy, by the promise of all the rum he cares to drink. Once, the bearer of one corner of the float stumbled and fell, hurling "The Christ" to the pavement. Terribly enraged, this individual sprang to his feet and nearly precipitated a general fight. This man also plays the part of "Christ on the Cross," which is set up at the point where another procession, coming from the opposite direction, is met bearing "The Divine Mother." The man is, of course, tied to the cross, and the rum is passed up to him by means of a pole with a sponge secured to one end and dipped in a bucket of rum. Once, a passer of the rum neglected his duty, and the solemn ceremonies were rudely interrupted by the man on the cross—

"The Christ"—shouting, "Oh, Mr. Jew! Mr. Jew! More gall!"

Many of the idols are hollow. Sometimes there is only a bust supported on three stakes, like a three-legged milk stool. These parts are, of course, hidden from view by gorgeous robes. Dr. Chamberlain told me that once, while visiting a family having many slaves, he observed that every time a slave or other person passed a certain alcove, he bent the knee. Inquiring the reason for this, he was shown a large idol, one of the names of which is "the Queen of Heaven." (!!) Examining it, he found that the head was hollow and full of bird dung.

In times of drought, the "Holy One" who is believed to regulate the weather, but has, nevertheless, neglected his duty, is exposed to the fierce rays of the noonday sun to compel him to send rain. When any article is lost, if the "Holy One" that finds things does not reveal promptly its whereabouts, he may be put to boil in a pot of beans, or suspended, head downward in a well. At other times, the "Holy Ones" are carried in solemn procession, or "with great pomp" and ostentation through the streets to receive the adoration of the populace to the end that they may be persuaded by flattery to grant the requests made of them. European manufacturers, believing thoroughly in commercial foreign missions, at least, do a large business making gods for the South Americans.

Many celebrated idols are "found"—discovered accidentally (?) in the river, or in the woods—and believed to have fallen down from heaven, like Diana of the Ephesians. A famous goddess, called, "Our Lady of the Appearing" in the state of São Paulo, Brazil, is a prominent instance of this kind.

A story of the real origin of a certain miracle-working "image," or "Holy One" that was found in a river by fishermen, went the rounds of the Brazilian press. The parroquetes were injuring a certain field of rice by the river. The owner of the field, being skillful with tools—reminding

one oddly of Isaiah, 44 : 12-20—carved out a respectable wooden manikin, named it *Birasá,* and placed it in the field for a scare-crow. Soon, there came a freshet, and the river overflowing its banks, swept *Birasá* away. Some days afterward, it was discovered by fishermen one or two hundred miles further down the river. They viewed it with superstitious awe, towed it reverently ashore, and informed the village priest. This astute individual, seeing a splendid opportunity to make his place a Mecca and enrich himself, declared that the "image" was "Holy Fulano," and had it borne in solemn procession and placed in the temple, where, in time, it became famous for working miracles of healing.

At length, the maker of *Birasá,* being much afflicted by the long illness and threatened dissolution of his little daughter, all medical treatment having failed to restore her to health, was urged by his neighbors to go on a pilgrimage to "Holy Fulano" and supplicate his "good offices." Not knowing that the famous image was his own creation, he acted upon this advice, prepared himself, and started down the river in a canoe, taking his young son with him. Arrived at the temple, he entered with bowed head and downcast spirit, and kneeling before the "Holy One" without once raising his eyes, began to "recite offices" to the intent that his child might be healed. But his son, inquisitive, and less devout in his attitudes, began to take note of his surroundings. Soon, he discovered, with astonishment, the identity of "Holy Fulano." "Papa," he whispered excitedly, pulling his father's sleeve, "It's our *Birasá!*" "Silence your mouth," angrily muttered the father, and continued "reciting." "Papa, it is indeed our *Birasá*!" once more whispered the child, earnestly, after again contemplating the object before him, "Silence your mouth, boy, or the Holy One will strike you dead!" hissed the man between his teeth, without scarcely pausing in his melancholy mutterings. "But it is in very truth our own *Birasá,* Papa," vehemently urged the son for the third time, after a pause. The man now ceased reciting and ventured to lift his eyes to observe the idol; and to his utter amazement

and chagrin, it was indeed, his own home-made scare-crow that he was humbly supplicating. Exceedingly humiliated and offended, he went hastily to the priest, who was in another part of the temple, and angrily demanded the dummy in order to take it home. "All the world knows that this is Holy Fulano," roared the priest, "and that he is performing many miracles!" "Then I lose all my labor, and my money, too, in making the image," whined the man. "No, you lose nothing! Here! Take this fifty dollars and go home about your business, and silence your mouth!"

Images are not the only objects worshipped by these idolaters. Distant from temples, and often in lonely, obscure places, rude shrines are found. These are solitary graves of persons who have, while traveling, suffered a sudden and violent death, either by the hand of an assassin, or by accident, and were buried at the spot where death came to them, and a wooden cross set up. Such graves usually become the objects of religious regard, and often develop into a kind of shrine. A traveler passing one of these spots, places a lighted candle upon the grave. If a child should become ill, the mother, yearning for its restoration to health, may make a vow that if it recovers, she will acknowledge the benefit by visiting one of these lonely crosses and leaving there some token, such as to tie a red rag to the cross, or deposit at its foot a stone or a bit of brick, or a rude clay "image." I have sometimes seen quite a scrap pile collected at these spots of superstitious regard. Frequently, a box is nailed to the cross to receive these rude contributions. Occasionally, a woman will "do penance" by crawling to a cross on all fours, or by carrying a heavy weight on her head, trusting, like the priests of Baal, that because of this self-torture, the gods will be persuaded to attend to her supplication.

When a cross begins to be regarded as possessing "virtue," that is, has power to confer benefits, a thatched roof is built over it; then, as it becomes more noted, a stake fence is built around it, next a tile roof is constructed followed by the building of a solid wall around it, and in the enclosure

A Primitive Church and Congregation—The Urus Baptist Mission.

A Lonely Grave that is becoming a sort of Shrine.

are placed pictures and rude "images, or statuettes, of the Holy Ones." Finally, a nice appearing chapel is built over the grave and furnished with a larger and finer grade of images and pictures. Here a group of people congregate from time to time, and kneeling on the ground in the open air—for the chapel may be only a few feet square—recite prayers before the Holy Ones.

Fulfilling vows is common among the lower classes of the people. The following repulsive story is told of a young girl who visited a temple called Nossa Senhora da Penha, near São Paulo, to fulfill a vow. Getting down upon her knees at one end of the temple, and lifting her outer skirts that she might not soil them, she laid her tongue upon the bare floor which reeked with filth, and crawled slowly to the other end of the temple, trailing her tongue upon the nasty planks and leaving a damp track, like some great slug. Her father walked by her side, and as she came to the several steps in the floor, he stooped and lifted her head from step to step. Reaching the end of the temple, she rested and wiped the filth from her tongue with her handkerchief. She crawled from end to end of the temple in this manner four times, then departed.

I copy herewith from a Brazilian newspaper, a letter which the president of one of the religious brotherhoods, that frequently have the care of the temple, is said to have written to a painter. Though it may not be genuine, it is, nevertheless, true in principle, and shows how ludicrous this system of religion appears to many people.

"Dear Sir: As president of the brotherhood, I write to inform you that our temple needs various repairs in the painting; the temple itself as well as the various images of the holy ones. The work of the greatest necessity and urgency, and which you will please attend to first, is as follows: Paint the heaven. Paint three clouds and fix up two old stars. Gild the sun and make needed repairs in the full moon. Paint a pupil in the eye of the good thief. Open a new window in Noah's ark. Paint a sore on the calf of the leg of St. Sebastian. Touch up the head of the Devil which is

over the altar of St. Michael. Makes arms for S. Francisco who is to be placed on the stairs of the third order. Request the most skillful sculptor at your place to carve out with greater perfection two new eyes for the cock of the passion, also wings of wood." This describes somewhat the worship of millions of people.

It may be asked, Do not the civilized people of South America believe in Christ? The answer to this depends upon what is meant by *believe in Christ.* "The devils also *believe* and tremble." So do the Mohammedans *believe* in Christ. This question has already been answered, indirectly, in these pages. These people are acquainted with the salient historical facts of the birth and death of Jesus. These facts are represented in pantomine and caricatured before them often. But He is merely one, and not the most useful one, of a small army of "Holy Ones," or deified men, whom they recognize as their gods. All these personages are believed to have, during their earthly life, far "exceeded in righteousness all that Omnipotence requires of man," and thus to have left at the end a vast surplus of "merit," or righteousness, after liquidating all "demerit," or unrighteousness. They were far more than perfect. All these accumulations of "merit" are *believed* to have gone into one great fund, of which the priest is trustee and dispenser. A ledger is kept, we are assured, of every man's deeds, wherein, under the head of "merit," he is given credit for all his "good works," and under the head of "demerit," is charged with all his evil acts, or faults. Then, when the final accounting is made at death, if he is found spiritually insolvent, not having earned sufficient "merit" to liquidate all the "demerit" and square his account, that is, to purchase eternal salvation with his own righteousness—in which all men have failed miserably, excepting the "Holy Ones"—the surviving relatives must purchase enough "merit" from the priest to make up the shortage, else the deceased must burn for ages in the purgatorial debtors' prison until by his sufferings he shall have earned sufficient "merit" to settle his debt. This suggests

painfully the scene of a wretched, impoverished, defenceless bankrupt at the bar, the verdict of guilty, and the sentence of the court condemning him either to pay the last farthing, or to languish indefinitely in a vile dungeon. It is the inquisition projected into the spirit world. The priest, in all these cases, is auditor, policeman, prosecutor, accusing witness, judge, jury, jailer and overseer of purgatory. The priest never transfers "merit," gratis, to the account of the unhappy debtor, but sells only for spot cash, at his own price. The salvation purchased by Christ for the benefit, without cost, of "whosoever believeth," or trusteth, in Him, is no more available than is the food purchased by philanthropists to be given without price to famine sufferers, but which instead is held for sale at exhorbitant prices by villainous officials. In the same manner, the priest has appropriated to his own use the pardoning grace purchased by Christ to clear every debtor. Thus the Atonement has been done away with, and many priceless passages of Holy Writ have become meaningless; such, for example, as, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the *gift* of God: Not of works lest any man should boast." "The *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ." "Therefore being *justified by faith*, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "He that heareth my word, and believeth"—trusts—"on him that send me, *hath* everlasting life, and *shall not come* into condemnation; but *is* passed from death unto life."

Besides purchasing "merit" with money, the devotee of this religion may also, during life, acquire "merit," or righteousness, to offset the "demerit" column by "reciting" prayers, attending religious ceremonies and festivals, making pilgrimages, visiting shrines, giving coppers to mendicants, and by torturing himself. But, however much "merit" one may buy during life, the priest nevertheless declares him wretchedly bankrupt at the end and commits him to the flames until the shortage is made up. How extremely sad and hopeless is the prospect for one who is poor, or has no friends to pur-

chase " merit " for him! This traffic in" merit," with purgatory awaiting the delinquent, was a source of vast revenue to the priests of Babylonia and ancient Egypt, and of pagan Rome; and still surviving, is a veritable mine of pure gold to the priests of to-day. It is nothing less than a world-wide conspiracy that has swindled mankind for ages, causing untold anguish and despair.

" *Justification by faith,*" or, *Salvation by Grace, free, without money* and *without price,* that *cannot be bought or earned* in any degree, and assurance of acceptance with God, is fundamental to the Christianity of Christ. While, on the contrary, " absolution " by purchase, obtained with money or by labor or self-torture, or by enduring for ages the purgatorial fires, is fundamental to this modern paganism. According to God's Holy Word, " the blood of Jesus Christ * * * cleanseth us from all sin; " but according to these pagan priests, pounds, penance and purgatory, alone, can " absolve " from sin.

Chapter XVI.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS.—BENEVOLENCE (?)—DISPOSAL OF UNWELCOME CHILDREN.—ST. JOHN'S FIRES.—DANCE OF ST. GONSALU.—HELL LET OUT.—NUTTING EXPEDITIONS.—FIGHTING WITH ANTS.

I returned at once to the Rio do Somno. It was delightful canoeing on the Tocantines at this time of year. The dry season being now at its height, the water was very low and clear, revealing extensive sand-bars, all of which greatly enhanced the beauty of the river. What a world of glorious sunshine we lived in at this time. The days remained perfectly cloudless for months, and the breezes were gentle and delightfully invigorating; a charming haziness hung over the land, like a benediction, and the weather was for months like a warm and most beautiful Indian Summer in North America. At night a profound silence reigned, as if Nature was silently worshipping her Creator, while the moon affectionately wrapped the earth in a flood of exquisitely charming and powerful light. To sleep seemed irreverent. This is the winter of North Central Brazil.

As time passed, I was called upon more and more to suggest remedies for all kinds of ills with which the people were afflicted. I regretted that I did not have a case of specifics for the treatment of common ailments. I had now become the village doctor, dentist, school-master, minerologist, perambulating dictionary and encyclopædia. All sorts of questions were brought to me for solution. Nearly every person appeared to be suffering from some physical disorder and needing medical attention. Venereal diseases, especially, are well-

nigh universal in Brazil, and the number of persons slain in the flower of youth by these loathsome diseases, are as the sands of the seashore. Here is a rich field for patent medicine sharks. They believe thoroughly in their kind of foreign missions. I have seen American patent medicine circulars in the remote interior of Brazil.

One day, I visited by request, a youth who had been stricken suddenly with what appeared to be catalepsy. He lay on a dry ox-hide on the earthen floor of his dwelling, unconscious, eyes staring, and moaning loudly. I could do nothing for the poor fellow, and he died twenty-four hours after being stricken. In the meantime, as the sick room remained crowded with people, and all the doors and windows were kept closed tightly, as is always done in Brazil when one is seriously ill, I urged that the windows be opened and that the visitors retire. Some hours before death occurred, a woman entered the sick room with a bunch of weeds. Selecting a few of the plants, and bending over the unconscious sufferer, she addressed him in a loud voice, saying: "Joseph! Most Holy Mary suffered this same sickness! Say, no!" Then she made the sign of the cross several times on his forehead and breast with the magical weeds, and waved them over him. Again, she exclaimed: "Joseph! Most Holy Mary suffered this same sickness! Say, no!" and again she crossed the patient and waved the weeds. Finally, she handed the plants to a child standing near with orders to take them out and burn them. I have read in the fifty-third of Isaiah that Jesus, and He only, bears our sins, our sorrows and our sicknesses. The death of the youth occurred at sunset and the family and friends passed the entire night, chanting, howling and wailing.

Another day, I visited by request, a rude dwelling where lived an insane young woman. Her subject was, "That damnable marriage!" For some reason she was not permitted to marry a man to whom she was betrothed; so he gave her some "bad medicine" or "bewitched" her in some way, I was told. She sang, talked, wept and screamed nearly the whole

of every twenty-four hours, and had been going on this way six or seven years, making life miserable for her unfortunate parents.

Insane, idiotic and weak-minded persons are numerous in all such places as this. Vice and disease, which are nearly universal, and marriage between persons related by consanguinity, being, probably, the principal causes. Conditions are very sad in this respect. A few doors from where I stayed was an insane man who was so dangerous that he was kept with his feet in the stocks in his own home. At another house, two of the four children were helpless idiots, knowing nothing whatever but to lie on their backs just as they were placed, and to squall and eat. One of them had an eye nearly as large as that of an ox. I was told that in the house next to this one, seven of the eight children were idiots.

Institutions for the care of insane and weak-minded persons are few in South America. But refuges for the "exposed ones"—illegitimate and abandoned infants—are common. This suggests the question of philanthropy. It is rarely found where the Bible—the Mind of God—and the Son of Righteousness are not permitted to cast their transforming and ennobling Light. There are hospitals for the sick, 'tis true; and every person will give a copper to a beggar, which is a mode of purchasing *merit*. But with these exceptions, about the only giving is for the erection in great numbers of costly temples and the adorning of the images; and the building of monasteries, convents and the like for the glorification of the sacerdotal army. But giving for these objects is not benevolence, but from selfish motives—that one may purchase *merit* to shorten a few hundred years the time that one will be tortured in the flames in making atonement for oneself and becoming purified.

Referring again to the "exposed ones," asylums exist in every important city to receive and care for these unhappy babes whose dishonored mothers wish to be relieved of them. At a small opening made in the wall of the enclosure, is mounted, a wheel, or circular box, like a bass drum. In the

rim of this drum, which rests on its side, is also an opening that matches the opening in the wall. On a dark night therefore, when the gates of the refuge are closed and barred and no person is near, the unhappy mother, wishing to hide her identity and her shame, injects her offspring into the drum, then gives the drum a semi-revolution which leaves the opening in it facing inside and at the same time rings a bell to inform the refuge attendent of the fresh deposit. This done, she vanishes, while an official comes and removes the child and cares for it. This is why these children are called "The Exposed Ones." It is thus easy to dispose of undesirable children, and at the same time, dishonor is relieved of some of its disagreeable features. The number of the "exposed ones" is very large. The priests, boasting of their philanthropic institutions, point with pride to the army of children that are being reared in these refuges.

While passing the gate of one of these receiving houses one dark night, I was startled and shocked to hear the wail of an infant, and to discover that the sound issued from a tiny bundle lying in the driveway close to the gate. Whoever had deposited the little creature there, did not know, apparently, of the receptacle provided to receive it at the opening in the wall. My first impulse was to hasten to the rescue of the little forsaken one; but before I could obey this impulse, better judgment came to me. I remembered that the night was warm, saw that the "exposed one" was well wrapped up, knew that its cry would soon be heard by a refuge attendant, and felt sure that the mother was lurking near.

Throughout South America, one-quarter to one-half the births are illegitimate. Licentiousness, "the prostitution of love," is universal. Marital virtue among men is ridiculed and scoffed at as utopian, and practical polygamy is general. Though a man cannot marry, legally, more than one wife, yet multitudes of men have more than one family, or maintain mistresses or concubines, the leading men everywhere being the chief offenders in this respect. These immoralities are not kept secret, but are open as the day. Such a life is no

disgrace to a man, but instead, is quite the order of things, and to be expected of every man. And why not when they have learned both by precept and example from their spiritual leaders, the priests, to "call evil good, and good evil;" to "put darkness for light, and light for darkness?"

Among the common people, prostitutes are not "ostracized from society," but mingle with their neighbors on much the same footing as women honorably married. When, however, letters are addressed to such persons, the title, "Illma. Sra." —Most Illustrious Lady—which is always prefixed to the name of a respectable woman, must be omitted.

Not many years have passed since in no city of Brazil, nor, probably, in the whole of South America, could a woman appear in the streets unaccompanied and be considered respectable, not even during the day, much less at night; and this still holds true in many cities. While she may now go alone about the streets of the more southern cities during the day, yet she cannot do so after sunset, nor travel alone in a railway train, without running great risk of being insulted. It is always dangerous for a female to go unaccompanied, at any hour, along a country road or lane where she may be hidden momentarily from the view of other persons, for she is likely to be assaulted if she should meet a representative of the opposite sex. In short, nearly all the men consider a woman found alone their rightful prey. But a restraining feature to such infamous acts is that the offender must take chances of being shot at sight by a brother of his victim; and such revenge will not be punished by the legal authorities as it is "a question of honor."

That women may not go in and out freely but must seclude and hedge themselves about, somewhat as in Mohammedan lands, is, perhaps, why Brazil is a pedlars' paradise. Nearly everything that a family can possibly want is hawked about the streets from house to house in the large cities. Each class of pedlars has its own peculair cry, or sound. Here, a man is seen staggering under a stack of bolts of cotton goods and carrying in one hand a small tin trunk full of thread, needles,

buttons, ribbon and the like, and announcing himself by snapping continually a pair of wooden clappers. Across the way is seen a heap of tin ware, from which issues the sound of an iron spoon hammering a frying pan; up the street further is a pile of wooden soled slippers in motion; yonder appears the broom man, uttering prolonged yells continually. Next, comes the tailor, blowing a horn, followed by the fish man carrying two large trays of fish swinging from each end of a long pole; then a vender with a big basket of vegetables on his head, and behind him the baker's man carrying also on his head a huge basket of bread, and calling, "Baker! Baker!" In the cities of North Brazil, numerous black or mulatto women are seen making their rounds of the streets selling various little cakes at a fraction of a cent each from trays carried on their heads.

"Saint John's Day" was celebrated at the Rio do Somno with various observances. One of the first things done was to bathe in the river as the water was thought to be holy and to impart some virtue, such as health of body, or to confer "merit."

Beliefs in "holy water" and "holy rivers," and that health or "merit" or spiritual regeneration, may be gained by being sprinkled with, or bathing in such, are as old, seemingly, as the human race, and have spread over the whole world. These beliefs are thought to have originated from the fact that down through the ages various distinguished persons have lived, who, in the march of time after their decease, came to be regarded, first as heroes, then supernatural characters, and finally, were canonized or apotheosized. Therefore the real or imaginary great deeds done by them during life are regarded as the doings of gods. Moreover, each of these "holy ones," is worshipped in different localities under different names and forms indicative and commemorative in each case of some one of his supposed exploits, or of a crisis in his life. Anciently, kings and emperors were apotheosized; so also the Roman pontiffs. Nimrod, mentioned in the book of Genesis, is one of these "great ones." Tradition relates

that, once, while fleeing from his enemies, he embarked upon the sea. Therefore, as the centuries passed and he came to be a great "holy one" or god, in the belief of the ancient pagan world, the waters were believed to have been made "holy" because the god had entered into them, and blessed them by communicating his virtue to them. So, on the annual recurrence of this "Saint's Day," bathing in streams was indulged in. Thus the real historical Nimrod was evolved into the mythological Neptune. He also became Dagon, the fish-formed god of the Philistines, from whose cult comes the mitre—the jaws of the fish—worn by Romish high priests of the present day. "Saint John"—meaning John the Baptist—seems to have been made a kind of successor to Nimrod as regards regeneration by water.

Referring again to "Saint John's Day" at the Rio do Somno: Wood was stacked in the middle of the street in front of each house some days previous, so at night, on the vesper day, each family had its own private bonfire; all of which produced a charming effect. Pairs of individuals perform ceremonies around these "Saint John's Fires" to relate themselves one to another, as brother and sister, for instance. Joining hands, they circumscribe the fire three times; and as they do so, one exclaims, "Long live Saint John!" and the other responds, "May Saint John live long!" Then the first speaker again exclaims, "Long live my sister!" and the other replies, "May my brother live long!" The young people also jump through these fires, religiously, reminding one of a heathen practice mentioned in the Old Testament, where parents forced their children to pass through the fire in worship of Moloch. Brands from these and other "holy fires" are eagerly seized by these superstitious people, taken home and carefully preserved, as they are believed to bring health and other benefits to the possessors.

On the night of "Saint John's Day" occurs the dance of "Saint Gonsalu." It takes place usually on the dry grass in front of one of the houses, and is participated in by unmarried women and girls, only. The time I witnessed the performance

was one of those wonderfully silent and charming nights at the season of the year when all nature is indulging in its annual sleep; and the full moon deluged the earth with a delicious radiance, causing the dancers, who were all dressed in white, to appear fairy-like. A simple altar was set up by spreading a towel over a rough stand and placing upon this the "holy one," Saint Gonsalu. Each dancer dances singly, and the whole company, moving in unison and holding arched over their heads, bows like barrel hoops, decorated with bright ribbons, advances slowly toward the "image," then retires backward, singing plaintively, "Saint Gonsalu has a star in his forehead," and oscillating gently their bodies. They also execute various evolutions somewhat like a calisthenic class. The dancing over, all kneel before the "Holy One" and kiss it, after which it is removed. "Saint Gonsalu" appears to be a sort of cupid.

One of the very few streets in the village is called "Lost Street." It was given this name by spontaneous consent because it was the scene of so many fights, knifings, murders and other crimes. It is the "slum" or "red light district" of the village, and the place where the lowest groggeries exist. It is in this street—it seems like jesting to dignify such a runway with the name of street—that the Bacchanalian orgies, or ribald dances, known locally as *Pagodes*, occur. These saturnalias are of most frequent occurrence at the villages along the river when the trading boats going to and from Pará, tie up to the bank and remain, as they do, several days and nights, turning loose their horde of paddlers to "Paint the Devil." They make darkness hideous night after night with their vulgar songs, boisterous laughing like coyotes serenading, lewd jesting, clapping of hands, dancing, and fighting when the spirit of Bacchus begins to move them. It sounds as if hell had just let out. The security of the entire village is sometimes endangered, and many people seclude themselves in their houses and bar the doors.

The revelry begins when two or more men, meeting at a groggery, treat each other to a bottle of rum; then drinking

freely, they take to dancing, clapping their hands to beat time, and singing little improvised ditties in praise of one another. It suggests the idea of two or three hungry wolves meeting and horning to call together the pack. Many other individuals of the same character, including dissolute females, hearing the tumult, gradually congregate; and as the night wears on, the merry making often develops into a pandemonium.

The trading boats make but one voyage each year to Pará. They descend the Tocantines in March when the water is high, and return between May and October when the water is low, consuming six months or more in making the round trip. They take to Pará hides, chiefly, and some rubber, bringing back a cargo of coarse, dirty salt and general merchandise. The traders buy the hides for fifty or sixty cents each and sell them for about three dollars each, thus realizing a nice profit, despite the great expense of the voyage.

Ascending the river, the oarsmen have to exert themselves to the utmost, poling and paddling, to overcome the strong current; and have to pass several dangerous rapids. In order to ascend these rapids, everything must be removed from the boats and carried perhaps a mile or two by the men on their backs or heads; then they drag up the boats by means of long ropes, jumping and plunging from rock to rock with great agility and daring. Unfortunately, nearly all the rivers of the Amazon system are blocked at the mouth by zones of rapids, making them impassable to large vessels. Nevertheless, the Amazon and its tributaries has nearly fifty thousand miles of navigable water.

Besides the trading boats just mentioned that navigate the Araguaya and Tocantines, there are nutting boats engaged in the harvest of the "Nut of Pará" or Cream Nut—the seed of the *Bertholletia Excelsa*, known to commerce as the Brazil, or "Nigger Toe Nut." These boats start for the nut groves in November each year, and discharge their cargoes at Pará in February or March; therefore our Christmas Brazil nuts are a year old.

The *Bertholletia Excelsa* is a very large, beautiful and majestic tree, attaining a height of one hundred twenty feet. The nuts are encased in a pericarp nearly as large as the human head, and so hard that it requires a sledge-hammer blow to break it. There are twelve to twenty-four nuts in each pericarp. The nuts require a year or more to mature, hence the trees may be seen loaded with blossoms and with ripe fruit at the same time. It is perilous to pass under the trees when the cannon-ball like nuts are falling from a height of one hundred feet or more, for they descend with a crash, snapping off heavy boughs, and men are sometimes killed by them. These very interesting trees are found chiefly at the junctions of the rivers Negro and Madeira with the Amazon. They exist also along the Orinoco. The pericarp is split open with an axe as the nuts are gathered.

Another nut, which is similar to the Brazil nut, but said to be much superior to it, is the fruit of the monkey pot tree, (Lecythis Ollaria). The nut grows in a pericarp which resembles a rusty iron pot with a lid; and when the pot falls from the tree, the lid comes off and the nuts drop out. This nut is unknown to commerce.

Before embarking on a nutting expedition, each boat is provisioned with the sun-cured meat of twenty cattle, and a large quantity of manioc meal. This is all these men have to live upon, except an occasional fish, yet they consider themselves well fed.

While at the Rio do Somno village, I became interested as perhaps never before in reading the prophetic books of the Old Testament. Much that I read pictured with surprising correctness the moral and social conditions existing around me. The first and fifth chapters of Isaiah are elsewhere referred to. Jeremiah wrote of the people of his time that they were highly educated and experts in wrong doing; that they would not listen to the Word of God and were ashamed of it; that they had ceased to even mention truth or right, but instead, made themselves weary teaching and practicing evil; that the priests—the spiritual leaders of the people—were wholly unacquainted with

virtue, but trained and skilled in vice. That the people had left the fountain of Living Water, and had sought water at dry, or stagnant pools; that they substituted the opinions of their own wicked hearts for the law of the Most High; that they were prostitutes—idolaters—because, instead of loving and worshipping Jehovah, they worshipped "images;" that their gods were as numerous as their towns and villages; and, finally, Jeremiah records that he was divinely commanded to search diligently through the streets of Jerusalem to see if he could find even one true man.

One day, I gave a Testament to a woman I met at a neighbor's house, because she seemed to enjoy listening to me read from it. But she returned it a week afterward saying that her friends had assured her that after my departure from the village, "The Dog"—Satan—would visit her and take it from her, so she feared to have it in the house. I replied that evidently his satanic majesty had not even waited for me to depart, but had already persuaded her to give up the Book.

Once, I was visited by two young men from a village some hundreds of miles further down the Tocantines where my mail was sent once by mistake. Of course, every one in the village learned instantly of the arrival of this mail, and talked about it. It was presumed that I would appear there soon; and this goaded the village priest to harangue his people in the temple regarding me and my abominable vocation. These men rarely utter a discourse to instruct the people, contenting themselves with merely reciting the ritual, save when a person like myself appears to incite them to speak in the language of the people. This priest ordered his subjects to refuse me even a cup of cold water, under pain of immediate excommunication. Hearing this, I read to my visitors the words of Christ that any one giving a cup of water to one of His disciples should not lose his reward; and how to treat a real or supposed enemy. These words surprised my visitors much for they saw how diametrically opposed to God's Word this man's teachings were. Some time afterward, a medical missionary, ascending the Tocantines,

called at this village, and finding the priest ill, treated him free of charge.

Encouraging experiences were granted me from time to time. Just before starting on a journey to trade for rubber, a man who had become interested in the Gospel, and had expressed his determination to follow Christ and His Law, desired me to give him a few Bibles and my Scripture pamphlet to distribute among the people where he was going. I gladly complied, for I was about to suggest this to him. Returning, he gave a cheering report, relating, among other things, that he was invited to lodge one night at a certain ranch so that he might spend the evening reading God's Word to the family and talking with them concerning it; and that, reading the Gospel at another house, the listeners were much affected by what they called "the wonderful story."

As might be surmised, my lodging place was barren of furniture. My hammock was not only the bed, but also chair, rocking-chair and sofa. Seated in it, I did all my writing, using my knee as a writing desk. To dine, one of my boxes was placed near the hammock for a table. I could not read much at night because the best light I could get was a dim petroleum torch. The price of the oil was seventeen cents the quart. An exhausted larder became a fixed condition. We were continually eating the last of everything without knowing when more would appear. I dreamed one night that, entering a large store, I saw the shelves from floor to ceiling burdened with all kinds of bread—new bread, old bread, rye bread, and Graham bread. I thought I had never seen anything more beautiful. One day, when provisions were unusually scarce, the man with whom I boarded (?) at the time, secured the lungs of a beef with a fragment of liver and heart, and what not? attached, and boiled the mass for our one meal.

Whenever I had a bit of food on hand, I had to wage a ceaseless warfare with the ants to prevent their devouring it or carrying it away, arising several times during the night and going at them with fire—the only way to bring about a

An Ant Hill

Residences in the Suburbs of Bahia.

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few hours' truce in their activities. They are the most predatory, and the most relentless, untiring and ingenious enemies that men have to contend with in Brazil. There are six hundred varieties of ants in Brazil alone. Armies of them steal into the house during the quiet hours of night, lug off the rice and manioc meal, and devour the sugar and meat. They have been known to filch a bushel of rice or meal in one night. Yet they do not appear to use this material for food. The only way to keep provisions from them is to place it upon a table, the legs of which stand in tins filled with water.

These same pillaging red ants often execute such extensive engineering works under the house, and so pile up the earth they remove as to seriously endanger the house. Sometimes a small and very agile ant is introduced into the house to exterminate the large ants. Being very quick in their movements, they outclass their big relatives, and cutting off their legs, they rid the house of them. But this is only to exchange one evil for another as one has the small ants to contend with instead of the large ones; but they are often considered the lesser evil of the two.

White ants, or termites, also enter the house, and colonizing under the roof, reduce to dust boxes and trunks and their contents. They might also reduce the house itself to dust, if it were built of pine.

Foraging ants, *Ecitonis legionis,* also swarm into houses *en-masse* on their periodical raids. They do not wait for night, but come in open day, and in such force that the human occupants surrender the house to them. Fortunately, their visit lasts but an hour or two. They are scavengers, or house cleaners, *par excellence.* They rush by thousands into every crack and chink, devouring on the spot every kind of insect vermin and their eggs, even to killing mice. When everything is consumed, their grand army corps march on promptly until not a straggler is left. They might not hesitate to devour the human occupants of a house also, were they bound and helpless. Some of these foraging ants appear to be wholly nomadic, having no permanent abiding place.

If, while traveling, one should pitch near the mound of a variety of these ferocious foraging ants, they might, in a single night, cut tent, saddles and baggage to pieces, reducing everything to circular bits about as large as a dime. We have had to shift our camp because of them.

The red ants raise havoc with cultivated fruit trees, cutting off the leaves. One big gang of scissor operators ascends a tree and simply cuts off the leaves at the stems; while other hordes, working upon the ground, cut them into pieces convenient to carry, as they fall. And lastly, the common laborers, going to and fro in long processions between the tree and their subterranean headquarters, carry the bits of leaves, holding them up like sails; and however often the wind tips the little workmen over, like the upsetting of a sail-boat, they right themselves and march on. If one should listen carefully some night near a tree in which they are working, he would hear the low murmur of thousands of little shears; and in the morning, not a leaf would be found on the tree.

While the ants are a great pest, they nevertheless consume fabulous numbers of worms and insects and their eggs. They live a strenuous life, for they labor day and night, displaying marvelous energy, and never seem to grow weary. They are wonderful engineers, for they have tunneled the whole land with an inconceivably vast net-work of underground passages. The tiller of the soil must battle with them ceaselessly if he would save his fruit trees.

One method of exterminating them, or rather, of reducing their numbers, is to hoe off the top of the great formicary, or ant mound, which is eight or ten feet broad, so that when the little engineers remove the earth that has been crushed into their tunnels, the main trunk lines will stand revealed. Then, into the mouth of each one of these is poured, first a little water, next, about two tablespoonfuls of a quick-burning, sulphurous liquid; and when all is ready, a lighted match is tossed in to the entrance of one of the tunnels, which causes an explosion at all the entrances, and fills the passages with

poisonous fumes, thus destroying the colony, or the greater part of it.

A much more effective method of annihilating a colony, is to find the main passage in the manner just described; then take a two-gallon clay jug having a small hole in the bottom, fill it with sulphur, resin and kindling, place it so that, resting partly on its side, the hole in the bottom matches the entrance to the ant subway, throw into it some glowing coals, hastily insert the nozzle of a bellows into the mouth of the jug, begin pumping the bellows and quickly cover the jug and the bellows nozzle with green grass and earth so that the sulphur fumes will be forced into the tunnels and all their ramifications in the vicinity.

That ants exist in amazing numbers, and that there are numerous varieties, is evident from the vast number and variety of ant hills. Indeed, the whole of Brazil is one mighty ant metropolis. One kind builds its tower fifteen or twenty feet high. Several kinds sting as well as bite; one of which, a very large black kind, stings worse than a hornet, while another, which is very minute, is so pugnacious, and attacks men in such great numbers and with such ferocity that they have compelled the total abandonment of a village of its human inhabitants. Their sting is like the insertion into the flesh of hundreds of red-hot needles. The largest ant in Brazil is the *Dinoponera grandis*, the workers of which attain a length of one and a quarter inches, while the females reach the great length of two and a quarter inches. They are nomads, marching in single file.

There are various creatures that subsist upon ants. The most important is the great ant bear—*myrmcophaga jubata*—which lives chiefly upon termites, or white ants. It digs into the formicary, or mound, with its powerful, pick-axe like claws, then extends into the excavation its long, slender tongue, which is coated with a sticky mucose. This is quickly freighted with the pugnacious insects who resent the intrusion; then the brute draws in its tongue, swallows, and puts it out again for a fresh cargo. Another big ant eater is the

tatú canastro (Pyrondontes gigas), a giant nocturnal armadillo, as large as a small trunk. Some of the savages of the Amazon region make a kind of dressing of ants, which is said to be not unpalatable.

One of the most interesting ant-eating insects is a kind of tarantula. It enters an ant *skyscraper*, or tower, by the main entrance; and having set up housekeeping under the rotunda, it plays the cannibal at the expense of the dwellers in this great family hotel of antdom until not a "roomer" is left. It then removes to another ant "tenement" and repeats the performance. One can always distinguish a tower in which a tarantula is living because of its appearance of neglect, like the drunkard or the sluggard's home.

Chapter XVII.

CANOEING ON THE RIO DO SOMNO.—A WONDERFUL AWAKENING OF NATURE.—CHERENTE HAMLETS.

At length, one morning, I heard unusual voices just outside my door, and my name spoken in the English tongue. A moment later, I found myself face to face with Mr. George R. Witte, a missionary who had become interested in the aboriginal peoples of Brazil; and having ascended the river Tocantines from Pará, found me, as it were, in this far away place. Though we had never before met, yet in my extreme isolation, it was as great a pleasure to see him as if he had been an old and very dear friend. I was overjoyed to hear and converse once more in my beloved mother tongue, which I had not heard a word of for nearly a year. But owing to my long silence in this language, and being surprised by Mr. Witte, I found, to my astonishment and embarrassment, much difficulty in speaking it. I seemed for a moment to have forgotten my native speech. My confusion lasted but a moment, however, and I soon regained my wonted fluency in English. After conversing for a time, surrounded by a group of villagers who were desirous of hearing us speak what was to them a strange language, Mr. Witte invited me to breakfast with him down by the river, as he had shot and stewed a wild fowl. But when we came to eat, my entertainer discovered that I had already responded considerably to "the call of the wild," or was reverting to the state of primitive man, as I seemed to need no longer the tools of civilization to enable me to eat.

Soon after this event, Mr. Witte and I ascended the Rio

do Somno about one hundred miles in a canoe to visit some scattering groups of the Cherente tribe, consuming one week in the round trip. We hired a canoe for the journey at a cost of one dollar and fifty cents, and two men as paddlers at two dollars each and their food, which cost but little. These men thought themselves well paid; and they were, considering the scale of wages in this region. Muleteers often received but the equivalent of two dollars per month and their food—which was very scant.

The Rio do Somno, which is not navigable for any large craft, except during high water, is from sixty to two hundred yards wide, full of rapids and shallow places, and has a strong current; while the banks are twenty or thirty feet high, which is high-water mark, and lined with jungle and woodlands. Like the Tocantines, this river has no well-refined valley, being merely the lowest point in a slight, gradual, though extensive depression, where it cuts a clean, narrow channel through the endless waste of jungle and forest. The overland traveler would not guess of the river's existence until he found himself at the water's edge.

To me, canoeing on this pretty little river at this season was a continual delight, and I shall always recall these days with the keenest pleasure. The first rain, terminating the long dry season, occurred while we were ascending the river, and resulted in a sudden and wonderful change in the whole aspect of Nature. I could scarcely have believed that such a marvelous transformation could have occurred so suddenly. Lovely May, as it were, rose from the bosom of March like adorable Venus emerging from the ocean spray. As if by magic, the grass, that had lain dead and scorched for months, became instantly green; the trees revived and shook out their beautiful foliage in almost a single night; the birds of the air awakened and began to sing their joyous pre-nuptial songs; while the myriad insect life aroused from its annual repose and joined in an inconceivably vast hallelujah chorus. A transparent haziness, like a phosphorescence, covered the land like a mantle of glory. The breezes became balmy and deli-

ciously fragrant and refreshing; and the sun shone with a marvelously soft and delightful effulgence.

Just after entering the mouth of the river, beginning our journey, we disembarked for breakfast. Turtle eggs constituted our principal dish, which we boiled fifteen minutes and mixed with corn meal and brick sugar, the native method of preparing them. Brazilians think this dish a delicacy, but I have eaten food that I liked better. The whites of these eggs appeared to be mere water.

As there was no sign of rain, the first night, we hung our hammocks under large trees to enjoy the fresh night air. Just after lying down, we heard a large animal—a tapir, doubtless—crashing through the jungle toward us, but it changed its course when within a hundred feet of us.

As rain was threatening the second night, we stayed at a miserable little hut on the river bank. But the shanty was so small that there was room for only one of us to suspend his hammock inside; so I swung my hammock between a corner post of the hovel—which threatened to come down—and a near-by stub, having only the sky for a roof. Not seeing the ranchman's wife, and inquiring of him where she was, we were told that she was ill. But after leaving the place, one of our men told us that she was not ill, but instead, so nearly nude that she had remained hidden during our stay. We had observed that the children were nude, and the man himself scantily attired. The family was living in extreme poverty, though in a land of great natural wealth.

The second day, Mr. Witte shot two large, blue macaws for our breakfast; but the meat was so tough that we could scarcely make any impression upon it, so had to content ourselves with the broth only. The flesh of these birds must be stewed several hours to become tender. Hence, they say in Brazil, when one delays long in keeping an appointment, that "he is cooking macaw." Birds of the parrot family, which includes the macaw, are so affectionate that when one is shot, its mate may also be taken, as they will not forsake one another.

We were fortunate in finding a large ranch in which to pass the third night as there was much rain falling. During the evening, I noticed the ranchman eyeing me attentively. Having heard the story that I had a web foot, he was very curious to know if it were true. Finally, having satisfied his curiosity, he burst into speech with "What damnable people to believe the beastly story that this man has a web foot!" He, like many other persons, pretended to be altogether too intelligent to credit such an absurdity, yet he had really more than half believed it. This opened the way for a long talk with the man and his family concerning the Gospel.

We began soon to encounter little groups of the Cherente. Immediately upon our approach becoming known to the inhabitants of each cluster of huts, those who had a rag of clothing donned it so as to honor their visitors by appearing at their very best. But only a few individuals possessed even a single garment. Habitually, as soon as visitors are gone, these garments are removed and laid aside for the next occasion, for when these people are alone, they live in absolute nudity.

The Cherente living along the Rio do Somno, exist in a miserable condition—in extreme poverty and degradation. They are branches broken from the main stem of the tribe, and have lost much of the spirit and independence of the old-time tribal life. Famine conditions, almost, prevailed among them at the time of our visit, for game is no longer abundant in this region, and the small quantity of food obtained the previous season from agriculture was now entirely exhausted; but they gave us, at the first place we visited, a chicken, a few eggs and a taste of wild honey, in exchange for some small articles we had. Much to our regret, our supplies were now greatly reduced, so we could give them only a few fish hooks. They begged salt of us, for they had acquired a taste for it, besides, they needed it to preserve meat.

We reached the end of our journey the fifth day, and suspended our hammocks for the night in a hut occupied by two

Cherente families, where we had a pleasant and profitable visit. Only the old captain, who was the head of the house, and his son, a young man, had any clothing whatever, and they only cotton trousers and shirts, in which they dressed themselves just as we arrived. These families appeared to be in somewhat better circumstances than the other Cherente families we had seen along the river. They had felled and burned off some two acres of woods, ready to plant the ground to corn and root crops. Since they had some knowledge of the civilized language, we had interesting talks with them, taught them a little of the Gospel, and at the same time, gathered some information from them. The young man seemed unusually intelligent and very desirous of learning to read and write. Though for fifty years these Cherente have been under the authority of the priests, yet no school of any kind has ever been established for them, nor have they ever been taught anything, except to recite a brief prayer or two.

One day, we got the men to shooting at a target with bows and arrows. Their markmanship proved to be good, and they shot the spear-like arrows with great force. Finally, Mr. Witte brought out his rifle, and struck the bull's-eye the first shot. The accuracy of the aim and the force of the projectile filled our dusky friends with astonishment.

On our return journey, we consumed but one day, for we traveled rapidly, having the current to assist us, and did not have to struggle with the rapids. We shot this day a lizard, some thirty inches in length, of a kind that lives in certain trees, upon the leaves of which it subsists almost exclusively. It is found only in these trees close to the edge of the river, into which it jumps or rushes when driven from the trees, remaining at the bottom until all danger is past. Brazilians often catch it by one man climbing up into the tree to frighten it out, while a second hides near the water to observe just where it goes, having ascertained which, he plunges in, seizes it with his hands, drags it to shore and bangs its head against a rock. I climbed a tree once to frighten one out while my Brazilian companion waited for it near the

water. It jumped forty feet to the ground, striking the limbs of trees in its fall. But, in this instance, it did not make for the water. Perhaps it scented danger, for it ran in another direction and dashed into a hole in the ground.

As the flesh of these creatures is edible, we amused ourselves, as we journeyed, cleaning and skinning our catch. The meat is white and looks good, but I cannot say that my mouth watered to eat it, for it looked too much like a young alligator; and when coiled in the pot as it stewed, it resembled a serpent. Nevertheless, I ate of the broth which tasted like chicken broth. Brazilians consider this meat a delicacy. The reptile is hard to shoot, for the shot glances when it strikes its tough, scaly hide.

Another kind of large lizard seeks out the farmer's corn-crib and other buildings, attracted by the rats upon which it feeds. But while eating rats, it is not averse to eating hens' eggs and young chickens as a variation in its diet. When hard pressed, it drops a foot or more of its posterior extremity which snaps off like a pipe-stem, but no blood appears. One day I saw two boys devouring raw such an appendage which had been dropped in flight by a lizard they were pursuing.

The same day, Mr. Witte shot a boa-constrictor as it was swimming rapidly with its head high out of the water, like a dog. To our disappointment, it sank in deep water, so we lost it. When we first saw it, it was on a sand-bank, busy swallowing something, probably a rat. It was a small one, being not over seven or eight feet long, and lived on land.

As we paddled along in the afternoon, Mr. Witte remarked that he had never yet seen a wild monkey in its native haunts. We had not gone far when he not only had the satisfaction of seeing one sitting in a tree watching us pass, but also the pleasure of shooting it. We pulled ashore for it, but met with difficulty in securing it, for, though dead, it still clung to a limb of the tree. A native cook stewed it for us when we arrived at the village, for we were told that it was edible; be-

sides, Mr. Witte desired to "prove" every kind of game. We found the meat much like chicken, and relished it—the more, perhaps, because every kind of food was scarce.

When within a few miles of the village, we discovered a cow fast in the mud in about three feet of water near the river bank, waiting to die. This was big game; but we took pity on the poor brute. Going ashore provided with the long rope used to drag our canoe up the rapids, we toiled half an hour, lifting, tailing and hauling, and urging "get up bossy," until we finally pulled the animal out onto firm ground.

At twilight, just before landing at the village, we saw dimly outlined against the sky, an arboreal gallinaceous fowl, called a jakoo, roosting on a branch of a tree almost directly above our heads.—That is, we all saw it except Mr. Witte, our Nimrod. I expected every moment to see our game take flight, but it waited patiently for us. "There it is, right up there! Can't you see it?" But, no, he could not see it. So, begging the gun, I fired, and the bird came tumbling down almost into the canoe. It was a valuable contribution to our cuisine.

Arrived at the village, we found that preparations were being made for a *festa* to the "Divine One"—the Holy Spirit—to be celebrated the following Sunday, so we had to wait until it was over.

The *emperor*, or president of the feast, who was the leading merchant of the village, but not married to the woman who was living with him as his wife, was *crowned* Saturday evening. Following the *coronation*, a flag-pole was raised, surmounted by a rude picture of a dove, after which, a kind of food sale was held to raise money for the feast. A long table was placed in the square in front of the temple, upon which was arranged the viands, consisting principally of roast beef and pork, roast chickens, small, home-made cheeses, slabs of a kind of native bread, manioc and corn-meal cakes and a few sweet-meats. Everything was sold at auction; and perhaps because these articles had been presented as offerings to the "Divine One," they were bid up and sold at prices five or

sixfold their real value. I had hoped to "pick up" something to replenish our usually bare larder, but the prices rose far beyond my reach. I could have bought a horse with the money that a tray of ten pounds of cheese sold at. While the sale was in progress, the *emperor,* wearing the little iron crown and surrounded by his *court,* sat near by. After the sale, the *emperor,* with the multitude at his heels, repaired to his *palace* where dancing became the order of the night, and coffee and whiskey flowed freely. The feast day—Sunday—was passed in amusement and revelry. At evening, the festivities were shifted to the house of the *emperor*-elect.

Chapter XVIII.

THE KARAÓH TRIBE.—THE LOG RACE.

Desiring to visit two encampments of a tribe called the Karaóh, situated one hundred miles from the Rio do Somno village, we contracted with a man having four horses to convey us there and back. As we were to be absent but a few days, we took little baggage, which included only hammocks and blankets, a stew pot and coffee kettle, iron plates, forks and spoons, and some food; also a kodak. This made but a light load for one horse, so we were enabled to travel rapidly.

When all was ready, we marched forth in fine style to the Rio do Somno, which we had to cross. Arriving there, we found that the canoe with which we were to ferry ourselves over, was at the opposite side. To get it, our man and his young son removed their clothing, tied it into rolls and secured it to their heads to keep it above the water, got astride of bundles of bamboo poles and swam across to the canoe. When they returned with it, we loaded our luggage into it, got two of the horses into the water—for we had to swim them over—exchanged good-byes with a few friends who had come to the river to see us off and to wish us a "safe journey" and a "happy return." Then embarking, we began to pull proudly away, Mr. Witte steering, I paddling, and our man sitting in the bow of the canoe to guide the horses by the halter ropes. We had moved but a few yards, though we were in deep water, when the bow of our fickle craft— which was too deep for its width—perched suddenly on a submerged snag. As we were trying to get it clear of this obstruction, it slipped

off unexpectedly, tipped, filled with water, and started instantly for the bottom of the river, while our effects started no less rapidly for Pará, as the current was strong at this point. Seeing the course things were taking, we all sprang hastily for land. We succeeded in fishing all our effects out of the water, but of course, everything got wet. I felt vexed and disappointed at first as the accident seemed inexcusable and would delay us until the following day. However, when everybody and everything was safe on shore, we were all so much like half-drowned rats, and the whole situation was so ludicrous, that we could not but laught heartily at ourselves. The only thing to do now was to gather up our effects and slink back to the village where we might dry them.

We got an early start the following day, crossed the river safely and rode about twenty-five miles, sheltering ourselves for the night under a piece of roof that we found standing on four posts near the hut of an old negro.

We were off again by seven o'clock the next morning, and rode fifty or sixty miles during the day through an uninhabited territory. We were forced to make this long march in order to reach a place where water could be obtained. No rain had fallen for months in this district, and all the water courses were dry. We crossed the beds of several which were raging, impassable torrents during the rainy season. We halted at midday for breakfast where there was a mere puddle of warm, stagnant water in the bed of a dry water-course, and where beasts, birds and reptiles came to slake their thirst. We, also, had to use this water. This was a very exhausting day's ride. Excepting two hours at noon, we were in the saddle from seven in the morning until nine or ten o'clock at night. One of our party who was unaccustomed to horseback riding, dismounted two or three times after nightfall and sat down in the trail declaring that he could go no further. But we had to press on. The night was very dark and the trail obscure, and our guide dismounted several times and felt around on the ground with his hands to make sure that we had not missed our way. There was

also danger in passing through lines of woods, for here we could discern nothing, and bushes bristling with long thorns reached out over our path.

At last, we heard the most welcome music of running water, and hastened to quench our intense thirst and that of our horses. Fording the stream, we wandered about briefly searching for a camping place when we had the good fortune to strike upon another little roof standing upon four posts, in a solitary place, and camped under it for the night.

A short ride the next morning brought us to a small cattle ranch where we were treated to the luxury of a good drink of fresh milk. As the ranchman was familiar with the trails, we got him to conduct us to the nearest Karaóh village, called the Gamaleira, which we reached at midday, though we had to perform some equestrian feats in getting down and up the steep, thicket-clothed banks of a little river that we forded.

The Karaóh encampments, or villages, are situated in the vicinity of the head waters of a little river called the Manoel Alves Perqueno, a tributary of the Tocantines. They existed originally at a spot much nearer the littoral; but the entire tribe was transplanted long ago to its present situation, several hundred miles deeper into the wilderness, by the Capuchin friar, Rafael de Taggia, under whose directorate they were for fifty years by arrangement of the Brazilian government. This man has won renown; but what he accomplished for the uplifting of these primitive people is not manifest. They still live according to their ancient tribal customs and superstitions and are now bitterly opposed to priests and friars. We were informed by those who knew the friar in question that he had been drunken and libidinous, and was insane during the last years of his life. An old Indian woman, who was a mass of horrid itching sores from head to foot, and the most repulsive object I ever saw, was pointed out to me as having been one of his mistresses.

Though a few of the savages were in some fear of us at first, we were well received at the Gamaleira village, and

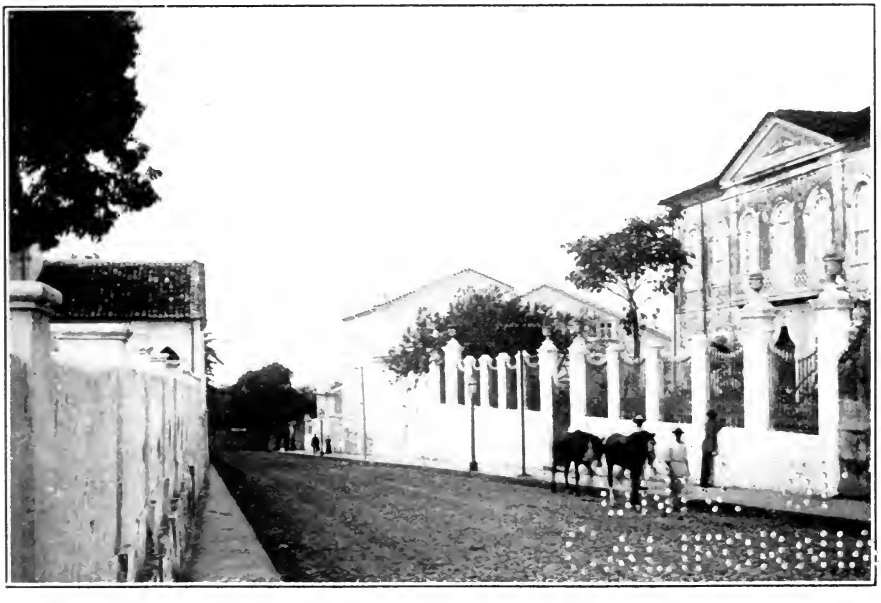
lodged in the hut of one of the chief men. We counted nineteen huts in this village, arranged in a great circle facing toward the center which is a large, open space reserved as a play ground, where all the village sports occur. The huts, substantially built of palm-branches, are much like those of the Cherente. Every individual of the tribe lives in absolute nudity, not wearing an atom of covering of any kind. Many of them understand a little of the civilized language, but owing to the brevity of our visit, we did not learn much about their native speech.

As they do not live near any large stream, they are, like the Cherente, more expert hunters than fishermen, and depend almost entirely upon the chase for their meat. With one or two exceptions, they have no firearms, and confine themselves to their ancient weapon, the bow and arrow. Every morning, the men, singly and in twos and threes, scatter off to explore forest and jungle in search of game, seizing eagerly upon anything living, be it beast, bird or reptile—excepting possibly deer. At the same time, many of the women in small parties—for they never go alone—disperse over the wilds with huge baskets upon their backs to forage for fruits and vegetable foods, while others remain at home to prepare the day's ration of manioc.

They merely grate the manioc roots and extract the liquid, but do not kiln-dry the grated mass as the civilized Brazilians do. They make use of a peculiar device to squeeze out the juice. It is a basket-work tube eight feet long, six inches thick, and very strong; and so made that it will stretch greatly, at the same time diminishing in diameter as it lengthens, just as rubber becomes thread-like when drawn out. Into this tube is packed a mass of the grated manioc, which expands it considerably. Then, one of the looping extremities is secured to a firm limb of a tree, or to a beam of the dwelling, and hanging, heavy weights are attached to the big loop at the other end, causing it to contract greatly and force the liquid out of the manioc.

The manioc is still in the press in the early afternoon when

View of the Harbor of Bahia from the Presbyterian Mission.



The Best Residence District of the City of Bahia. The street is paved with cobblestones.

Library of
Congress

the Nimrods begin to return with the fruit of the chase. As the meat is brought in, the moist manioc is removed from the tube and a thick layer of it spread upon banana or other broad leaves, and upon this again, a layer of quarter or half-pound chunks of meat, and finally, another heavy layer of manioc. The whole mass is now wrapped in green banana leaves and bound with long, green palm-leaves, then buried in the ashes under the fire and baked. This jungle cake often comes from the fire more or less raw, but the savages seem to consider it none the less palatable on this account. I saw a woman preparing a loaf with the meat of a small tortoise. Evidently her man had not had much "luck" that day. As it was the time of year when the flesh of this creature is lean and tough, it must have been nearly as difficult to eat as lumps of rubber. Both children and adults may be seen nibbling these savage sandwiches at every hour during their waking life.

The Karaóh have the same implements of husbandry as the civilized Brazilians—the axe and the grubbing hoe. Each village has a plantation, chiefly of corn and manioc, upon which they are forced to depend largely for their food supply. Every family has chickens, dogs, and a few captive wild birds of brilliant plumage, belonging to the parrot family. We saw pigs at one hut only.

We were told that some years prior to our visit, all the Karaóh lived in one village and had a real chief who owned one hundred cattle; but this man was murdered and the cattle stolen or eaten. We got a few eggs from the natives in exchange for articles we had. When Dr. Graham, Mr. Witte's colleague, visited them some time afterward, wishing to show their esteem for him, they presented him with eggs containing chickens.

The Karaóh, like other Brazilian tribes, make clay pots, various kinds of baskets, and palm-leaf mats upon which to sit or lie. Their beds are raised platforms of poles, like those of the Cherente, and their only bedding is the palm-leaf mats.

They are not such stoutly built men as the Cherente, who are large, thick-set men, nor so slender and graceful as the Karayá, yet they are an athletic appearing people.

We found the Gamaleira village suffering from an epidemic of whooping-cough, which had been contracted from the "civilized" people. There was scarcely a child or youth in the village that was not coughing violently. There appeared to be many children in the encampment, and the families were larger than any I have seen among the aborigines.

Early the next morning after our arrival at this village, a number of the men went to the woods to fetch material with which to repair a hut, or build a new one. We saw them running, jumping and yelling as they returned dragging the poles and palm-branches, and behaving much like very lively boys playing horse. We could not but think how like children they are. They seek to do all their work as play.

The next day, we rode ten miles further to visit the other large village of the Karaóh, called the Serrênha. Before entering the encampment, we encountered a horde of dogs that announced our approach with a fearful uproar. They were like a pack of ferocious wolves ready to devour us. Doubtless their appetites were as keen as their bark was wild and terrifying. Extreme hunger is the usual condition of all dogs in Brazil. Moreover, being mounted, we were an extraordinary turnout to these Indian dogs.

On arrival, we went directly to the large, shed-like hut of the chief of the village, where we were kindly received and invited to make ourselves at home. This man's father was a negro, his mother a full-blooded Karaóh. Here, a large number of the dusky children of Nature gathered around us at once so that there were seldom less than thirty or forty eyeing us contantly, except at night.

There are eighteen huts in this village, arranged, as at the Gamaleira, in an orderly manner in a great circle, facing inward. A circular race track nearly half a mile around, passed just in front of the huts, inside of which was an open playground.

The day we arrived was a gala day at this primitive city, for an athletic sport, called " the log race," was being indulged in. First, a group of youths, gaily bedecked with bright feathers and shell ornaments, ran over the track twice, bearing upon their shoulders a heavy, water-soaked section of the trunk of a big palm-tree, which weighed two hundred fifty pounds or more. It was carried by one individual, only, at a time, and passed with splendid dexterity from the shoulders of one to another as they ran, without pausing. This log race is a test of strength and endurance, and no one is permitted to marry, we were told, until he can run well with this log. Most of the young athletes appeared able to sustain this great block of wood for a short run, though a few trembled from head to foot and began to sink under it after taking a few steps. Because of exposure to the weather and to the asperities of the jungle, their entire bodies, apparently, became as hardened as the palm of the hand, else they could not endure this rough, ponderous weight on the unprotected shoulders.

After the young men had concluded their performances and withdrawn from the track, a group of maidens appeared and ran over the course twice in a similar manner, bearing upon their unprotected shoulders the same log with which the men had exercised. They appeared scarcely less stalwart than their brothers. They wore no ornaments. Like the boys, they too must have sufficient strength to run well with this log before they are allowed to marry. These companies of primitive athletes, adorned with their wild regalia, and rolling this huge log from the shoulders of one to another with apparent ease, their bronze bodies wet with perspiration and glistening in the sunlight, presented a brilliant spectacle of savage life. This log race seems to be a favorite sport with the Karaóh, just as the wrestling games are with the Karayá.

The funeral of a child occurred shortly after the log race; and according to the universal practice of these tribes, there was a loud lamentation, wailing and crying. The little corpse was buried on the surface of the ground just outside the parental hut, the mother heaping the earth over the body

with her hands, assisted by a few other women. This was doubtless a preliminary burial, only.

The Karaóh bore the ears of the males in infancy, and gradually enlarge the opening as the child grows to manhood by inserting larger and larger wooden plugs, or coils of bark like a watch spring, until the lobe of the ear forms a great loop that reaches nearly to the shoulder, and large enough to encircle thick wooden or stone discs three and a half inches in diameter. It is surprising that so slender a belt of flesh can sustain such a great weight. We did, however, see a few of these fleshly loops that had been torn apart, either because of the weight of the disc, or because the loop caught upon some object as its owner was passing through the forest, for the savages seldom wear anything in the loop while hunting.

We held two or three conferences with the natives of the Serrênha village as we did with those of the Gamaleira village, and talked with them in regard to sending them a teacher. They hesitated for a time to give their consent, partly, perhaps, because we were strangers and they did not comprehend our motives; but principally, we were assured, because they had suffered much at the hands of friars and priests in former days. They were very solicitous to make sure that no priest would be sent to live among them. The old half-breed chief was decidedly opposed to having a teacher sent to his people, not only for reasons just named, but more especially for selfish and mercenary reasons. It appeared to us that as he was much better acquainted with the civilized people and more familiar with their language than the rest of his fellow tribesmen, he preferred that they remain in ignorance so that he might benefit himself at their expense. To our inquiries, he replied, saying, "We wish to remain as God left us—naked and pagan. I am a Christian," (meaning that he had been baptized by a priest) "and wear clothes; but as for the rest of us, we wish to remain as we are." It appeared that all the other chief men would be glad to have a teacher if they could have one who would labor disinterestedly for

the betterment of their people. They asked for time to consider the matter and to consult a prominent Brazilian in whom they had confidence. They finally gave their consent two weeks later; but I regret to say that a teacher has not yet been sent to them, to my knowledge.

In going from the Gamaleira to the Serrênha village and returning, we followed a trail used only by the natives on foot, and impassable to cavalcades where it led through the forest. Consequently, we had to cut our way through, and had virtually to swim one narrow stream. The water was just deep enough for a man to stand on the bottom and keep his lips above water; hence our muleteer was enabled to carry our saddles and boxes across by holding them above his head, while their weight, on the other hand, kept him from being swept off his feet. The others of us swam over, or disrobed and went across on a horse, bare-back. Returning, night closed in upon us while we were struggling across this place in the depths of the woods; and as the darkness increased, we experienced much difficulty getting our baggage together and harnessing up.

Our return journey to the Rio do Somno was without special incident. Being unable to get across the river the evening we arrived there, we had to pass the night in the woods. But we found a spot where the out-spreading boughs formed a dense mass above, thus furnishing us a verdant roof. Here we swung our hammocks and passed a pleasant night.

Part II.

FROM THE RIO DO SOMNO TO THE SEA.

Chapter XIX.

CANOEING ON THE TOCANTINES.—REVOLUTIONS.

As no finances had reached me since leaving the Capital of Goyaz, and it now seemed improbable that any would, I felt it necessary to get to the coast as soon as possible, though to do so, I was forced to dispose of all personal effects that were salable. As Mr. Witte also was returning to the coast, we arranged to travel together to the city of Maranhão, which is situated a little south of the mouth of the Amazon river, and fifteen hundred miles from the Rio do Somno, by the route we took. As our continuing in company greatly reduced the cost of travel to each of us, we got through at a surprisingly small outlay.

First, we descended the Rio Tocantines two hundred forty miles in a canoe to the town of Carolina. We got transportation for this part of our journey with a family that was going down to Carolina to seek from Dr. Graham much needed medical treatment for three of its members.

To provide ourselves with food while on the Toncantines, we had two Guinea fowls and seven pounds of beef roasted, then fried in pork fat—this double process to eliminate all moisture

and preserve it—and mixed with manioc meal. In addition to this we picked up fowls, eggs and milk at ranches along the river.

We found a ranch house, a hut, or a shelter of some kind in which to pass nearly every night. We spent one night, however, in one of Nature's pavilions, through the verdant domes of which broke here and there the silvery light of the stars. Where can one find a more charming place in which to pass a warm rainless night than in a comfortable hammock in one of these beautiful arboreal palaces, lulled to sleep by the merry music of a brook, in which one may take a refreshing plunge evening and morning, and drinking in the delicious, rejuvenating air; while the celestial hosts stand guard over one during the unconscious hours!

Our little canoe was heavily laden with passengers and baggage. Mr. Witte and I had to perch on top of the luggage, and my two brilliant plumaged macaws clung to the low, ox-hide roof that covered the stern of the canoe. I imagine we must have resembled a lithograph picture I have seen of "Robinson Crusoe going ashore from the wreck." Whether or not we looked like a Robinson Crusoe party, we were all more or less wrecked, for we belonged to the lame, the halt and the blind class. One had heart disease and was blind; another had a skin disease; our helmsman had a useless arm; a fourth person had cataracts; and the fifth but one good ear. One of our paddlers suffered from chronic weariness, and appeared to row only when asleep; then his companion would speak to him, and awakening, he would cease rowing. Even one of my macaws was losing the sight of an eye.

I left my Scripture pamphlet at every place we visited along the river, and a Testament wherever I could, besides talking with the people regarding the Gospel. Sometimes, persons came to me asking for a "Book of the New Law," meaning the Bible.

We delayed a few days at the Touá brook on the Tocantines, some two hundred miles north of the Rio do Somno, awaiting the arrival from Carolina of Dr. and Mrs. Graham

and party to take a brief rest at the cattle-ranch located here. For a shelter, we spread the fly of Mr. Witte's tent under the large trees at the mouth of the brook. Unlike a tent, it was entirely open at both ends, so we enjoyed an abundance of fresh air. We were kindly supplied with all the fresh beef and milk we could use while here.

At length, one morning, just as we were becoming tired of awaiting the appearance of Dr. and Mrs. Graham, a large trading boat hove in sight down the river, paddled rapidly by a file of men on either side, which reminded one strangly of an ancient galley. As it drew near, we saw that it brought the party we were expecting—Dr. and Mrs. Graham, and the proprietor of the cattle-ranch where we were encamped, who was a leading merchant of Carolina, and his numerous family and friends. It was indeed a most unusual and interesting spectacle that was presented to us as this strange craft, with its living cargo which literally swarmed over it like flies on a molasses barrel, drew into the creek at our feet. It was roofed over with thatch fore and aft, and this roof and all the space between, and everywhere else, was alive with men, women and children of all ages, sizes, kinds and conditions, and also with dogs and birds that "could not be counted." It appeared like the "Swiss Family Robinson" returning from their tropical island after they had multiplied greatly, and had collected a menagerie.

They had seldom or never seen a physician at Carolina, a town of three thousand inhabitants, until Dr. Graham appeared; and as nearly every person was in some need of medical attention, and the doctor treated all without charge, he was overwhelmed with patients, many persons traveling hundreds of miles by canoe or horse to consult him.

Arrived at Carolina, we were kindly entertained at the residence of the merchant previously mentioned. I experienced peculiar sensations of pleasure as I found myself getting into touch with civilization again after a year's absence from it. I felt as if I were awakening from a long, strange dream. Though not "clothed in purple and fine linen"—

far from it—yet I "fared sumptuously every day;"—at least, I thought so, compared to my fare during the preceding year. It was with happy feelings and with thankfulness to God that I sat down each day to eat civilized meals in a civilized manner. Until this time, the question ever before me was, where can I find a morsel of food, of whatever quality, for the next meal. Among other good things, we regaled ourselves each day here with the fruit of the mangaba tree—the natural baked apple.

Carolina was founded about the year 1840. Though the inhabitants are very largely poor and unlettered, a school worthy of the name having never existed in the town, yet they are somewhat more enlightened and manly spirited than the unfortunate people who "sit at the feet" of the old priest farther up the river, and not a few are nauseated with priestly domination. A number of the leading citizens possess some education which they obtained elsewhere, and enjoy a measure of intellectual freedom. Many of these persons call themselves positivists—a kind of materialism—and are nonbelievers in the teachings of the priests. We had the pleasure of meeting a large company of the most prominent men who were very desirous of having a good, modern school established in the town for their children. But what a sad mental lethargy, lack of patriotism and blindness to their own interests, must have prevailed among these people that their town should have existed for nearly three-quarters of a century without any real school?—The more remarkable when it is known that several men are wealthy in cattle, besides lands, one man owning some fifteen thousand head.

When the boys and girls learned that I had little books containing one or another of the four Gospels, such a demand was made for them that my supply was soon exhausted. There was also a heavy demand for my Scripture pamphlet, of which I had a good stock. Some doubt was entertained at first, by the people, concerning this publication, but being reassured, they sought it eagerly and read it with much interest. It was also read aloud to unlettered persons, and

loaned to neighbors. One day, a small boy came to me pleading earnestly for a Gospel of John, urging as a special reason why he should have the little book that his name was John. One afternoon, I gave a blackboard talk to the boys in the large room we were occupying, using colored chalk. This appeared to please and interest them much.

I found myself the "observed of all observers" when I appeared in the streets. I do not know whether I was famous or notorious. In addition to being a foreigner, the report of my collision with the priest and with the mob at the Rio do Somno had preceded me here, and altogether, I was regarded with unusual interest. But I was treated only with kindness and respect by these people, and spent much time going about among them. Regarding hospitality as a cardinal virtue, the Brazilians always treat callers to a small cup of very strong but excellent coffee. I was therefore offered coffee at nearly every house I visited, so was in danger of being killed with kindness. It is considered discourteous to refuse the proffered coffee, except for evident reasons.

Supposing that I intended to visit the town of Boa Vista, one or two hundred miles further down the Tocantines, I was warned and urged by some prominent men not to go there for the reason that both the people and their priest were brutal and vicious, and schooled in murder. This town had been convulsed by civil, or internecine war for two years, and wholesale shootings and foul murders were of almost daily occurrence.

As near as we could learn, the origin and history of this bloody and devastating fued was about as follows: A worthless, villainous young man courted and married a widow fifty years old, owning several small cattle-ranches, with the sole object of getting possession of her property. As was to be expected, they did not live happily together, separating a year after marriage. Still hoping to attain his object, this unscrupulous man hired an assassin—they are always obtainable—to shoot his unfortunate wife as she came down to the river one morning. Known to have instigated the crime, the

husband was arrested and cast into prison. In due time, he was brought to trial; but as he owed the president of the municipality twenty head of cattle, this man wished to have him acquitted so that he might not suffer the loss of these cattle, and the court was willing to accommodate him. But the "boss" of the opposing political party, on the other hand, wished to send the wretch to prison for the rest of his days, as he had bought a ranch from him, for which he had paid nothing as yet, and sought to escape payment altogether. Doubtless, this was not the ostensible reason. Therefore, when the murderer was about to be set at liberty, this *boss*, having called to his aid his henchmen, seized control of municipal affairs. Not to be outdone, the temporarily vanquished municipal chief, summoned his hangers on, and in turn, drove out the usurpers. Bent upon ultimate victory, the "revolutionists" mustered a still greater force, while the municipal chief did likewise, reminding one of Marius and Sylla in Roman history. As the deadly feud augmented, more and more persons became involved, either willingly or otherwise, until the entire population had taken side. Thus they fought with varying fortunes for years, with all the bitterness of internecine wars, adding wholesale robbery and pillage to cold-blooded butchery, making continual raids upon each other's cattle. Once the village was "garrisoned" by a force of six hundred men, and besieged by nine hundred; and for three days and nights, there was continual dueling. Military expeditions, sent by the state authorities to quell the insurrection, were bought off by one or the other of the belligerents.

Both forces were armed with nondescript shotguns, horse-pistols and big knives, with perhaps a few old muskets and repeating rifles, but no cannon. Rapine and murder was the order of the day, and of the night as well, without regard to the laws of war. Finally, after the contending factions had consumed all their own and the enemy's cattle, and all available resources had become entirely exhausted, hostilities ceased.

This is an example, on a small scale, of many of the so-

called revolutions that occur so frequently in Central and South America. They do not begin at the bottom and work up, but from the top and work down. They are not an uprising of the common people against tyranny and oppression, but are, instead, an appeal to the sword of a few disappointed or disgruntled political bosses, or "rain commanders," because they have been out-generaled in the manœuvres to capture the spoils of government. The common people are gradually forced into the ranks of one or the other of the belligerents, though they may not even know what the war is about, and will gain nothing by the victory of either, but instead, will suffer the loss of life and property.

Chapter XX.

THE JUNGLES OF MARANHÃO.—GIANTS' TABLES.

We remained but one week at Carolina, then went on southeastward, one hundred and sixty miles to the Rio das Balsas—River of the Rafts. For our transportation, we contracted with a citizen of Carolina to furnish us two riding and three pack mules, and two muleteers, paying the equivalent of sixteen dollars for their hire. We bought also fifty pounds of beef for our two men, which they themselves tried to prepare by drying it in the sun. But the weather was so cloudy and rainy that, instead of drying, it began to revive. Having to begin our march with it in this condition, each time we halted our men hung it around on the bushes to dry, if the sun shone. At length, the disgusting turkey buzzards got sight of the decaying beef, and hovered on our flanks, like evil spirits; and for a time it was doubtful which would ultimately get the meat—the men, the maggots, or the buzzards. Before roasting a piece on a spit, we knocked it against a tree to remove as much as possible of the multitudinous life. We were compelled to employ two muleteers, as we had to ford and swim many streams which were now raging torrents and very difficult and dangerous to cross.

An interesting scenic feature of the environs of Carolina, and of the region through which we passed to the Rio das Balsas, is a number of table-mountains that rise up here and there in a comparatively level country, like colossal blocks with vertical sides. One near Carolina is called The Mountain of the Moon, because of its form. It can be ascended on one side only, and its summit is so extensive and level, and it affords such good pasture and has such an abundance

of excellent water, and besides is so salubrious, that a cattle ranch is located upon it.

We passed the first night of our journey in one of our usual hotels—a rum distillery; but a pretty little river flowed close by in which we took a refreshing dip after the heat of a long day's march. Early the second morning, we forded the river Tapecurú and visited a beautiful cataract of the same name just below the ford. A small island divides the river at the falls, the roar of which can be heard two miles. As the water has a drop of forty feet, it could develop perhaps two thousand horse-power. This river empties into the Tocanties, and small crafts can ascend it to the falls.

We made but a very short march the second day because of a heavy rain-storm and a swollen, impassible stream, and stayed the rest of the day and the night at a pleasant ranch where we were well entertained.

What a peculiar and difficult trail we followed on this journey! In crossing many streams, we entered the water through a deep cut in the steep bank so narrow that we had to cross our legs over our mules' necks to save them from being crushed; and at times the animal's back was so nearly vertical that one had to hang on, like a cat to a telegraph pole, to keep from sliding over its head while descending the bank, or backward over its tail while ascending. Finally, we reached the little river Lóge, which we were forced to swim, there being no other means of making the passage. The current was strong and the water cold and heavily charged with yellow earth. Before reaching the river, I overheard our men speaking of crossing it where "the hide" was, and wondered what connection there could be between "the hide" and our passage of the river. But I learned on arrival at the river that "the hide"—a very large and stiff sun-dried oxhide which I saw lying on the ground near by—was to be the ferry-boat to transfer our baggage across the narrow and turbulent stream. A portion of the baggage was placed upon it as it lay, hair side up, then the edges all around were bent upward and held in position by cords passing over the little

cargo. The rude vessel thus formed was sufficient to float one hundred pounds of baggage; and the whole was drawn into the river and pushed across by our men, who were powerful swimmers.

We halted for breakfast the third day at a ranch with a big name—the Fazenda of the Middle Table Mountain—where we were treated with splendid hospitality by the proprietor. He gave us with liberality the physical bread, and we in turn gave him the Spiritual bread—the Book—which appeared to please him much. His kindness was such that he sent a man eight miles with us to point out the trail.

We camped this night in the wilds by the Rio do Foice—Brush-hook river—and near the Mouro do Pico—Pinacle Mountain. This is an interesting table-mountain: It rises up a thousand feet above the level basin, of which it appears to be the center, and is so perpendicular on all sides that no human foot has ever pressed its summit. Perhaps it was an island in a primeval lake, raised by some mighty upheaval, or was left after a great terrestrial subsidence. The people of the vicinity think that it is rich in gold.

We halted the fourth day at the *Fazenda do Sucury*—Anaconda Ranch. We attracted nearly as much attention everywhere as a traveling circus, being stared at and our baggage examined with great curiosity, while many strange and amusing questions were asked us. A cowboy accompanied us a few days, and becoming informed regarding us, was prepared to impart to the people wherever we halted such facts as their curiosity demanded. They called Mr. Witte "the old man"—not that he was old, but merely the elder of the two—and myself "the young man."

"They come from Carolina, and are going to Villa Nova and Maranhão," the cowboy would say. "The old man is a widower and has children; but the young man is a bachelor." "How old are you?" and "Are you married?" are often the first questions asked a stranger.

"The old man is a German, and the young man an American."

"What do they eat?"

"O, they eat some manioc meal and rapadura, and drink lots of coffee. They like coffee, but take it weaker than we do. They also eat some meat which they brought in little cans from the United States. The old man doesn't like dried meat, but the young man eats a little. Holy Mary, how they like eggs! They eat them raw!"

"Raw?"

"Yes, raw! They also eat hen when they can get one. They do everything by rule. They do not drink strong coffee because they say it is bad for the stomach."

"Do they drink rum?"

"No, they don't drink; neither do they even smoke. They are not like us—they have no vices. This is why they have such good health and have fair and clean skins and beautiful faces. We, however, are loaded down with vices,"—bad habits—"and are sick, ugly and beastly."

"Couldn't they arrange a marriage somehow?" suggestively asked the impure minded interrogator.

"Silence your mouth, man; they are different from us, and do not even mention such things."

"What kind of a beast is that?"—pointing to my cloth blackboard, rolled up.

"It's a kind of bed," replied our muleteer.

"A bed? How can he stretch himself upon that?"

"What has he in that box?"—pointing to Mr. Witte's trunk.

"O, he has a thousand things."

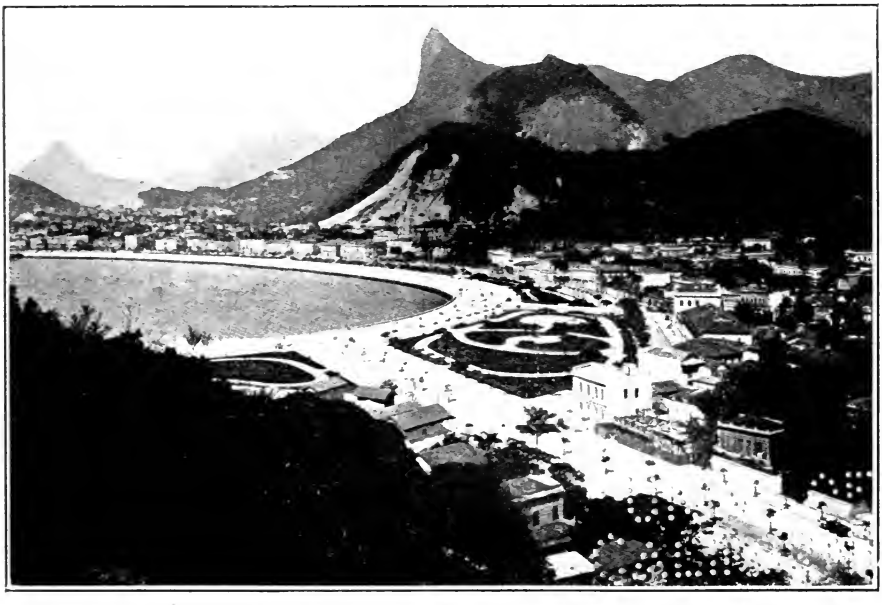
"Long live Mary!" exclaims the questioner, lifting the trunk, "but it's heavy! I believe he has gold in it."

"No," I broke in, "he has shot in it."

"I think he has gold in it; and if I were quite sure, I would go up the trail and hide behind a bush; then when he came along I would do him a charity"—shoot him—"and take the box."

"But do you know," broke in our man, "he can shoot

The Entrance to the Harbor of Rio de Janeiro.



Seaside Avenue, Rio de Janeiro.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

you as far as he can see you with that three-barreled gun he carries."

"Our Lady, full of grace, have mercy on me!" finally exclaimed the questioner.

In due time, we reached the filthy and decadent little village of Riachão—Big Creek. When a mile or two distant from the main village, we came unexpectedly upon a strange looking settlement, the numerous rude huts of which were scattered about thickly in a dense jungle, with here and there a small patch of cultivated ground. A storm coming up, we took shelter in an abandoned hovel for the night.

We remained but a few hours in the village of Riachão, much to my regret. As we bore letters of introduction to one of the leading citizens, we were kindly entertained by him. Many men, thinking we were prospectors, called to talk with us regarding the probability of finding gold and other minerals in this region.

Leaving Riachão, we made but a short march, and halted early in the afternoon at a ranch house built of clay walls and thatched roof, which was nearly as large as a farm barn in North America. We and our men suspended our hammocks in the spacious front room between two parallel poles that extended horizontally from end to end of the room on each side and eleven feet above the ground. As they were secured only at each end, they sprang considerably when we got into our hammocks, with the result that whenever one of us changed his position in the hammock, it caused all the other hammocks to dance. In the morning, Mr. Witte innocently remarked, "I could have slept well last night had it not been that one or another of you racked those poles every little while and woke me up." "Well," I replied, "perhaps you do not know that every time *you* rolled over you started an earthquake among the rest of us."

We saw a small orange grove here, the fruit of which had not been gathered, though it had been ripe eight months. It still clung as firmly as ever to the trees, which were loaded, and was but little inferior to what it was when it first ripened.

We found in the ranch house, a daily newspaper from Rio de Janeiro which attracted our attention since it is very seldom that a scrap of literature exists in rural dwellings.

We shot a kind of pluver this afternoon as we rode along. It had a long spur at the elbow of each wing, and flew at us like an arrow, several times, as if it meant to strike us. We asked one of our men if it was good to eat. "What! Eat that bird?" he exclaimed with alarm; "Nobody eats him. If any person should eat him, he would never sleep again, for he never sleeps!" Nevertheless, we prepared and ate our game; and have since slept very well.

The only special incident of the next day's travel was an encounter with a solitary man on foot whom we first saw some distance ahead of us down the trail. He was wearing nothing but a hat, and carried on his head a cotton bag partly filled. Overtaking him, we learned that he was carrying the Government mail, which was in the bag along with his cotton shirt and trousers and a handful of food; and that he traveled back and forth over a distance of nearly three hundred miles. As his route was largely through desolate wildernesses and he had to ford and swim many streams, he had, therefore, reverted to the state of primeval man.

We arrived, finally, at Santo Antonio de Balsas, or Villa Nova, on the Rio das Balsas. Here, we camped in a vacant house and did our own cooking. But Mr. Witte, taking to punning, remarked that, though his name was Witte, he was not a witty man; and though my name was Cook, I was not a cook.

We now discontinued mule-back travel and contracted with a merchant for twenty dollars to descend the Rio das Balsas and the Rio Parnahyba with him on his *balsa*, or float, to the city of Therezina, the capital of the state of Piauhy (Pee-ow-ee), a distance of eight hundred miles by the river. Many of the merchants of this region convey their goods—hides and rubber—to market by descending these two rivers on big floats made of hundreds of light, pithy poles; and having reached their destination, they abandon the float, for by that

time it begins to get water-logged, and therefore useless. To return home with their merchandise, they have their mules and horses brought light to them overland. There is no other navigation of the Rio das Balsas and the upper reaches of the Rio Parnahyba than that of the descent of these *balsas*. The *balsa* involves no outlay other than the gathering of the poles and the binding of them together to make a float.

Having to delay a week at Santo Antonio, I employed the time evangelizing in the usual way, quickly disposing of every copy of the Scriptures I had.

Chapter XXI.

FLOATING DOWN THE RIVERS BALSAS AND PARNAHYBA ON A RAFT.—A LAND OF FIRE.—FAMINE.—TROPICAL STORMS.

At last, all was ready, and we went aboard the strange and novel craft on which we were to live two weeks while being borne by the current eight hundred miles down the two rivers. Twelve hundred small poles, limbs of the burity-palm, were used in the construction of this float; and when completed, it was twenty-five feet in length, twelve feet in width, and two feet thick. It was roofed by setting up a row of saplings along each side, then bending the tops of the two rows over the deck and binding them together, and finally, tying on to this skeleton a few sun-dried hides from our cargo. A powerful rowing post was fixed at the center of the front and rear end, to each of which was hung, by means of rawhide cordage that allowed it to swing freely, a heavy pole five inches thick, fifteen feet long, and terminating at the outer end in a big blade. These were the oars by means of which the unwieldy craft could be slowly worked over, sidewise, to the right or left. The pilot, who must possess an intimate knowledge of the river throughout its whole length, and who must know in every instance where the current will carry him, uses these ponderous oars, with the help of an assistant, to manœuver the float aside from the danger point long before it is reached, otherwise, it would be too late to avert disaster.

Our ship's company consisted of the merchant and his boy cook, the pilot and his assistant, Mr. Witte and myself. The freight, besides our baggage, was two hundred dry hides

and six hundred pounds of *mangaba*—rubber—belonging to the merchant. Some earth was placed on a rear corner of the *balsa* on which to kindle a fire and prepare our food.

I must confess that I looked forward with keen anticipation of pleasure to the strange and novel voyage we were to make with such a unique conveyance. The farewells all said to the numerous company that assisted at the embarkation, we pushed our ugly appearing but comfortable transport out into the middle of the stream where it was at once received in the embrace of the strong current and borne quickly and silently away on a voyage from which these crafts never return. The pretty little river was but one hundred fifty feet wide where we embarked. Both margins were robed in a dense arboreal growth that crouched down into the water and reached far out over it as if endeavoring to clasp hands and completely embower our liquid pathway; so, during the first day, we were raked continually from stem to stern by the branches of the trees. But the stream broadened gradually as we advanced, and soon, we had plenty of room in which to navigate.

How delightfully novel and romantic was our experience as we moved silently onward day after day on the crest of the flood between the solid lines of perennial verdure that stood as a transfixed guard of honor by our watery highway, breathing the life-giving air freighted with the fragrance of spring and being constantly entertained by the inexhaustible kaleidoscope of natural scenery that resolved ceaselessly into new forms!

Besides enjoying the stranger and ever-changing scenes along this charming waterway, we passed the days largely reading, writing or conversing while lounging at ease in our hammocks. preparing and eating our food, exercising now and then at the big oars, bathing, or taking a shot occasionally at some game, large or small; while our good friend, the merchant, occupied nearly the whole of each day reading my Bible. As we swept noiselessly along, we were continually surprising and frightening beasts, birds and reptiles that had

been wholly unaware of our approach, and we had often a jungle dinner at their expense.

During the first days of our voyage, we did not travel at night owing to the narrowness of the river, which made navigation very dangerous. Afterward, when we began to have moonlight and the river was broad and less obstructed, we continued to float onward at night, and once, traveled all night. How peculiarly charming and delightful were our surroundings as we glided along, silently, in the profound stillness of the night, like some giant phantom, with the moon bathing the mirror-like waters nestling between banks of eternal verdure, in soft, silvery light, and glorifying the whole face of Nature!

We seemed to be traversing an endless wilderness; and being far removed and entirely free from the excitements, anxieties and burdens of the busy, tumultuous world, we were at liberty to enjoy, without anything to interrupt or distract us, many quiet hours of sweet communion with God as we were borne along in the freshness of the night through a seemingly enchanted land. One could easily imagine that he had, in some mysterious manner, wandered away into a delightful fairy-world of rest, harmony and peace.

But if we imagined this, we were from time to time suddenly and rudely awakened from our delicious dreams to a vivid realization of the harsh, discordant, brutish world which our souls, longing for the realms of Light, had fancied far removed, by hearing the wild shouts of our pilot to his assistant at the rear oar while they were trying to bring the raft to land at some point: shouts of, "Row, man! Row with force!! Throw the hind end in!!! Grab the bushes!!! Grab, I tell you!! Grab!!!—Did you get hold?!"

"No!"

"The Devil! Man, you are no good!! You are of no use whatever!! You are crazy!! Jump ashore with the line!! Jump, quick, leaden feet!! Jump!!"

During this fusillade of shouts and counter shouts, the *balsa* was crashing like some huge dragon through the masses

of bushes and limbs of trees that extended out over the water, threatening to tear off the roof, and was grinding and bumping over rocks and snags. It required the exercise of much skill and care to get it up to the bank without injuring it. As we could land only where there was a stretch of river front free of obstructions, the oarsmen had to exert all their strength and use much tact to work the cumbersome craft in as quickly as possible when the right spot was reached.

The Rio das Balsas cuts through the Serra do Taboleirão —the range of the Big Table Mountain—following a very sinuous course. We passed without stopping, two wretched little hamlets, Louretta and S. Feliz de Balsas. While moving silently along one day, we saw three capibára—the largest rodent in the world—come down into the river to swim across. They did not see us until they had entered the water, but they dove before we could get a shot at them, and we saw them no more. They are very destructive of plantations. The natives seldom eat the flesh of this animal for they say it is sweetish and unpalatable. A mature capibára will weigh about two hundred pounds. When domesticated, they become as tame and harmless as a house cat. Mr. Witte shot several *mergulhão*—great divers—and we cooked and ate them. This aquatic bird subsists entirely upon fish, and its flesh tastes like fish meat—so much so, indeed, that if one were to close his eyes he could easily imagine he was eating fish. We soon got to loathe this meat, our pilot remarking that it almost nauseated him to even see the creature flying.

When we made fast to the bank one day to permit one of our men to run back and get a bird we had shot, we saw an ant-eater about as large as a raccoon, called a *tomanduá merim*, lying on a platform of branches and foliage, about thirty feet above our heads. Mr. Witte fired at it and I climbed the tree to throw it down, supposing it to be dead. But I found it far from dead, though shot through the shoulder, and it took two more shots to finish it. I have since learned that it was dangerous to go up a tree to this animal

as it might have attacked me and fearfully lacerated my legs with the gaff-hook like claws with which each foot is armed. Mr. Witte cleaned and cooked the beast, but found the flesh far from succulent. One night, we scared up an anaconda that was lying in the water near the bank. We saw every day monkeys, alligators, big lizards, and the like; and also many hawks devouring snakes and other creatures along the edge of the river, besides various other birds, including the beautiful garca, one of which we shot and ate.

One afternoon, as we were nearing the end of our voyage and were moving silently along close to the masses of bushes that covered the left bank of the river, we appeared suddenly and unannounced, like an apparition, right in the midst of a large party of bathers and women engaged in washing clothes in the river at a spot where the bank was clear of jungle. Their surprise amounted almost to consternation, and they angrily demanded of our pilot: "Why did you not let us know you were coming?!" "How could I know you were here?" was the laconic reply.

About sunset, one evening, we glided out of the Rio das Balsas into the Parnahyba. We had thought that the water of the former river was very dirty, but it was clean, compared with the latter. It was a great, red flood, and so charged with clayey earth that to drink it was akin to drinking thin mud; so, before drinking it, we let it stand a while in a vessel to settle. The coffee made with this water was red instead of coffee color.

As we descended the Parnahyba, we entered gradually a region where no rain had fallen for a year or two. The heavens were as brass, the heat intense, and the whole face of nature almost like a desert. We called briefly at two hamlets, Nova Villa, and Cachaseira—Rum Tank—where we found the people miserable and hungry. As food was very scarce, prices were enormous for this place. A bushel of manioc meal—the bread of the land—cost nearly as much as a laboring man could earn in an entire month. We left here a little of the spiritual Bread, which was all we had to give.

Each day as we floated onward, the starving natives hailed us from the shore importuning us to sell them manioc meal. We could hear them splitting goose-egg cocoanuts in the woods to get the woody kernel with which to make meal. Many of these people subsisted upon the wild creatures whether four-footed beast, flying fowl or creeping thing, and upon such wild vegetables as existed. The heat became so intense that to keep cool was impossible, so we sought only to exist. But as the nights on the river were comfortably fresh, we enjoyed sweet relief from the dreadful heat of the day.

We consumed two days passing through a long stretch of the River Parnahyba, called "The Gullet." The channel here is very narrow and rock-ribbed and the current is swift. Because this is such a dangerous place, we did not dare to travel at night. Many brave *balsas* have failed to survive this passage. We shot without mishap the rapids of Boa Esperanca, near the entrance to the Gullet, where the government had removed much rock to make the river navigable in its upper reaches.

Thanksgiving Day occurred while we floated down the river Parnahyba. We neither saw nor did anything to remind us, even remotely, of the day as we had spent it in former times, except to give thanks to God for countless mercies vouchsafed us. We ate some Chicago canned beef, however, but the rest of our dinner was jungle food, eaten in the jungle, and according to jungle etiquette.

We began to get our first glimpses of modern civilization when we reached the town of Colonia, in the state of Piauhy. Here, we saw the electric telegraph for the first time in more than a year. It was a pleasure to look at the poles and wires. The town itself had more of the appearance of a city than anything I had seen since leaving the Capital of Goyaz. We also saw many persons, chiefly women and children, dressed in full city attire. To look upon well-dressed people gave more pleasure than I had thought possible.

We saw here a very large shed-like edifice that had been

used by the government in former times as a school for the education of the children of slaves owned by it. When African slavery existed in Brazil, with a view to its gradual abolition, a law was passed that all children of slaves, born after a certain date, should be free. This school was for these children. But when slavery was abolished, the school was closed and the building turned into a butter canning factory.

All vegetation appeared utterly dead here as if rain had never fallen. Even orange groves were dead, and the ground was as bald as the middle of a much traveled road. There was great suffering among the poor, and a large group of hungry beggars met us at the landing-place.

We delayed but an hour at Colonia, resuming our journey shortly before sunset. Having enjoyed another delightful evening on the river, after the scorching heat of the day, we tied up to the left bank of the river at "high night." It was well for us that we made fast where we did, for the sky soon blackened and a fearful tropical storm was let loose upon us: but we were, luckily, on the sheltered side of the river. The scene that enveloped us was weird and terrifying. The night was illuminated by the almost continuous flashing of the lightnings, for the whole heavens seemed to burst forth into blinding flames; the earth trembled with the incessant peal and boom of the thunders; the wind moaned and roared through the wilds, threatening to tear our craft from its moorings; and the rain descended almost as if the river had been lifted into the air and hurled back upon the earth, *enmasse.* No rain had fallen for one or two years, and the land was a fiery furnace because of the fearful solar heat, for this is an equatorial region. But now, the awful drought and famine had terminated with this mighty atmospheric convulsion.

The unspeakably welcome rain continued throughout the remainder of the night. Moving on again at dawn in the mists and under a leaden sky, we soon had more evidence of the great quantity of water that had fallen during the night. Passing the mouth of a little tributary of the Parnahyba, we

saw the water rolling out of it like waves of the sea, and sweeping with it enormous quantities of rubbish, such as brush-wood and barnyard accumulations, which had been garnered from the land by the avalanche of water. These masses of gleanings formed a seemingly endless procession down the Parnahyba, and we could do nothing but fall into line and become as one of the countless rubbish heaps.

At sunset, we reached a town called São Gonsalu de Amarante, where our merchant disposed of his cargo of hides and mangába to an exporter, by whom we were kindly and splendidly entertained until the following afternoon, when we resumed our voyage to Therezina.

Disembarking at this quaint old town of three thousand souls, we soon met with renewed evidences that we were getting back to civilization. One of the first was the strains of martial music that greeted our ears. Another, was delicious bread and butter, with coffee, which was set before us immediately after rising in the morning—the first I had eaten in a year. It was a "red letter day" to me to again taste this priceless food of Christian civilization after living so long without it and faring so scantily much of the time. Again at eleven A. M., an excellent breakfast was served according to Brazilian custom, and dinner at five P. M., which seemed a banquet. Altogether, I felt as if I were just returning from a long residence in some strange world, or awaking from an extraordinary dream.

This town swarmed with wretched beings driven in by the drought and famine. I never before saw human beings in such a deplorable condition, which was pitiable in the extreme. Many were mere ambulating skeletons with leathery skins drawn over them; while a number were blind, which made their plight even more sad. Sitting in the store of the exporter for an hour during the morning, I saw emaciated men, women and children dragging themselves in and out continually, seeking alms. As each individual presented himself at the counter, the clerk gave him a wax candle, worth three-fourths of a cent, without a word being spoken. No one was re-

fused, while all seemed to expect a candle, and that only. Candles were given instead of coin, which was very scarce everywhere. But the beggar could readily exchange the candle for a taste of food, or for a copper or nickle coin—the only metal currency in circulation. It is the custom in Brazil to give to all who ask alms, even if the gift be only a copper coin worth but a quarter of a cent. It is accepted promptly, without a request for more. The people are taught to give alms as they purchase "merit" by so doing. Hence, the mendicant, asking alms, confers a favor by giving one an opportunity to purchase "merit," for himself.

In cities, beggars are seen in considerable numbers lounging about the entrances and haunting the vestibules of popular temples, displaying revolting sores on their bodies. To enter such a place, one must run the gauntlet of these regiments of the lame, halt, blind and diseased. In small towns and villages, beggars are seen frequently on horse-back visiting stores and dwellings asking alms. They do not dismount anywhere for nearly all dwellings, as well as stores, front close upon the street, the doors and windows are wide open, and there are no verandas. Therefore, the giver has but to step to the door or window and hand the mendicant cavalier his contribution, which he does meekly, without a murmur. I was astonished once, sitting at the window of a small village hotel soon after my arrival in Brazil, when a horseman appeared before me and asked alms.

I was told that the federal government had sent supplies of food for the famine stricken people, but that it was consumed by thieving, soulless officers, or held for sale at exorbitant prices; moreover, that in the famine region itself, there were warehouses filled with manioc meal, which was being held with the hope of gaining enormous profits from its sale; and though it was rotting, the owners still held out for higher prices. One advantage to the famine sufferers in their own districts was that the wild creatures were being driven by the drought from their lurking places in the forest and were coming out to the rivers seeking water; thus they

were more easily captured by the starving people. The heat during the drought was insufferable. In the coolest shade in the town, the thermometer stood frequently at one hundred five or ten degrees Fahrenheit, though this gives little idea of the consuming strength of the vertical sun.

Our good *balsa* was like a wreck when we went to reembark, as the hides forming the roof had been removed; furthermore, this so weakened the frame-work that we could not again swing up our hammocks. But we spread the fly of our tent for a roof, and succeeded in making our ship comfortable once more. We floated on all day, and by moonlight until two o'clock A. M. As the river was now broad and clear of obstructions, I, only, remained on guard one night while the others slept; so I enjoyed many quiet hours as we moved silently onward in the dead calm and stillness, and in the beautiful moonlight. We journeyed the entire night, the following night, in order to reach Therezina the next day.

About noon, the last day, the scream of a locomotive whistle suddenly reached us—the first I had heard in fourteen months—another pleasant reminder of civilization; and shortly afterward, as we swung around a bend in the river, the Capital of Piauhy stood revealed to our admiring gaze a few miles down the river. It appeared perfectly white, as do all Brazilian cities when viewed from a distance, and very beautiful and charming in the brilliant sunlight as it loomed above the green trees and wild vegetation that surrounded it. Yet, when one enters the streets of these cities, they are usually found to be filthy and ill-smelling. Therezina, which is a medieval-like town of six thousand inhabitants, is not an exception to this rule.

We encountered at Therezina, a flourishing mission of the Presbyterian Church, the first permanently organized mission work we had met with in more than a year.

We disembarked and abandoned our faithful *balsa* on the opposite side of the river from Therezina, at a village called São José das Flores, from which point we traveled the next

morning by a short, narrow-gauge railway, to the city of Caxias.

São José das Flores has more the appearance of a savage than a civilized village. The little houses are constructed entirely of palm-branches laid over a frame-work of bamboo poles, and the back-yards are fenced with bamboo rods. Just as we were carrying our baggage up from the river, a fire broke out in one of these fences and communicated instantly with the dwellings. Everything was as dry as tinder for the terrible drought had not yet been broken in this locality; moreover, dead palm-branches will burn fiercely in any event; so the huts began to vanish almost as if they were sacks of gunpowder. Indeed, they burst into flames so suddenly that the inmates scarcely had time to rush out of doors, much less to save anything. The first things they try to save when they have time, are the doors and window-frames and shutters. Of course, there was no water in a place like this other than that which the drudging, sweating women carried up from the river in clay pots on their heads.

Chapter XXII.

LIFE IN NORTH BRAZIL.—THE EVANGEL.—BOATING ON THE ITAPICURÚ.—LEPERS.—INTERMENTS.—SEPULCHRAL NICHES.—HUMAN BONE-YARDS.—COMMERCE.

Taking a last drink of thin, yellow mud from the Parnahyba, we traveled northeast to the city of Caxias, a distance of sixty-four miles, consuming four hours in the journey. Arriving here, we learned with dismay that we would have to wait a week for the next steamer descending the river Itapicurú, three hundred and fifty miles to the city of São (Sowng) Louis de Maranhão. Our funds were now so low that the expense of remaining a week at Caxias would consume all we had, leaving nothing for steamboat fare. But knowing of nothing that we could do to alter the situation, we went to the hotel believing that God would provide for us as He had always done.

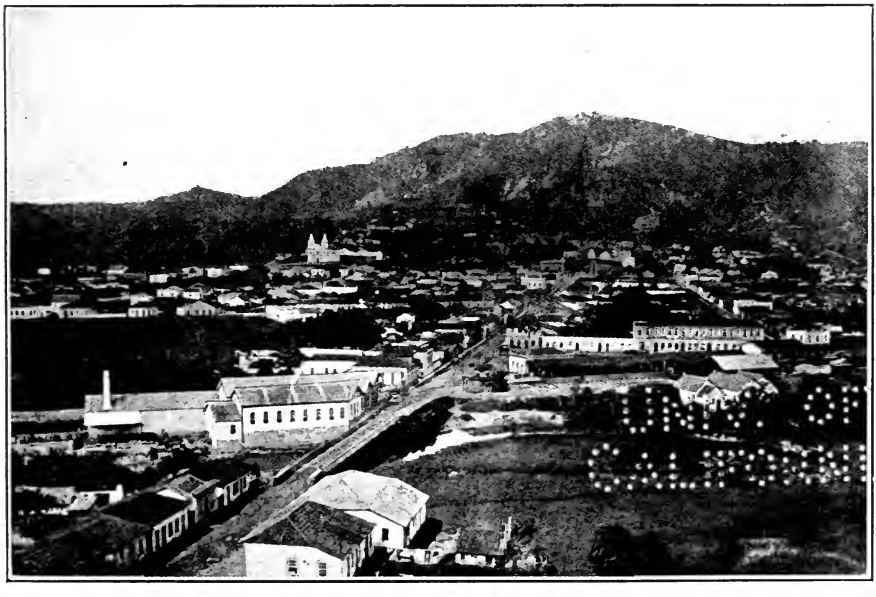
This was the first real hotel I had seen in fourteen months, during which time I had traveled in all kinds of ways nearly four thousand miles. It was a one story building with almost no wood in its construction but the doors, window-frames and rafters. The walls were of brick or clay plastered over inside and out, the roof was of tile, and the floor pavement. The body of it fronted on the street, and from this two wings extended back from the right and left side enclosing a court-yard. The dining-room was a broad veranda opening into the court-yard. We were given a large, lofty apartment in which there was no bed or bedding of any sort. But we found rows of big hooks on opposite walls about six feet above the pave-

ment; and to these we hung our beds, which we carried with us, as do all travelers in this part of the world. Every one in North Brazil sleeps in a hammock throughout the year because of the heat, for hammocks are much cooler than beds. Leaving home to be gone over night, one always takes a hammock and a blanket in a sack. The landlord, or housekeeper, is thus saved the trouble and expense of providing beds for guests. Every room in the houses of the better classes, including the broad, open veranda which fronts on the court-yard and is used as a dining-room, has big hooks secured to the walls. Therefore, as regards lodging, any housekeeper can accommodate twenty or thirty visitors without lifting a finger.

The next day after our arrival at Caxias, we learned, accidentally, that the Presbyterian Church had a strong, well organized mission here in charge of Mr. Thompson, who, when we called upon him, insisted that we stay with him while in the city. We could but regard this as a divine providence, for, in addition to spending several pleasant, happy days with earnest Christian missionaries, the question of reaching Maranhão was easily solved. Furthermore, I had another severe attack of intermittent fever, and was fortunate to be where I could be kindly cared for. I am under a lasting debt of gratitude to these dear friends.

Mr. Thompson's house, for which he paid a rental of five dollars per month, was similar in plan to the hotel. Here, his congregation met, after the manner of the primitive Christians, in a room which could accommodate sixty or seventy persons. Several meetings were held regularly each week, all of which were well attended by earnest, enthusiastic followers of Christ. One of the most ardent and outspoken of the native Christians conducted a private school in his own house, having an enrollment of nearly one hundred pupils. He had a number of Scripture texts displayed around the large school-room, and besides, had Mr. Thompson conduct a Gospel meeting here one evening each week. Mr. Thompson preached expository sermons, which seems to be the custom of all the missionaries. It is necessary to make the ser-

John Lisbon Square, Sao Louiz de Maranhao.



Juiz de Fora, in the State of Minas Geraes, where the M. E. Church (South) is conducting a Great Educational Work.

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mons Bible lectures, because, prior to attending the mission, the people are entirely ignorant of the Word of God.

The inhabitants of Caxias are much given over to idolatry. Going about the town, one can see through the open doors and windows everywhere the little images standing in their niches in the principal rooms. In the square in front of the most important temple, is a huge wooden cross to which is secured a long pole with a sponge attached to one end, a ladder, a spear, a hammer and spikes, and the figure of a cock surmounting all.

The city has a population of ten thousand. It had four cotton-mills at the time of our visit, which were doing a lucrative business. Though much of the raw material had to be imported, the finished product commanded a high price. We passed a sugar-mill before reaching the city which was also doing a very profitable business. But labor has been very scarce in this part of Brazil since slavery was abolished, and various enterprises, such as cotton culture, have fallen into decay. No rain had fallen at Caxias for a year, and the heat was intense, but the first downpour came while we were there, bringing gladness to every one.

At length, the hour came to begin the last stage of our journey to the coast; and as our boat was to leave early in the morning, we embarked the previous evening, and thus had the choice of a place to swing our hammocks. We passed a pleasant night on board, enjoying the fresh air. Nearly all the other male passengers had to suspend their hammocks over and around the dining-tables, so could not enjoy the advantage of reclining in them during the day.

The " dining-saloon " of our little steamer—a side wheeler, burning wood—if I dare call it a *saloon*, was the upper deck back of the pilot-house. This deck was covered, but open at the sides. We found it very enjoyable, indeed, dining in this open place where we could breathe the open air, and be entertained by a panorama of strange scenes along the pretty little river. The trip proved a continual picnic. The river was but three feet deep at Caxias, and so narrow that, during

the first day of our voyage, we were curried continually by the branches of the trees that reached out over the water. Moreover, the bends were so abrupt, in addition to the narrowness of the stream, that the boat could not be steered around them, and had to be stopped while several men, standing at the point of the bow, pushed it around with pikes. Our forward deck appeared to be a zoological park. Besides poultry, there were four-footed beasts and several varieties of wild birds in cages, or chained. One was a big crowned hawk, which was held captive by a chain around its leg, and that amused itself by pouncing from time to time upon a coop full of chickens. As we were disembarking at our destination, one member of this menagerie—a deer—sprang overboard and struck out for land across the bay at an astonishing pace, making such fast time that the boatmen had to do quick work to overtake it. Civilized Brazilians, like the savages, some of whose blood flows in their veins, take much pleasure in keeping many kinds of wild creatures about them. Tapirs, wild hogs and capibáras may be seen going in and out of a house as freely as the human occupants, together with various wild fowls; and peevish, grimacing, or prehensile tailed monkeys, screaming parrots or macaws climb about the house destroying anything within reach, while love birds perch on the shoulders of their mistresses and lizards nestle in their bosoms.

Our passage from Caxias to Mahanhão cost us but nine dollars each, including food, and we were three days and nights on the boat. It was midnight, Sunday, when our steamer anchored in front of the city of Maranhão; so we waited until morning to disembark, and were then taken in charge by Mr. Womeldorf, the Presbyterian missionary, and entertained with Christian hospitality.

There is a Presbyterian church in this city which was organized in 1885 by Dr. Butler, a medical missionary, and which has a church edifice. A native pastor was in charge at the time of our visit, but the congregation could assume but a small part of his support. He was therefore given a

meagre stipend by the Board of Foreign Missions, and in addition, earned about twenty-five dollars per month by teaching two hours each day in the government academy for young men. Altogether, his income amounted to about fifty dollars per month, and he had a large family.

The reader will perhaps have noted with surprise how few mission stations were encountered in traveling about five thousand miles from the city of São Paulo to the city of Maranhão. Passing beyond Riberão Preito, which is twelve hours ride from São Paulo, the next mission center was Uberaba, some three hundred miles farther northwest. Here resided but one missionary, who visited once or twice each year the villages within his reach.

The next mission center was Araguary, the terminus of the railway, where also was but one missionary who visited several points once or twice annually, reaching out some two hundred miles.

Leaving the Araguary district, I met no Gospel mission until I reached the neighboring towns of Therezina and Caxias —excepting the work just being started at Carolina—between which places, I traveled by horse and canoe nearly four thousand miles; nor was there a mission for a thousand miles or more on either side of my path.

At Caxias, there was but one missionary, with a native associate at Therezina. Between Caxias and Maranhão, there were no missionaries; and at the latter city, but one missionary and the native pastor, though Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Miners are now conducting a successful mission there. It is thus evident that there is still room for many more laborers in these vast regions.

The New Year entered while we were at Maranhão, and the week of prayer was observed at the little church. We assisted in these meetings, and also at a few additional evangelistic meetings.

We saw here a colony of lepers that had been segregated by the city authorities in some old buildings just below the cemetery, which was in the heart of the city. As Mr. Womel-

dorf visited them at regular intervals to preach the Gospel, we accompanied him one Sunday, and had the privilege of preaching to them the message of God's love. On our arrival, they assembled promptly on the broad, open veranda, the floor of which was packed earth. We did not shake hands with them as we feared to come in contact with them; nor did we sit anywhere, or touch anything. We merely stood in the center of this open place holding our hats and sunshades in our hands, while the poor lepers sat on rude benches, or stood a few paces from us. We did not go close to them, except once to distribute some pages of Gospel literature to the few who could read. They listened to us with close and respectful attention. Though we were virtually in the open air, yet the atmosphere we breathed was polluted with the stench arising from their bodies.

There was only a brick wall between this company of lepers and the assembly of the dead—between the putrifying dead bodies and the putrifying living bodies. What a sad and revolting picture these unfortunate creatures presented as they slowly rotted while they lived! The disease, which is of a red appearance, seems to attack the ears first, which swell until they hang down to the shoulders and become a mass of corruption. It also works in the joints of the extremities, so that the fingers and toes of some of the victims had fallen off at the first or second joints.—Sufferers that had lost their fingers at the first joint, were sure to be found lacking the toes at this joint also.—Other victims had neither fingers nor toes. Several were minus both hands and feet; one or both eyes of others were gone; while the faces and noses of still others were decomposing. These lepers keep a few dogs, and they, too, appeared to be afflicted with this terrible disease and were slowly mortifying. Their bodies were masses of sickening ulcerations with scarcely a hair left. These unhappy victims of leprosy were scarcely more than decaying, ambulating corpses that were remaining unburied for years.

In this part of Brazil, a hearse, or any wheeled funeral

car, is rarely or never used. The corpse is usually borne to the cemetery by four bare-footed negroes wearing black shirts and trousers and stove-pipe hats, who make this their vocation. A priest marches in advance dressed in the usual long, black cassock, or "skirt," reaching to the ankles, over which is a white shirt reaching to the waist, and over this again a kind of lace bertha.

The cemetery, which occupies but a few acres of ground, is enclosed by a brick wall eight feet thick. This wall contains hundreds of mortuary chambers, into each one of which a body is placed and the opening sealed up. A chamber is leased for a period of three years only; and if at the end of this time the lease is not renewed, the chamber is opened and the bones raked out and thrown into the "common pit," which is a sort of *gehenna,* or garbage dump, reminding one of that which existed outside the walls of Jerusalem at the time of Christ. This "common pit" is a big excavation in the ground. Even when a body is sepulchred in a grave, this grave is rented for three years only; and if the lease is not renewed when it expires, a new grave is eventually dug at the same spot and the bones of the old tenant are thrown out into "the valley of dry bones" to make room for the new occupant. The leasing of graves, or tombs, for a few years only, is a universal practice in Brazil, and "the valley of dry bones" becomes the final resting place of the remains of a large majority of the people. This is why the cemeteries, though very small, have room for all the bodies brought to them. There are, however, many permanent tombs in every cemetery. One in Buenos Aires is a city of palatial mausoleums. In southern Brazil, hearses are used, and all kinds are seen—black hearses, white hearses and red hearses, with drivers and footmen, uniformed the color of the hearse, on the box and standing at the back of the vehicle. Even hospitals *run* black, repulsive dead wagons with their names painted on them, in which their friendless dead are carted to the grave and buried coffinless, like dogs.

One may see daily in Brazil, the remains of children borne

to the cemetery exposed to public gaze in very shallow, open, bright-colored coffins. These funeral cortèges are on foot, and the box is carried by children of the age and sex of the deceased, the undertaker following behind carrying the coffin lid. Little girls just able to toddle, are seen struggling with a box containing the remains of an infant. They perspire profusely in the high temperature, and set the coffin down in the street every few yards to rest. These funeral parties, though frequently composed of not more than ten or twenty persons, are often led by a band of music. The floral wreathes piled on the casket and placed on the tomb, are metallic.

The city of São Louis de Maranhão, commonly known as Maranhão, was founded in 1612, and now has a population of forty thousand. It is a quaint, quiet, charming city. Being almost under the equator and at sea-level, a vertical sun breathes like a furnace upon it twelve months in the year. But as it is by the sea, tropical rains occur often throughout the year, affording a glad relief from the fierceness of the sun; and the buildings are overgrown with moss, and vegetation is always verdant. Its commercial importance has decayed much since slavery times. The British Consul said he had known Maranhão to export two hundred thousand sacks of sugar annually, besides much raw cotton; but in recent times, it had exported scarcely a sack of sugar, and had to import raw cotton to supply its cotton mills. Four cotton factories were in operation at the time of our visit, one of which had four hundred looms. In addition to these, there was a match factory and shot tower in the city.

The sea propels a rice husking mill near the city. A dam was built across the narrow mouth of an inlet, over which the flowing tide rises and fills the bay; then at ebb-tide, the water is let out through the mill-race.

Chapter XXIII.

THE CITIES BY THE SEA.—MISSIONS.—PERSECUTIONS.—SURBURBAN JUNGLES.—A CELEBRATED SHRINE.—REMARKABLE PHILANTHROPHY.—THE OVERTHROW OF THE INQUISITION.

Again, the hour came to bid farewell to kind Christian friends, including Mr. Witte, to whom I had become forever obligated because of kindness shown me during illness, and embark on a Brazilian mail steamer bound southward to Rio de Janeiro, and calling at the capital cities enroute. The ship was anchored a mile from land and I had to go to it in a rowboat. The harbor of Maranhão is filling with sand; and at ebb-tide, numerous bars are revealed which enclose pools infested with sharks. I could not get a state-room during the first two days of the voyage; nor would the officer allow me to swing my hammock on deck, saying that the ship was not a "hen roost." So I had to sleep standing.

Our first call was at the city of Fortaleza, where we arrived early one morning. There is no harbor here, and of course, no docks; so we anchored in the open ocean half a mile from shore. As we had to remain here until evening, I was eager to set foot on *terra firma* and enjoy a little respite from being "rocked in the cradle of the deep," which, it is said, cannot be excelled for "bringing out all there is in a man." Going ashore in the custom-house boat, we drew up just outside the surf and the boat was turned with the stern to the land, the rudder removed, and an oar secured at the bow to steer by. A sharp lookout was now kept for a big billow; and just at the right instant, several mighty pulls were given by the two

files of oarsmen and we shot in on the crest of a huge wave. Great difficulty is experienced in landing merchandise here. I was told that fifty per cent. of the perishable goods are damaged. To liter, the goods are first transferred from the ship to barges, which are towed to a point just outside the breakers, then loaded into small boats and taken to land. It was an interesting, yet appalling spectacle to watch the stevedores battle with the billows, which were sweeping over the freighted barges and banging the boxes and barrels about in an alarming manner. It seemed a miracle that some of these men were not seriously injured or killed.

Fortaleza was founded in 1611, is regularly built, has wide streets, and is said to be one of the most beautifully laid-out cities in Brazil. It has a population of forty-one thousand; and though it is surrounded by a sterile region, is connected by rail with a fertile interior.

Getting ashore, I called at once upon Dr. Beard, who was in charge of the Presbyterian mission, the only one established here. Dr. Beard is a medical missionary, and informed me that he sometimes treated a thousand cases in a single month, all of which were very poor people, and both service and medicine were given free of charge. This big practice aroused the jealousy of the local medical profession who tried to have him heavily fined and enjoined, but without success. Moreover, as he preached the Gospel, as well as *practiced*, the *holy* priests trained their guns on him; but with no better success than the *medicos*.

At the time of my visit, Dr. Beard's congregation was building a church edifice at a cost of about seven thousand dollars, though the society had less than forty members, all of whom were poor, except one man, and he was merely in comfortable circumstances. These earnest Christians, however, had a mind to give, which they did with gladness and liberality. There is little "dead matter" in the mission churches of South America, for every member gives heavily of his time and substance to extend the Kingdom of Christ. An English missionary, laboring in Buenos Aires, said to me,

"Our church now has seventy members, and the number of our members is the number of our evangelists."

The following evening, our ship laid to off the city of Natal for an hour. There was no harbor, so we remained out in the open roadstead two miles from land. As the weather was a little stormy and darkness was coming on, the small boat that came out for the mail had no easy task. Natal is also a center of missionary activity conducted by the Presbyterian Church.

Another night's run, and we entered the mouth of the river Parahyba and came up to a staging in still water in front of the village of Cabedello, the port of the city of Parahyba. This was the only time I saw a ship come up to a wharf in Brazil.

There are cocoanut palm groves at Cabedello, and as the fruit was at that stage of development when the solid and liquid substance of the ripe nut is milk, the first thing many of the passengers did after disembarking, was to refresh themselves with this nourishing beverage.

The city of Parahyba is situated a few miles up the river from Cabedello. It was founded in 1579, and has a population of eighteen thousand. It also is a center of missionary activity conducted by the Presbyterians, though the entire missionary force is but two or three persons.

One more night on the sea and our ship anchored in the open roadstead off the city of Pernambuco, the most easterly point of America. Only vessels of light draft can pass inside the limestone reef which forms a breakwater along the coast a great distance, and those that cannot, must anchor in the open ocean; so that passengers have to be gymnasts to get into the small boats that take them to shore. Even vessels that pass inside the reef and find comparatively still water do not go up to a wharf.

Pernambuco is called "The Venice of South America," because it stands partly upon two islands and because of the many bridges that span the narrow channels separating the islands from each other and form the main land. These chan-

nels and bridges add greatly to the beauty of the city. It is the metropolis of the principal sugar-producing region of Brazil, was founded in 1504, and now has a population of about two hundred thousand. Rains occur frequently throughout the year, and the buildings are overgrown with moss.

The Presbyterian, Baptist and "Help for Brazil" missions have each strong and flourishing churches in Pernambuco, and are seeing splendid results from their labors. Though for this great city and neighboring territory, the number of missionaries is ridiculously small.

The Gospel has suffered much persecution in the state of Pernambuco. I met in the city an earnest young native Christian who, while visiting in a neighboring town, met there a couple of families who were interested in the Gospel and invited them to meet with him at the home of one of them to hold a Gospel meeting. The local priest learning of this, a mob was formed which brutally assaulted the little company and broke up the furniture in the house; and afterward the young evangelist had to be guarded by the soldier-police at the house where he was staying. For a long time, the believers residing in this village were subject to a more and more oppressive boycott, until life became intolerable. These persecutions were instigated by the priest.

In another district, the priest hired an assassin to slay a certain medical missionary who had acquired great influence over the people through healing their bodies as well as by proclaiming the story of God's love which heals the soul. But the murderer, partially intoxicated, became confused, and killed, instead, a native minister who was accompanying the missionary. Just before the hour at which it was planned the crime should occur, the priest in question rode out of the village announcing to people by the way that a dead foreigner would soon be carried past.

At another town, a band of murderers, armed with guns and long knives, bore down upon an assemblage of Christian worshippers, one dark night, thirsting for gore. But the be-

A Partial View of the Business District of Pernambuco.

The Limestone Reef that forms the Harbor of Pernambuco.

lievers, warned of their approach, dismissed the meeting at once, extinguished the lights, and dispersed by a back way. As the mob approached the entrance to the church, they descried in the darkness another band of men coming from the opposite direction; and thinking them to be the Christians coming to drive them off, they opened fire on them. Their fire was returned, and three or four persons were killed and several wounded. When too late, it was discovered that the two mobs were friends bent upon the same murderous errand.

Two young men who were in a seminary at Pernambuco, studying for the priesthood, were converted and left the institution through having read, surreptitiously, the report of a controversy carried on through the public press between a missionary and a priest. They entered immediately the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at São Paulo to study for the ministry.

An event similar to this occurred in Southern Brazil. "Not long ago," writes a missionary, "a warfare of words was carried on that gave the Christian mission a better standing than it could have gained, perhaps, in any other way. A German priest gathered all our Bibles he could find and burned them, telling the people they were false. The missionary demanding that he prove his statements, a lively discussion ensued through the daily newspapers, with the result that a great interest was awakened among the people, who eagerly bought a large number of copies of the Sacred Word and began to study it earnestly."

Our ship remained two days at Pernambuco taking on several thousand sacks of sugar to transport to Rio de Janeiro; so I had time to go with a resident missionary one evening to conduct a Gospel meeting at the home of a native Christian. This man was once in abject poverty; but when he found the Lord Jesus Christ, he became so faithful and trustworthy in his work that his employer promoted him and increased his wages. Moreover, having now no vices to swallow up his substance, he saved money, and in time owned several houses. He had

his own residence built with a large room to which he might invite his friends to hear the glad tidings of God's love and mercy. We met here a large company of earnest, warm-hearted Christians.

We anchored next in the well-known "Bay of All the Saints" in front of the great city of Bahia. There were no docks, so we remained a mile from shore, getting to land by means of small boats after much haggling with rapacious boatmen.

Seen in the delightful morning sunlight from the deck of a ship lying in the harbor, this large, old city of white buildings, extending several miles along the bluff, presents a beautiful appearance. But when one goes ashore and walks about the streets, he is disappointed to find parts of it in a filthy, malodorous condition, though where the wealthiest classes reside, it is more sanitary and beautiful. The commercial center of the city, called the lower city, lies at the foot of the bluff along the water's edge. It is connected with the upper city by a hydraulic lift and inclined planes, and by winding roadways.

"The Bay of All the Saints" was first entered in 1503 by Amerigo Vespucci, and the city was founded in 1510. It now has a population of about two hundred thousand. For a long period after Brazil began to be colonized, it was the national capital. It is now the metropolis of the principal tobacco producing region of Brazil; and is surrounded by orange and banana groves and by a rich, tropical vegetation. Scattered and hidden everywhere in this dense, and for the most part wild and rank vegetation, are numerous rude human habitations that are scarcely better than the abodes of savages; indeed, many savage dwellings are superior to them. Many of the dwellers in these hovels are little more than tame savages who have simply become acquainted with civilization, but never absorbed any of it. This is one of the surprising features of Brazilian cities, that, though one may find in them all the paraphernalia of the most advanced civilization, yet at the same time their suburbs and environs are rank jungles

populated by savages wearing clothes—more or less—and dwelling in rude huts. Even in the heart of the city of Bahia, boys eight or ten years old may be seen running in the streets entirely nude. It may be far better, perhaps, that the poor should dwell in their own savage huts, stowed away in the suburban jungles, eat their own bananas and manioc, and enjoy the fresh air and the sunlight, than to huddle in single rooms, or rather, in the cells and caverns of some big, human ant tower, or table-mountain, in the heart of the city. In this climate, these people do not really need houses, except to protect themselves from the elements, and their few chattels, perhaps, from thieves; else they might dwell under the trees.

I shall never forget how interested and charmed I was when I saw for the first time the orange, banana, and cocoanut palm groves, and other tropical fruits, growing in rich profusion—and the tropical jungles, too, dotted with savage huts, in the suburbs of Bahia; and ate of the wonderful oranges for which this city is justly famous.

Bahia is a city of temples. As a fellow passenger remarked, their towers, or spires, "are as thick as the pickets on a fence." There is a cluster of them at one point, belonging to various religious orders. One, a Jesuit temple, was built two centuries ago of marble imported from Italy. It is said to be the finest basilica in Brazil. Another, the *Bom Fim*—Good End—is a famous shrine. The ceiling and walls of a large room to the right of the altar, are hung and covered with wax figures of legs, arms and nearly every other part of the human anatomy, representing ghastly and revolting sores and wounds; and of rude pictures and sketches of all kinds of accidents and events, such as shootings, shipwrecks, death-bed scenes and other crises of human life. Persons near death from disease, or meeting with accidents, or confronted by perils, real or imaginary, make vows to the "Holy One" whose shrine the *Bom Fim* is, and whose *image* is enthroned here, that if restored or delivered, they would acknowledge the favor by contributing some memorial of the event to the *Bom Fim museum.*

At the entrance to this temple are two oil-paintings, so large that they nearly cover the wall. One is entitled, "The Death of the Saint," and represents numerous priests, friars, monks and nuns, crowding about the bed of a moribund who is devoutly kissing a crucifix, while angelic beings are hovering above him to receive his soul. The other painting is entitled, "The Death of the Sinner," and represents the moribund refusing to kiss the crucifix, with the result that the attending brigade of the priestly army is fleeing from him in horror, while numerous horned and harpoon-tailed demons are flocking in to receive his soul, and escort it to the place of eternal torture. A third huge painting in this temple represents his satanic majesty in what are believed to be his real dimensions, and true appearance—horns, hoofs, harpoon-tail, wolf-ears, and a trident in his hands. These paintings are designed to prey upon and degrade the *minds* of an ignorant and superstitious people, and to keep them, body and mind, completely under the spell of the priest.

Bahia is an important missionary center of the Presbyterian and Baptist Societies, both having here strong and flourishing churches and splendid schools. At the time of my visit, two hundred children were attending the school of the former in the heart of the city. Once, severe criticisms of this school, written by a priest, were published in a leading daily. This caught the eye of a prominent cotton manufacturer of the city. Desiring to know just what kind of a school it was, he visited it; and when he saw the splendidly equipped school rooms, the cultured, refined Christian teachers, the host of bright, happy, well-dressed boys and girls, and the great progress they had made in their studies, he was delighted, and deeply impressed. "I want you to organize a school, just like this one, in my part of the city, for the children of my employees," said he, finally, to the missionary in charge, "and I will bear all the expenses for rent, equipment and salaries of teachers." In due time, the school was organized and began its work, conducted just like the parent school—opened each day with the singing of one or two sweet Gospel hymns, a short Bible

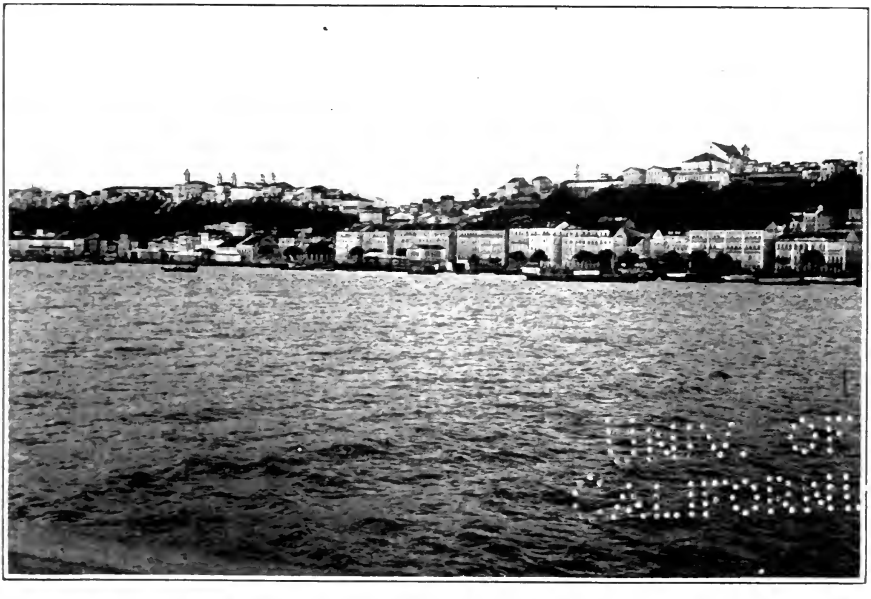
lesson and prayer, and Bible study in the school work. This event was the more remarkable because philanthrophy in Brazil seldom takes this practical form.

The Baptist citadel, or mission headquarters, was a building which was anciently the "Holy Office," or Inquisition. The thick-walled basement was the dungeon in which the unhappy victims were incarcerated while awaiting a dreaded though unknown fate. Above this, was the hall of judgment, into which the wretched victims were dragged to hear their sentence, without perhaps even knowing of what they were accused, or having an opportunity to face their accusers and defend themselves.

When the "Holy Office" ceased to be, the building became a slave-prison, which new use was in perfect accord with its previous use. The blood-stained tree still stands in the court-yard, to which the miserable slaves were bound, while being flogged until nearly dead. What unspeakable crimes and human agonies have not these walls witnessed! But happier days have come, and all these diabolical doings have long since ceased. Time has rung down the curtain on these terrible tragedies and deeds of darkness—done by the Devil, disguised as Christ—never again to raise it, we hope, and a wonderful and glorious change has come in the scenes and events now daily transpiring within these fortification-like walls. Now, in the ancient judgment hall, where the sentence of human hate was once pronounced, the glorious Gospel of God's love is proclaimed; while in the ancient prison-house, in the basement, where truth was often chained and strangled, printing-presses are clicking and singing, setting at liberty and sending out over the land, the beautiful love message of Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to preach the Gospel to the poor." And where only the wails and cries of human anguish and despair were heard, the joyous song, and sound of study, and the merry, innocent laughter and play of some two hundred bright, happy, hopeful children are heard and seen as they assemble daily to receive a Christian education, and to drink at

the matchless Fountain, of which Jesus said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst," for it "shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

What irony of fate history reveals! This inquisition building has fallen, by order of Providence, into the hands of the very persons, whom, above all others, it was erected to destroy. Two inquisition buildings in Mexico have come into the possession of the Methodist Church. They were bought because they were for sale at a very low price, not being suitable for any ordinary use, but could be used by the Methodist Mission. Furthermore, the house in which Voltaire lived in Paris was used by the British & Foreign Bible Society for a long period, and filled with Bibles. Robert G. Ingersoll's homestead at Peoria, Illinois, is now the site of a beautiful Young Men's Christian Association building, and the University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson and stocked with French infidels, came in time to have a faculty composed entirely of professing Christians.



Partial Views of the City of Bahia from the Harbor.

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Chapter XXIV.

REV. GEORGE W. CHAMBERLAIN, D. D.

MARKET DAY.—A BARBAROUS HOTEL.—RIOTS.—SCHOOLS.

It was at Bahia and vicinity that I got my first experiences of life in Brazil. It was here, too, that I was privileged to make the acquaintance of that veteran missionary of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. George W. Chamberlain, D. D., who has since entered the eternal mansions, and of whom I shall always cherish sacred memories. He was one of the first of modern missionaries to Brazil, where he labored with untiring devotion nearly forty years. By horse and mule, he traveled over wide regions sowing the seed of the Kingdom of God and planting churches. No missionary in Brazil was so well known and so much loved and esteemed by the native people. His was a beautiful, Christ-like character. I count it among the happiest experiences of my life that I had the honor of spending a brief time with him, and to have known him in his family life. His was an ideal missionary family, if I may take the liberty to say it; and I have never known a family in which the Spirit of Christ seemed to reign so supremely as in his home. I take this opportunity to pay my humble tribute of love and esteem to his memory.

Soon after I arrived in Brazil, Dr. Chamberlain invited me to accompany him on a short missionary journey into the interior. We crossed the "Bay of All the Saints," and ascended the little tide river Paraguassú to the twin towns of Cachoeira and São Felix, which nestle at the foot of bluffs eight hun-

dred feet in height, where the Presbyterians now have strong, well-organized churches and a flourishing school. At the time of my visit, the little congregation at Cachoeira met in an " upper room " of a rude building in which dwelt two or three families. Dr. Chamberlain and I remained here over Sunday, passing two nights trying to sleep in a dungeon-like room off the meeting-room on a bed having bare boards for a mattress and a thin blanket for a sheet. Our food, too, was so unclean, and so different from anything I had ever seen, that I could not " make out a hearty meal," and began to think that, after all, real missionary life, like real war, was anything but glorious.

Monday morning, we boarded a narrow-gauge railway train, climbed the bluff, and traveled over a fairly level plateau, some twenty miles to a town called the Feira de Santa Anna. It presented a most animated appearance when we arrived. A great market, called a fair in Brazil, is held here every Monday. These fairs, or markets, were formerly held every day in the week in a region, Sunday excepted, but in a different town or village each day. It is said that this is how the days of the week—except Saturday and Sunday, which are called, *sabbado*—seventh day, and *domingo*—Lord's day—came to be named second-fair-day (Monday); third-fair-day (Tuesday); fourth-fair-day; fifth-fair-day, and so on.

The people were gathered in hundreds and thousands at the Feira de Santa Anna; the buyers and merchants coming chiefly from the city of Bahia, and the producers coming in from everywhere on horses and mules and on foot, and with ox-carts. Cattle, horses, mules, hogs, chickens, home-made cheeses, oranges, bananas, corn and manioc meal, and numerous other fruits and vegetables, grown in this region, were offered for sale, from baskets, bags and trays, placed upon the ground in the open square. Forty or fifty cattle are slaughtered every Monday to feed the multitude, but they are mostly old cows, for the best animals are driven to Bahia where they command a better price. Numerous fine mules

were exhibited, some of which sold for three or four hundred dollars each.

Strangely enough, there was but one hotel in this town—a barbarous one-story building. The horde of producers, and many of the buyers as well, Gypsy-like, were not the sort of people who stay at hotels of any kind. When we sat down to breakfast at noon at the hotel, I found myself, unhappily, facing the entrance to the cook-room, into which I could plainly see. The floor was of earth, and the walls nearly the color of the floor; and in addition to several greasy, slatternly individuals, who moved about leisurely, preparing our food, the barn-yard and the nursery seemed to have collected there, for fowls, pigs, goats and dogs were going in and out at will, while nude children, the color of the ground, crawled about among the live stock. Scraps of food, instead of being thrown into a garbage receptacle, or out of doors, were merely scuffed off the table onto the ground, where they were quickly seized by some beast, bird of boy. Observing this Zoo, in the culinary department did not improve my appetite. It impressed me the more, as I was then unfamiliar with life in Brazil.

After breakfast, a few people assembled in the dining-room and Dr. Chamberlain conducted a brief Gospel meeting. But this town has strongly resisted the Evangel.

A priest once held sway here who was so villainous that, notwithstanding all the ingenious doctrines that have been devised to excuse vice and diabolism on the part of priests, even these people became unable to tolerate him, and ejected him from the town. But instead of relegating him to a dungeon, or to oblivion, his superior set him up in another parish, where he might continue to practice his diabolical deeds and prey upon a deluded and debased people. What a sad comment this is upon the character and *state of mind* of these people, that the foisting upon them of such a monster to be their spiritual and moral teacher and guide could be even thought of, much less that they should submit themselves to him for years. I read one day, in one of the leading dailies of Ceará, an open letter

setting forth the long practiced enormities of another of these sacred bullies, and imploring his superior to remove him.

Dr. Chamberlain afterward established a mission at the Feira de Santa Anna, and his daughter organized a school in a building which she had constructed especially for the purpose. But yellow fever finally invaded the missionary family, removing Miss Chamberlain and her native assistant, and the school was given up for a time, to the grief of many bright boys and girls. There never was a more ideal and beautiful school than this, it seems to me, because there never was a more ideal teacher than Mary Christian Chamberlain. She was not only thoroughly trained intellectually for her chosen work, but had the heart culture as well, which is of great importance. She had caught the spirit of the Great Teacher in a high degree and loved devotedly her work and her pupils. Moreover, she was an ideal daughter, and it is not strange that she was the idol of her parents' hearts.

When the school was first opened and pupils sought, one prominent woman declared that under no circumstances would she allow her children to attend—she "would see them grow up mules first." So she continued to send them to the local semi-barbarous school. But as the weeks passed, and she frequently heard her neighbors' children speaking with gratitude and enthusiasm of their wonderful new school and singing the praises of their extraordinary teacher, knew what their studies were, saw that they were making what seemed to her marvelous progress in branches hitherto unknown to her, and that it was a joy to them to attend the school, her motherly pride overcame her prejudice. She could not longer endure to see her children really remain mules, compared to these other boys and girls, for, mother-like, she thought her children just as good, and perhaps a little better than other children. Therefore, it was not long ere her three bright, handsome little ones were seen, beautifully dressed and apparently quite happy, attending the new school.

No truant officer was needed for this school. The children loved their school and their teacher so much that nothing

but force would absent them; and when compelled to remain at home, they were almost heart-broken. The happiness of all seemed complete when at school. Could they have had their wish, the school would have remained in session seven days each week, without vacations. Assisting at the opening exercises of the school each morning for a time, it did my soul good to hear the children sing our familiar Gospel hymns which had been translated into their language. They had memorized every verse of each hymn, and sang whole-heartedly.

Dr. Chamberlain had a wing of his spacious residence fitted up as a preaching hall. Though it is always necessary to have some room set apart permanently for the holding of mission services, yet for a time, in many cases, comparatively few persons have the courage to enter such a hall, for the terror of the priest is upon them. Spies, appointed by the priest, watch these places, and every person who enters is marked.

Hoping to reach the ear of the general public with the Gospel message, Dr. Chamberlain decided to try to hold a few open air meetings in the square. One evening, therefore, he made the attempt, assisted by members of his family and native Christians, the meeting having been advertised. But the priest was not indifferent to this threatened encroachment upon what he considered his exclusive domain, so organized what appeared to be at first merely a harmless procession, but which turned out to be a mob in disguise. This horde of misguided men left their rendezvous an apparently harmless religious procession, but when they reached the place where Dr. Chamberlain and his party were holding forth in the presence of a large assemblage, they suddenly became a mob and began to hurl large stones at the defenceless missionary party; and but for the arrival of the police—though they were careful not to appear until the meeting was broken up—the missionaries might have suffered harm. Strange to say, not one of the missionary party was struck, though many missiles were thrown; while the ruffians and their friends accidentally struck one another, and a few were badly injured. Some of

the stones thrown weighed several pounds. Boulders and bricks appear to be the only argument these men have. The opposition was such that open air meetings here were abandoned. Previous to this, Dr. Chamberlain conducted open air meetings at Cachoeira and São Felix, and at each place, nearly a thousand persons gave thoughtful and respectful attention to the presentation of the Gospel by a native minister.

I met at the Feira de Santa Anna, a native Christian colporteur who had been employed by the American Bible Society to go from village to village and visit every family in each place, offering the Bible for sale. Immediately upon his arrival at a certain village, once, his entire stock of Bibles was seized and publicly burned by order of the priest, who was not only the religious head of the district, but also the political, and but little less than a Cæsar.

Some people wonder why we *sell* the Bible, and if our doing so does not savor of commercialism. The price these Bibles are sold at is but a fraction of the cost of printing and distributing them. Moreover, experience has taught that it is necessary to make a small charge for the Books, otherwise the people would immediately beg from us our entire stock, ostensibly to read, but in reality to deliver them up to their masters, the priests, to be destroyed. Only a small percentage, apparently, of Bibles and Testaments, as ordinarily distributed, ever come to fruition, for the priests and their jackals, the modern "fowls of the air," collect and destroy a large proportion of them. To cut down the losses from this cause as much as possible, the missionary, or colporteur, should not hurry in his work, but should take time to make the families with whom he leaves a Bible comprehend somewhat that it is a Message to them personally from the Most High, which they should listen to and obey implicitly, and should guard as their most precious treasure; thus the attempted circumvention of the "fowls of the air," who would filch it away, will be defeated. The directors of Bible Societies should, perhaps, avoid emphasizing too much the mere number of volumes put out by their field men, but instead, should aim more at

thoroughness of work. One tree well planted will yield more fruit than scores poorly planted, or left on the surface of the ground; and one Bible placed in the hands of people for whom time has been taken to impress upon them its great value, will accomplish more than many left with those who remain ignorant of their worth.

The drought and famine previously mentioned, had extended into the state of Bahia, and a large number of its victims had found their way, finally, to the Feira de Santa Anna, and other places, seeking relief. Every day, for a time, scores and even hundreds of these wretched, emaciated beings clamored for food at Dr. Chamberlain's door. They came in such a steady stream that we were forced to tell them all to come only at noon each day; and when they came at the hour appointed, we brought them all into the mission hall and gave them food for the body, and also food for the soul, for we read and taught them God's Word, sang a Gospel hymn or two and prayed for them. Seventy to one hundred fifty were fed each day for a time. The food given them was stewed fresh beef and manioc meal. The abdomens of many of the children that were mere skeletons, were inflated like balloons; while other young children that had existed in a state of semi-starvation for years, had, apparently, long since ceased to grow, and were not much too large to be pushed into an overcoat pocket. One of the last acts of Mary Christian Chamberlain's beautiful, Christ-like life, and that of her native assistant, was to dispense not only the bread that nourishes the mortal, but also that which nourishes the immortal. Such famished ones as were too ill, or too nearly dead to leave the sheds in which they had taken shelter, were visited and ministered to. Some districts were nearly depopulated because of the famine. People died even along the trails and highways where there was no one to bury them, and were devoured by the buzzards.

Gospel missions are now flourishing at a number of points in the state of Bahia. But there is a mere corporal's guard

of missionaries and native pastors for this great territory, which has a population of nearly two millions.

The following is an instance of how the Gospel is sometimes firmly planted in a locality: A certain man, resident of an isolated village some three hundred miles in the interior, while traveling far from home stumbled upon the Gospel, like the man who stumbled upon a treasure hid in a field, and received it with joy. Returning home, he at once invited his friends and neighbors to gather at his house to hear the reading of the sweet story of God's love and pardoning grace from the Bible which he had brought with him. The result was that a dozen or more of his male friends soon joined him in his new-found faith. Informed of what was occurring, the local priest raised a storm of opposition, but was completely vanquished in his attempt to "catch away that which was sown," or to frighten and drive away from the village these new Christians. Later, the victorious little band sent a petition to the missionaries at the city of Bahia urgently desiring that some one should be sent to preach the Gospel in their village. Their request was granted. Thus the Gospel is being planted in many places and bearing much fruit.

Chapter XXV.

A CITY BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION.—A MISSION CENTER.—CARNIVALS.—THE LOTTERY.—SÃO PAULO.—COFFEE AND MILK SALOONS.

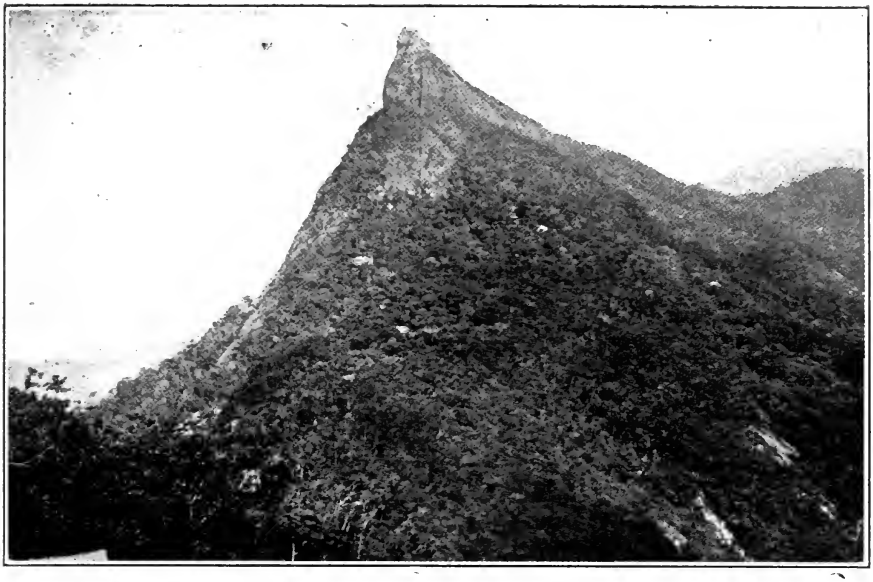
Resuming our voyage to Rio de Janeiro: After forty-eight hours steaming from Bahai, our good ship threaded its way among great rocks and mountains, which it approached so closely at times that apparently one might have jumped ashore, and at last dropped anchor in what appeared to be merely a small lake or pond nestling among the mountains, far distant from the heaving sea. This was the beautiful and picturesque harbor of the little city called Nossa Senhora da Victoria—Our Lady of Victory—which lay at the foot of the mountains on one side of the harbor. It is the capital of the state called Espirito Santo—Holy Spirit. Though it was founded in 1535, and is a great coffee exporting town, it has a population of but ten thousand. The climate, however, is unhealthy. The Methodists have a mission here.

Another night and a day on the sea, and on a Sunday afternoon, we plowed through the narrow, rock-bound gates into the famous and exceedingly picturesque harbor of Rio de Janeiro, which is considered one of the finest harbors in the world. It is seventeen miles long, two to four miles broad, is deep, and is encircled by forest-covered mountains and completely sheltered from the sea.

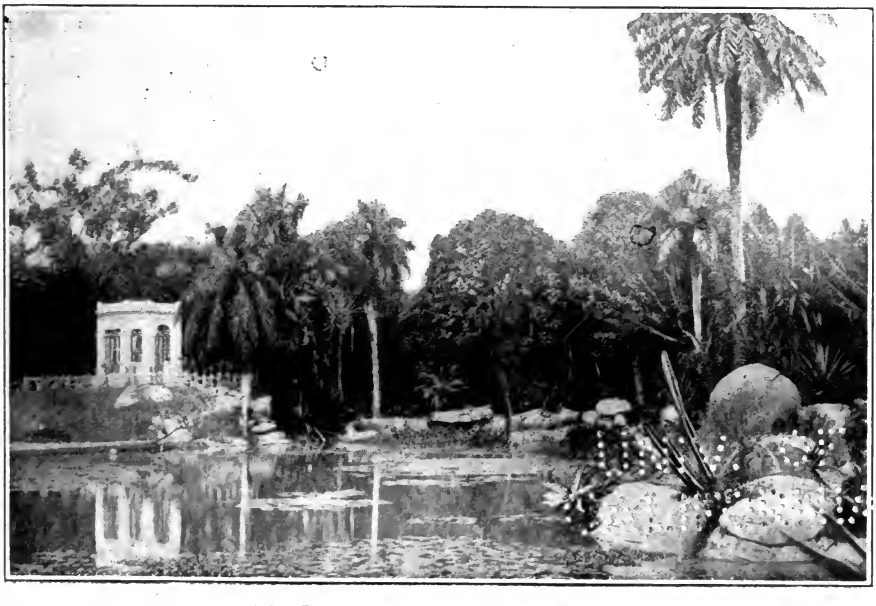
Rio de Janeiro is the capital of Brazil. It was founded in 1567, and has a population estimated at eight hundred thousand, which are crowded into a space of nine square miles. The city extends fifteen miles along the edge of the harbor

and around the base of the mountains that rise in the background to an altitude of five or six thousand feet, some of the spurs of which extend into the city. One of these spurs, the famous Corcovada—Hunchback—rises vertically out of the city to a height of nearly half a mile, from the summit of which one might jump down into the city's renowned botanical garden. Probably no city in the world is so magnificently situated as Rio de Janeiro. The city itself, also, is remarkably beautiful and charming in those sections where the best residences are found. But there is the same monotony of architectural style that prevails in all South American cities, which detracts from their beauty. The cities of South America are oriental rather than occidental. Most of the streets of Rio de Janeiro, are extremely narrow, as if there was insufficient room on the earth. Even the city's famous and captivating retail street, the Rua do Ouvidor, which is nearly as well known over the world as the name of the city itself, is so narrow that it has to be given up entirely to pedestrians, no vehicle being allowed to enter it except between midnight and dawn. Other streets, though traversed by car lines, are so narrow that the pedestrian, following the apology for a side-walk, which may not be more than eighteen inches broad, must flatten himself against the side of a building while the car passes. When in Pernambuco, I had even to get off the street entirely into a doorway to avoid being crushed.

But more recently, "broad avenues have been cut through the center of the most populous districts of Rio de Janeiro. Along the edge of the surpassingly beautiful bay has been constructed a triple boulevard for horsemen, carriages and automobiles. It is probably unsurpassed in picturesque beauty by any roadway in the world. For more than twenty miles the shore of the bay has been lined with embankments or quays of solid masonry." Besides these splendid improvements, there has been built "an imposing series of harbors, basins and docks, with twelve miles of landing quays, sufficient to accommodate the commerce of this port for a century to come." These public works have cost the government forty



Corcovada Mountain from the Rear. Its summit is 2,400 feet directly above the city of Rio de Janeiro.



The Botanical Garden, Rio de Janeiro.

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millions of dollars, which has been a severe strain on the treasury.

Rio de Janeiro exerts a transcendent influence over the whole of Brazil—as Paris does over the whole of France, and for much the same reasons, and far greater than the influence exerted by any city in the United States over the rest of the country. The reason for this supreme influence is that Rio de Janeiro is far the largest city in Brazil, having fourfold the population of any other city; that it is the political, financial, commercial and social capital of the nation; and finally, it was once the seat of empire and of centralized power. Its great dailies exert a vast influence in every part of the land, especially the Journal of Commerce, which goes wherever the mail goes, and is subscribed for and read as if it were the utterances of an oracle. No newspaper in the United States can compare with it in influence. The chief reason for the influence exerted by the press of Brazil is, that it is the only literature of most of the people, and they attach great importance to anything they see in print. Non-circulating libraries and bookstores exist in only a few of the largest cities, and the masses of the people rarely see a book.

Brazilian literature is very limited compared with English, French and German literature. There is little inducement to publish books, for no work can have a large circulation. Only a small percentage of the people are able to read, of whom, but few desire to read books, preferring to waste their time in meaningless talk; and of those who can and would read, only a fraction are able to buy books. Students of law, medicine, engineering and theology, must first acquire one of the great languages just named. Unfortunately, little of the Brazilian fiction that exists is of a wholesome moral tone, and much of it is more or less vicious, being influenced by French realism.

Rio de Janeiro possesses a number of public institutions. The most important are the medical, military and polytechnic schools, the conservatory of music, the museum, the National

Library, containing two hundred forty-seven thousand volumes, an insane asylum, and a general hospital which is said to be one of the largest in the world, having over twelve hundred patients. Four or more missionary societies have strong, well-organized churches, missions and schools, one Presbyterian church, in charge of a native pastor, having over seven hundred members. Here also are the headquarters of the British and the American Bible Societies, which are doing a magnificent work in sending the Bible over the whole of Brazil. The Young Men's Christian Association is also strongly established here in a splendid building of its own and doing a great work for young men. This work was founded, and has been directed from the beginning by my dear friend Mr. Myron A. Clark, through whose untiring energy and devotion the beautiful new building came to be. Owing to his efforts, the Association has expanded and taken firm root at other places in Brazil. The other missionary societies, like the famous banyan tree, have reached out from the capital and taken root at many places in the interior.

It was at Rio de Janeiro that the Gospel of God's love was preached for the first time in the western hemisphere, and by the Rev. John Bowles, the famous Huguenot preacher; who preached with such ardor and displayed such erudition that he confounded the Jesuits and made them fear that he would "pervert" the very elect among them. He was confined eight years in a sickening prison, then decapitated, the noted Jesuit, Anchieta, acting as executioner in place of the regular headsman who lost his nerve and could not perform his bloody function. Many Brazilians to-day deeply regret this unhappy event. What a different world Brazil might now be if the Gospel had been permitted to take root and grow at that time.

It is over half a century since the inception of modern evangelical mission work in Brazil. Dr. Cally, a Scotch physician and philanthropist, was one of the first missionaries, and founded what is known to-day as the "Help for Brazil Mission." He had previously conducted a great mission work

on the Madeira Islands, using the Bible as a text-book in his schools. But the nature of his work becoming known to the modern scribes and pharasees, the priests, they stirred up a violent persecution against him; his house was attacked by a mob and demolished, with its valuable contents; while he escaped only with his life by getting into a sack and being carried away on a man's shoulders, as if he were a bag of potatoes, and put on board a British ship that lay in the harbor. After this, he established himself in Rio de Janeiro, where a beautiful work was built up and branch missions were organized at other places.

The Rev. Mr. Symmington, a Presbyterian, was another of the first missionaries. He published an evangelistic journal from the beginning of his work, thus proclaiming the Gospel with voice and pen with excellent results.

Though the Gospel has been planted at a large number of places in South America and splendid results have been achieved, yet the harvest is very great, while the laborers are few indeed. Of the fifty millions of people, probably not many more than a million have been touched by the Gospel. The force that the Christian Church is sending against this mighty host is as if Japan had sent a corporal's guard against the entire Russian army.

Even in the magnificent harbor of the great city of Rio de Janeiro, there were no docks at this time for our ship, so we anchored a mile from land. After the usual haggling with boatmen and getting ashore this Sunday afternoon, we found no cartmen to transfer our baggage. But a few carriers appeared, one of whom insisted upon binding my two pack-mule trunks and other effects into one package and transferring it upon his head, notwithstanding that the weight was nearly two hundred pounds. His companions helped him to get the burden on his head; but after carrying it several block, it proved too heavy for him and he would have dropped it in the street had not my companion and I unloaded him. Finally, when we got everything to a hotel, and I voluntarily tendered him triple the amount of pay he should have received, he demanded more.

The annual Carnival was at hightide this day, Sunday, and brigades of *carretas*—ugly faces—were perambulating the principal thoroughfares squeaking like hordes of rates playing and fighting. This great Carnival is the deification and worship of carnality. All restraint is cast to the wind and the "reins are thrown on the neck of passion." Hell seems to have let our for a holiday. Multitudes, dressed in fantastic costumes and wearing hideous false-faces representing disgusting dragons devouring repulsive reptiles, besides many other fearsome and revolting make-ups, run about the streets day and night, penetrate in groups into stores and other public places, and into private residences, taking all manner of liberties and talking nonsense, or worse, in falsetto voices. The young men of the most prominent families organize themselves into clubs calling themselves "Lieutenants of the Devil," "Companions of the Devil," and similar suggestive titles, and drive about the streets in open day with semi-nude harlots; and at night, give a grand saturnalian ball. Every one tries, apparently, to impersonate his conception of the Prince of Darkness. This grand, universal bacchanalia continues for two or three weeks prior to "Ash Wednesday." Then, on the vesper of this day, it ceases absolutely; and the hordes of would-be demons, dragons, hobgoblins and clowns, vanish suddenly from the streets, "repent," "confess," put ashes on their heads, "fast" and prepare for "holy week," though Bacchus does not cease to be worshipped.

Gambling and the lottery, *the prostitution of hope*, is a colossal national vice in Brazil. The people are stricken with a specie of madness on this subject of securing a fortune, or at least a competency, without having given anything in return for it—of obtaining "something for nothing." It casts a black shadow over national life and paralyzes honest effort everywhere. The minds of the rising generation are poisoned and diseased with this idea. Every newspaper daily holds up to the gaze of the morbid public, in stunning headlines, announcements of fortunes to be secured by the simple pur-

chase of a ticket for twenty-five cents or a dollar; while lottery booths, aflame with catchy advertisements, obstruct the streets in every large city, and ticket hawkers are omnipresent announcing their pernicious goods in fog-horn voices or waylaying pedestrians. Armies of these ticket venders, like swarms of ravenous parasites, subsist wholly by this specie of national self-consumption. Multitudes of persons of both sexes devote for years all the money they can spare to the purchase of lottery tickets, hoping with feverish hope, each time they buy one that it will bear the "lucky number," and bring them wealth and affluence.

As might be imagined, the Brazilian capital presents a very gay and brilliant appearance; but behind this beautiful and attractive exterior, lurks a huge and hideous "underworld." It is authoritatively declared that Brazil, with Argentina, is the greatest market in the world for "white slaves," imported from Europe. Though Brazil has enacted strict laws against this revolting traffic, yet they are a dead letter owing to the venality of the police and other government officers.

One more jump, this time by rail, and I was again in the city of São Paulo, after having traveled about seven thousand miles and circumscribed a large portion of Brazil. This city is the metropolis of the chief coffee-producing region of Brazil, and of the world, for about two hundred thousand tons of this product pass through it annually. It is situated upon a plateau surrounded by mountains, and directly upon the line of the tropic of Capricorn; and though but thirty or forty miles from the sea, it is twenty-four hundred feet above sea-level. The climate is therefore salubrious, and the air cool and exhilarating throughout the entire year, especially the nights, and one can always enjoy refreshing sleep. The city was founded in 1554, nearly seventy years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. It has grown very rapidly during the last two decades owing to the influx of Italian and German emigrants. The former are imported largely by the government to provide laborers for the coffee culture. In 1890, the population was sixty-five thousand,

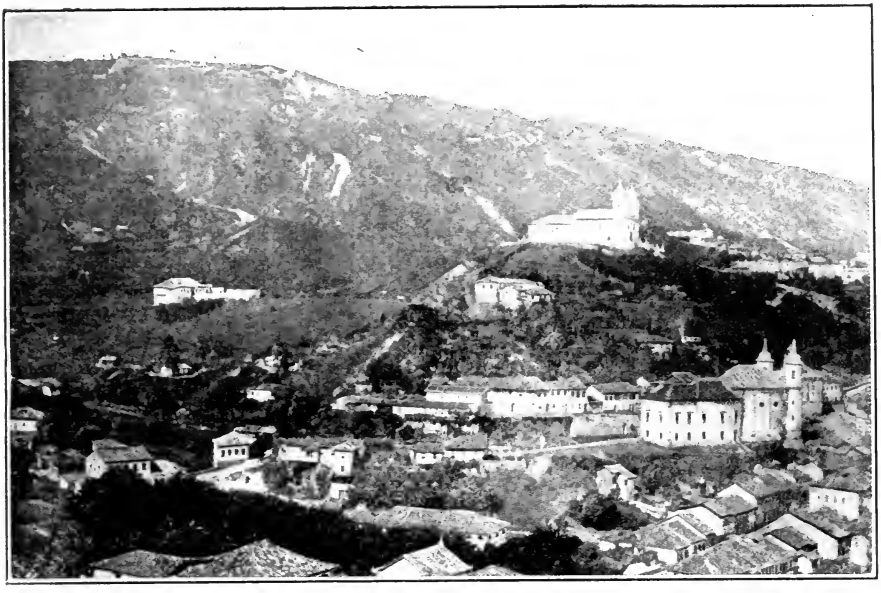
while to-day it is estimated at two hundred thousand or more. Unfortunately, in bringing in laborers, passage free, requiring only that they agree to work a certain length of time on the coffee plantations at regular wages, the government flooded the land with the scum and dregs of Italy. The city of São Paulo is over-run with sneak thieves, "porch climbers," and other orders of criminals.

The principal institutions of São Paulo are a memorial museum marking the spot where the declaration of independence was first made, a law, polytechnic and normal school. There are also a few fine primary school buildings; but even here are found schools more or less medieval.

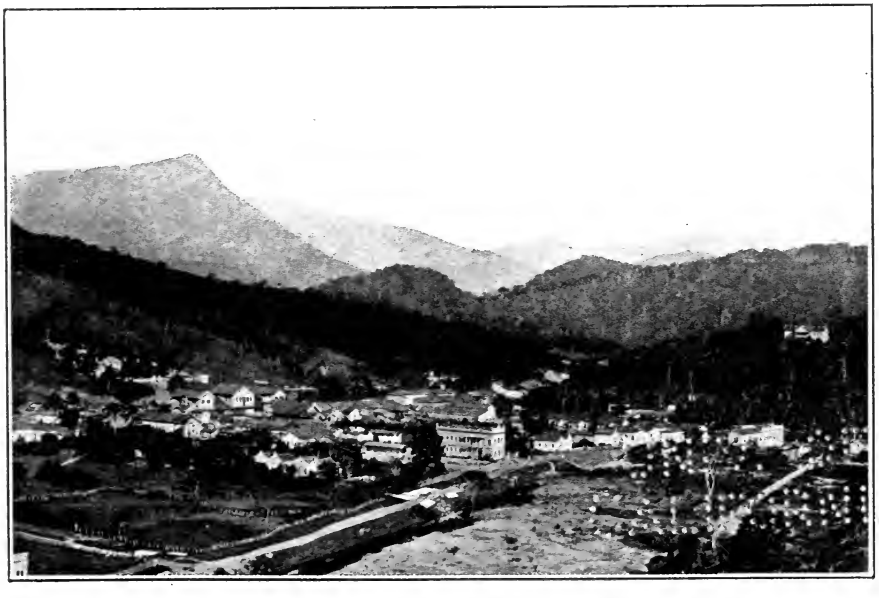
The city has a few manufacturing establishments; but Brazil is not yet a manufacturing country, and most of the manufactured goods are imported. But the government is trying to stimulate home manufacture by imposing heavy duties on all imported manufactured goods. São Paulo is perhaps the most important railroad center in Brazil.

The Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists have healthy, growing churches and missions in São Paulo. The first named are also conducting a great educational work which had its humble beginning many years ago in the house of the Rev. J. Beatty Howell. It has now become a great institution, known as the American School and Mackenzie College, with an enrollment of seven hundred pupils in the primary and collegiate departments, and exerts a moulding influence on education in Brazil. The Presbyterians have also a Theological Seminary here. From this city, also, missionary activities radiate in every direction to the neighboring towns and villages.

The first months of my residence in Brazil were passed near the town of Jahú, the terminus of a railway, some three hundred miles west of São Paulo. The missionary who first preached the Gospel here was dragged through the streets by the beard. Afterward, Dr. Chamberlain evangelized here, and the Rev. J. Beatty Howell labored devotedly and successfully for many years in this region, going from place to place on



The Town of Ouro Preito—Black Gold—in the State of Mimas Geraes.



Nova Friburgo, near Rio de Janeiro, where the Presbyterians have a Mission.

horseback. Once, when Dr. Chamberlain was preaching here, a judge attended a meeting by invitation; but the next evening, a rifle ball was fired through the curtained window of his residence and penetrated the back of the chair at a desk where he usually sat at this hour, and where the assassin supposed he was sitting when the shot was fired. There is a church now at Jahú in charge of a native minister, and a few strong branch churches within twenty or thirty miles which are visited monthly, or bi-monthly by the Jahú minister. A lady missionary conducted a school for a time for the children of the poor country folk in the district where I stayed, the attendance at which was large as there was a strong church here. It was a bitter grief to these children when the school was permanently given up, for it was the joy of their lives. It is a great pity that these and multitudes of other children should be condemned to pass their earthly pilgrimage without the unspeakable benefits of a Christian education. There are but four or five native ministers for all the cities, towns and villages between São Paulo and Jahú. But, though many congregations see their pastor only a few times each year, they keep up all their Sunday and mid-week meetings, which are conducted by the elders who pray, read the Scriptures and comment upon them as they are able.

One of the most important and interesting institutions of Brazilian cities is the coffee saloon, or restaurant. Coffee only is served in these places, and one kind of little cakes, a few of which are kept under glass covers on the small, marble-top tables. Men only, frequent these resorts, and they do so in large numbers, especially at mid-day and during the evening, and sip the clear, strong coffee while they chat regarding business, politics and social matters.

Coffee has played an important part in the world's politics. A native of Abyssinia and Arabia, it was brought to London and the first coffee-house opened about the year 1671. The age of newspapers not having dawned, men were quick to make these resorts social and political exchanges where they might meet, ostensibly to sip the strange new beverage, but in real-

ity, to hear and tell the news, discuss political matters, and to scheme and plot. Charles II., becoming suspicious of them, tried to suppress them, but without success.

These coffee-houses are a great social feature of Brazilian city life. A small, triangular space in the heart of the city of São Paulo, on which front several of these resorts, is the meeting place of almost the entire male population. For hours every evening, not only the coffee saloons but the triangle in front, are crowded with well-dressed men who sit and slowly sip their coffee or stand about in small groups, and engage one another in animated conversations. The Brazilians are a very sociable people, and conversation among them never lags; nor was a Brazilian ever known to lack for words.

In the city of Buenos Aires, there are many milk saloons where one may step up to a bar and get a glass of ice-cold milk for four cents. These places are owned and managed by the dairy companies, are painted white inside and out, and appear very clean. Business people are continually dropping in for a moment to enjoy a refreshing glass of milk, instead of entering a temple of Bacchus.

Without doubt, the coffee houses prevent a vast amount of liquor drinking in the cities of Brazil. The great strength of the saloon in the United States is that it is a place where men of every grade may meet at any hour and enjoy themselves in a social way; but the coffee house meets this need much better than the bar-room.

Part III.

THE

GOYANA CAMPAIGN.

Chapter XXVI.

EVANGELIZING.—LIFE AND DOINGS IN SOUTHERN GOYAZ.—GIDEON'S THREE HUNDRED MEN.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—A PRIMITIVE MILL.—RUM DISTILLERIES.—CATTLE DESTROYED BY INSECTS.

After many disappointing delays, I was again at Araguary, the terminus of the railway, from which point I had traveled by horse into the state of Goyaz on the previous missionary journey. Here, I joined the Rev. Charles M. Morton of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Edward Searle, the field agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and together we set forth on a missionary journey through Southern Goyaz. We were accompanied as far as Santa Luzia by Mrs. Cowan of the Presbyterian mission, who went to open a school at Santa Luzia. This time the circumstances and conditions under which I traveled and evangelized were far more advantageous and congenial than when I rode forth from here on the first campaign. Moreover, I had now "smelled powder" and felt myself somewhat of a veteran. Every

member of our party was a missionary, for even our native cook and muleteer had become followers of Christ and assisted us in selling Bibles and at Gospel meetings. I bought a suitable riding horse for twenty-three dollars. We carried a complete camping outfit, besides which, and personal effects, we took a good supply of ammunition,—Bibles, Testaments and other Gospel literature. We took also two reserve mules with which to relieve a pack animal if one should be exhausted during forced marches. Our troop therefore numbered twelve mules and horses.

We started on our campaign of love one bright afternoon during the last week in April, and rode until the shades of night began to gather. Then we found tucked away in the jungle, a grass roof standing on four posts, which we made our hotel for the night. As the cool, dry season was now setting in, I found my hammock too much of a fresh air bed; but my companions slept upon light mattresses placed upon dry hides on the ground.

The second day's march brought us to the Porto do Pedrão—Port Big Rock—at the margin of the pretty Paranahýba, which we crossed into the great state of Goyaz. Our ferry was a catamaran made by building a platform upon four dugout canoes, and propelled by means of large oars.

I discovered with dismay, soon after beginning our journey, that the mule which carried my personal baggage, which included a photographic outfit, was a bolter, and occasionally furnished us no little excitement by a sudden dash off up the trail and away through the jungle, sowing broadcast my precious effects, and threatening their loss or destruction. One day, as our little missionary party was riding in advance of the baggage train and passing through a narrow gash in a hill, the shout came suddenly from our men, "Get out of the way, quick, the mule is running amuck!" We instantly put spurs to our horses and endeavored to get through the cut and out of the trail. In this we were all successful, except Mrs. Cowan, who, not being able to manœuvre her horse rapidly, had gotten only his head clear of

the path when the runaway mule, having sown to the wind all the smaller items of his burden and now carried nothing but my two trunks, dashed up and butted one of the trunks, battering-ram like, against the rear end of the horse; and with such force that, though the trunk weighed nearly one hundred pounds, it was swung into the air over the back of the mule and came down, strange to say, just beside the one on the opposite side, where it was held by its supports. But the weight being now all on one side, the animal was thrown so out of balance that the trunks were instantly, though very gently, deposited side by side in the road and disconnected from the pack-saddle. These runaway incidents often delayed our march for hours besides destroying breakable articles of baggage.

It was with joy and satisfaction that I found myself again in the state of Goyaz and fully entered upon another missionary campaign. Though it may seem strange to the reader, I felt that I was again in "My ain countrie," and engaged in a work that has afforded me greater happiness than any I have ever engaged in. And if I could be there to-day going about among men with the message of God's love and mercy, my happiness would be complete. But, there is "no money," I am told; so I am far away from the land and work of my choice penning lines instead which perhaps few may care to read.

While traveling by horse and mule train in the wilds of Brazil, I frequently had illustrated to me the real significance of the test used to determine which men were competent to follow Gideon to battle against the plundering Midianite invaders. What I saw cast a flood of light upon this incident, the meaning of which, it seems to me, has been so greatly misapprehended, and clothed it with new and deeply interesting meaning. I have heard sermons on this subject in which the preacher explained the meaning of the test by saying that the difference between the men who prostrated themselves at the edge of the stream, putting their mouths to the water to drink, and those who lapped the water—

scooped it up with the hand and tossed it into the mouth as they waded through—was that the former thought more of ease and were less earnest, energetic and devoted than the latter. I believe that this explanation is altogether erroneous. The "fearful and trembling" ones having been eliminated, there is no evidence whatever that the nine thousand seven hundred who were also rejected were not just as devoted to Gideon, and just as patriotic and eager to attack their merciless and powerful foe as the three hundred who were finally accepted. There was, nevertheless, a great and momentous difference in the qualities and abilities of these two bodies of men, which, in the case of the latter, had taken years to develop, aside from the divine wish that Gideon should lead but a mere handful of men against the host of Midian.

If, on beginning a journey by horse through the wilds of Brazil, one should hire two men as muleteers who should declare that they had had years of experience in traversing wildernesses, and possessed an intimate knowledge of everything pertaining to life and travel in these regions; and while fording the first stream, one should see one of them get down on his face, contorting himself, at the edge to drink, while the other simply tossed the water into his mouth as he passed through, without pausing—literally drinking from the ends of his fingers—one would know instantly that the latter was a veteran guide who would render valuable service, but that the former was a "tenderfoot," or a stranger to the life we were following, and instead of being useful to one, would be a burden. The difference, therefore, between Gideon's three hundred and the rejected host is the difference between soldiers trained by years of actual participation in war and a mob, or raw recruits totally ignorant of everything pertaining to military service. The manner of drinking water from the brook revealed infallibly to which class each man belonged.

My yellow Mexican saddle with its high pommel and light, wooden stirrups, attracted the notice of Brazilian horsemen. Being without padding, and having but one thickness of

leather over the wooden tree, it was a puzzle to them, for it contradicted all their traditions regarding saddles. Looking it over, then running a hand under it, they would look at me in astonishment, saying, "Oh, sir, this saddle will kill your horse!" "But I have already ridden the horse fifty miles, and his back is all right yet, is it not?" "Yes, but from now on, it will gall him to death." After I had ridden four or five hundred miles, they would examine both saddle and horse again, trying in vain to solve the mystery. Their saddles are broad, heavy and thickly padded, and they place under them a mass of blankets, so that in the high temperature, a horse's back is steamed until it becomes blistered and galled. One day, as I dismounted at a brook to drink, two boys came along on horseback. "Oh!" they cried, "look at that saddle! What a freak!—And the crazy stirrups! And just look at the man's boots!—Our Lady!" Mr. Searle's hat also called forth exclamations everywhere.

As might be expected, watches or clocks are rarely seen in these interior places, especially among the rural people; so they make the sun their clock. If a man about to begin a journey should be asked when he will start, and he should wish to say that he will leave the following morning about ten o'clock, he will flatten his hand, keeping the fingers close together, and stretch out his arm toward the point in the heavens where the sun will be when he departs, saying, "To-morrow, when the sun is there, I go." Frequently, too, when we ask a *matuto*—a jungle dweller—how far it is to a certain place, he does not inform us of the distance in miles or leagues, but indicates it as before by the relative position of the sun, saying, "To-morrow, when the sun is there, you are there." The people also designate certain hours before sunrise as the first or second cock-crowing. The popular measure of distance in Brazil is the league, which is six thousand meters, or about four English miles. It is very dispiriting to the weary traveler to be informed, late some afternoon, after he has already ridden all day in the dust and heat, that he has still two or three leagues to make before he can

halt for the night. The figures are small, but the distance is great.

The fourth day of our journey, a pack-mule sat down in the mud and water at a bad place in the trail, and when we got it out, the trunk contained something besides personal effects, much to its owner's dismay. The same day, two of us deviated a long distance from the main road we were following in order to visit an old cattle grower who had embraced the Gospel. It gave us more than ordinary pleasure to see and talk with this man who was living the primitive patriarchal life in the wilds, and whose heart had been transformed by pondering the Word of God, and by the indwelling Christ who can change the meanest Jacob into an Israel, and the humblest abode into a Bethel.

How wonderful and beautiful the world about us appeared as we rode this day, following a lofty range of hills, and enjoying the invigorating air and the charming sunlight! We could see stretching away from our lofty view-point an almost interminable vista of mountains and hills, valleys, table-lands, forests and jungles. It was a vast and magnificent cyclorama executed by the Divine Hand. We could not but be much impressed with the thought of the greatness and omnipotence of God.

Returning to join our troop, we forded a stream where the water reached to the saddle, and we had to cross our legs on our horses' necks to clear it. It was now Saturday evening, and having failed to reach the village where we had planned to remain over Sunday, we turned aside and went into camp at Saint Michael's Brook where there was a cattle-ranch. The situation of the ranch house, which was better than the average, was charming. Besides cattle and oxen, the ranchman had small coffee and orange groves. These were "devout" people, and the crests of neighboring hills were marked with big wooden crosses. But the filthy turkey buzzards, with more sense of utility than of the sacredness of things, find these lofty objects of religious regard splendid roosting places from which to command an unobstructed view of the

surrounding world and keep a sharp lookout for anything of interest to them. Neither do the elements respect these sacred objects, for during storms, they serve as points of contact to relieve the electrically overcharged atmosphere, and some are split from apex to base.

We saw here a characteristic institution of Brazil, which is seen everywhere in the rural districts—the *monjolo*, or Brazilian grist-mill—which is operated by water. These country people possess some engineering skill. As elsewhere mentioned, their dwellings are always near the water courses; and to get the water to drive the rude mill, a small trench for a mill-race is dug around the hillside and the stream tapped far enough above to get a fall of four or five feet near the dwelling. Here a samson post is planted and upon it a beam twenty-two feet long is balanced horizontally and made fast. Morticed into one end of this beam is a heavy pestle which is made to strike into a large, wooden mortar sunk into the ground; while a cavity is made in the other extremity of this walking beam large enough to contain two or three pails of water. Into this trough the water pours from the mill race; and when full, the beam is over-balanced and the pestle raised, then the water flows out because of the inclined position of the beam and the pestle descends into the mortar with a sullen chug and gradually pulverizes the corn placed therein. This is not a "seven thousand barrel mill," for the pestle makes but three strokes each minute. The mortar end of the contrivance is usually enclosed in a small, thatched shed to protect the grist from the domestic animals and from the elements. The perpetual flow and splash of the water as it fills the teetering trough, and dumps, the creak and groan of the walking-beam as it rocks on the post, and the monotonous, three-times-a-minute chug, chuf of the pestle as it plunges, like the beak of a giant crane, into the peck of swollen corn, are the sounds which disturb the stillness of the night at many ranches.

Corn meal only is made in these primitive mills. The whole process of manufacture is first to soak the corn in

water a day or two, hull it, then crush it in the *monjolo;* and finally, the moist meal is kiln-dried by spreading thin layers of it over a sort of gigantic griddle, under which is a slow fire, and hoeing it about with a wooden hoe. This big, rustic griddle, or evaporator, is built of clay upon the ground, and resembles a broad ant-hill or Esquimau dwelling. It is hollow, and the flat top, or griddle part, is made of wooden rods, clay and a cement of cattle excrement.

Numerous families living in the interior of Brazil are prepared to live almost entirely within themselves—to supply all their own needs. They cultivate a little cotton and make with it all the clothing of the family—trousers, shirts and skirts. The manufacture of this home-made cloth is accomplished with a vast amount of labor. The seeds are removed by hand; then the cotton is placed upon an ox-hide on the earthen floor of the dwelling, and beaten with two wooden rods until it becomes a single fluffy mass. It is next carded, also by hand, by pulling it out into rolls as large around as one's finger, then twisted a little and wound on a spindle. It is now spun by means of a primitive device similar to that used in the time of Christ, and such, perhaps, as Sarah, the wife of Abraham, used, and wound into balls. Finally, the yarn is woven, in a home-made loom, into coarse but very strong cloth and made into garments. The entire operation, from beginning to end, is performed by the women.

Cow-hides are tanned and the leather used to make saddles, and sandals. With deer-skin leather, the men make for themselves heavy, broad-brimmed hats, which they much admire, also trousers and coats with which to traverse the jungle. Each family raises all the tobacco needed for its own use; and all the food material, including beef, pork, fowls, rice, beans, corn, manioc and a few other vegetables, and also coffee, oranges, bananas and lemons. Every family having cattle, makes a primitive cheese in two-pound cakes, but never any butter. Their buildings are constructed entirely of material brought from the near-by forest, and cost nothing but labor. The only thing in the cook-room corresponding to a stove is

an oblong block of clay, three feet high, built upon the ground, and containing a narrow chamber through which the heat pours from the fire-place at the larger end, and having adjusted over the top a cast-iron plate of about the shape and dimensions of a small coffin lid. This plate contains large and small holes for the pots. There is no oven connected with this stove, and no flue, the smoke being allowed to pour into the room and filter through the roof, and incidentally, to fill the eyes of the people. Outside the large cities and towns, few dwellings have even this semblance of a stove, there being nothing but a camp-fire. The better classes in the cities have stoves and ranges; but even here the primitive method of cooking still prevails in multitudes of dwellings.

The few vessels and utensils found in rural kitchens are largely of wood, calabash and other nature-made articles. About the only imported articles used by these simple dwellers of the far interior, are iron pots and spoons, granite-ware, or tin, plates, axes, grubbing hoes, knives, needles and cheap shotguns; while salt is the only article of their food that they do not produce themselves. Print goods, however, are now found everywhere in the interior, except among the savages. The chief exports are cattle and tobacco, which easily exceed the imports.

Sugar-cane is grown, and sugar and syrup made; and also rum, unfortunately, with the result that many of these people "raise cane" in more than one sense. Every part of the rude contrivance used in the manufacture of rum, and of sugar, is home-made, except the *worm*—retort—and the demijohns. To press the juice from the cane, three ponderous, iron-like, wooden cylinders are mounted in a vertical position, side by side, connected by wooden gearing at the top and bottom; and to the middle cylinder is attached a huge sweep, or arm, to the outer extremity of which a yoke of oxen is hitched. The cane is fed back and forth between these cylinders until the sap is squeezed out, which runs into roughly-hewn wooden troughs where it is allowed to ferment, and where a green scum gathers upon it while fermenting and other filth accumu-

lates in the troughs. The entire plant is set up under an immense shed of thatch where operations are not interfered with by the weather.

This sugar-cane, rum called *cachaca, pinga,* or *aguardente*—ardent water—is very strong, being forty to eighty per cent. alcohol. It is the great national beverage of Brazil, and its use is almost universal. Wherever so-called civilized men are found in Brazil, there also is found the demijohn as his bosom companion. It seems the very essence of irony to call rum, and rum manufacture, an adjunct of civilization. It is said that "Tobacco is heathenism's contribution to Christian civilization." If so, then rum must be the contribution of the Prince of Darkness. It is the very antithesis of civilization. It is anarchy, dissolution and damnation. Spirituous liquors and Christianity are deadly foes, and no more companions than are anacondas and deer, wolves and sheep, Asiatic cholera and men. Alcoholic drinks are a deadly parasite upon any civilization.

In every rural community in Brazil exists one or more rude distilleries laboring industriously to produce the annual stupendous drink offering for Saint Bacchus. In one rural district I visited, five of these distilleries were working within a radius of a mile or two. Consequently, this powerful rum is under the eye of the people everywhere, beckoning them to destruction; and no one can get far away from one of these "hell's kitchens,"—the distillery—unless he should go into the savage world. There is sacrificed every year in South America to Saint Bacchus on his altar of whole burnt offerings, their careers ruined and cut off and their souls damned, scores of thousands of human beings who have "presented their bodies a living sacrifice" to him and been filled with his spirit. These self-made idiots, the alcoholized ones, are seen everywhere.

One morning, while at St. Michael's Brook, I thought to pass a quiet, enjoyable hour sitting on a big rock by the brook where it flowed through the woods, in order to read and write undisturbed, and to commune with God who mani-

fests Himself as truly to the humble worshipper in the wilderness as to one in the most stately cathedral. But I soon found that animate Nature forbade that I should pass a pleasant hour here, and threatened to impose upon me a severe penance that would last several days.

The worst pest of the dry season in the cattle regions is a small, reddish insect called a *carapatinha*, which is elsewhere mentioned in this work. It is troublesome only in the rainless season; and as this was the first time I had traveled by horse during these months, it was my first experience with these insects. Ignorant of their ways, I was soon covered with them from head to feet, and my skin filled with hundreds of poisonous bites which kept me on fire for days. Not having the proper antidote, I had virtually to bathe in tobacco water to neutralize the venom. Cattle and horses suffer greatly from these and other insects. Even the wild beasts are tormented by them. I saw, once, clinging to the skin of a tapir that had just been shot, hundreds, and perhaps thousands of *carapatos* nearly as large as brown beans.

Insects doubtless kill more cattle each year in Brazil than either venomous reptiles or wild beasts. Certain flies bore through the skin of the afflicted animal and deposit their eggs; and when the grub, which is not very harmful in itself, matures and comes out, other species of flies make their deposits in the openings, and soon there are seething masses of larvæ that quickly eat into the poor creature's vitals, unless their progress is promptly arrested by the hand of man. Any wound, however slight, that the animal may receive while roaming through the bushes, is quickly taken advantage of by these destructive flies. The cattle are terribly afflicted by these pests in some localities. I have seen cattle driven to market the backs and shoulders of which were covered with horrid sores due to this cause.

Chapter XXVII.

THE BIBLE AND THE PEOPLE.

Departing from St. Michael's Brook, we crossed a stream where the water rose nearly to the saddle seats—so high, indeed, that two of our party dismounted and walked over on a primitive suspension bridge, which was a slender tree that had been felled across the stream. As for the baggage, the muleteers slipped quickly out of their two garments and carried it over on their shoulders, to which height the water did not quite reach.

We turned aside from the trail here and there to visit dwellings in the jungle and offer the people the Bible. But our offer was many times politely declined, the reasons (?) most frequently given for not taking a copy being, "We do not know how to read," or "We have no money." Not infrequently, these were mere excuses, for men in all ages and lands since Mother Eve, have been notorious excuse makers. It is true, nevertheless, that, in rural districts especially, few persons are able to read; and in some communities, not even one individual. Moreover, money is often scarce. But the persons offering these excuses, did so, many times, because they feared to have the Book in their possession. But when excuses were made, whether well founded or not, we would, if possible, read to the family a passage from the Bible which we thought might interest them. We would inquire, "Is there not even one person in this house that can read?" "No," would be the reply, "not one." "Well, can any one in that

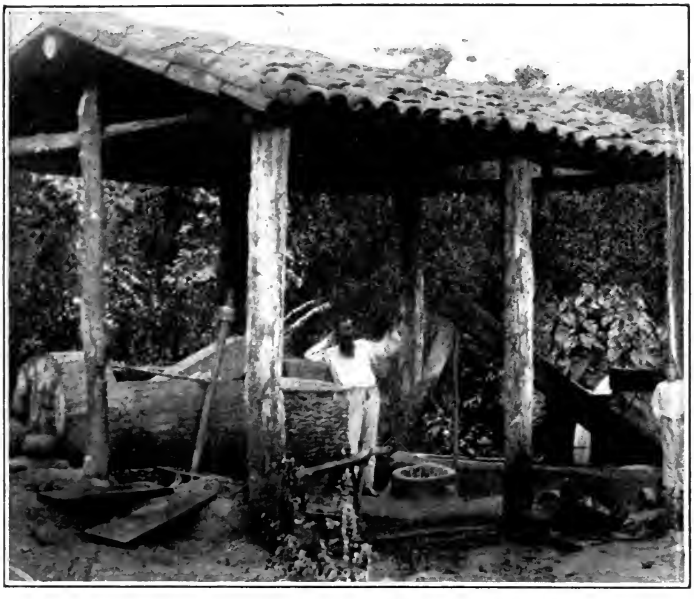
house yonder read?" "No, and no one anywhere around here can read." Expressing regrets, we would then read to them from the New Testament, giving the meaning of the words as we read.

It is often delightfully interesting to observe how the wonderful words of Christ appeal to these people. Their eyes brighten and a satisfied smile spreads over their faces as they exclaim, "What a beautiful story!" The human soul can not but respond in some degree to a communication from God, the Supreme Soul, even though the Light is not always followed. The attraction of earth is a powerful and subtle force; moreover, the people are in terror of the thunderbolts of anathema of their Jove-like priests. Nevertheless, the Message of God, heard for the first time, and from the lips of a devoted, enthusiastic evangelist, cannot fail to affect them strangely, for the human heart is ever reaching out, though often blindly, toward God with peculiar longings that cannot be satisfied apart from God, the loving parent Heart, much as a plant in a cellar seeks the light of day. At length, the family becomes so much interested that they are eager to possess the Book that contains the soul-charming story they have just heard, and one says, "No one about here can read, it is true, but our friend, Mr. *Fulano*, who lives ten leagues from here, can read. So we will get the Book, and some day when he comes here we will have him read it to us." They secure then a copy of the precious volume and eagerly await the coming of *Fulano*. Some day, within a few weeks, he emerges suddenly from a neck of woods, mounted on a mule, probably, clad in a deer-skin hat, trousers and coat, bare-footed and having big spurs fastened to his heels, great toes, only, in the stirrups, a knife two feet in length hanging from his belt in a leather scabbard, on one side, while a muzzle-loading horse-pistol, two feet long, firing shot, hangs from the other side, a partly smoked corn-husk cigarette tucked under his hat-band or behind his ear, and a big coil of rawhide lariat covering his animal's rump.

Riding up to a hitching-post in front of the house, he

tosses the reins over it, tips himself from his beast, and goes clank, clank, into the house. Cordial greetings are exchanged with the family and he is given a seat upon a high stool with a rawhide top. Corn-husk cigarettes are now passed around, or one cigarette, only, may be handed from one to another to smoke; or else the visitor may take the partly smoked cigarette from behind his ear and say to one of the little children, "Mary, take this to the kitchen and light it for me." Mary goes to the cook-house with it, takes up a fire-brand, or a live coal in an iron spoon, from the camp-fire, lights the cigarette, and smoking it as she returns, hands it to the visitor. At the same time the host orders a tray of coffee, which they all sip while chatting. At length, some one breaks into the animated conversation with, "O, Mr. *Fulano*, we have a book of beautiful stories that we want you to read to us." Mr. *Fulano* complies gladly, for he is proud of his ability to read, as well he may be. It gives him distinction and superiority in his world, for where all men are blind, a man with even partial sight is king. He may not be able to read very well, and may stumble along trying to decipher the words, and be so occupied doing this that he does not understand much himself of what he is reading; but the family, having nothing to do but to listen, takes in somewhat the significance of the words.

In distributing Bibles in villages and towns where an evil report has preceded us and many people are in terror of us because they have been solemnly informed that we are Satan's *sub-delegates*, it is very interesting to watch the change that comes over the faces of these superstitious, untutored men and women when they hear from the sacred volume, some sweet, soul-stirring passage. Having applied at the door of a house for admission, we are respectfully invited in and given a seat; for though the inmates are in a fever of anxiety because of us, yet they will rarely treat us other than with politeness and respect. These two qualities mark all their dealings with one another and with strangers, and are prominent and admirable traits of character among the Brazilian people. Even those living in the most remote regions and



A *Monjolo*, the National Grist-mill of Brazil.

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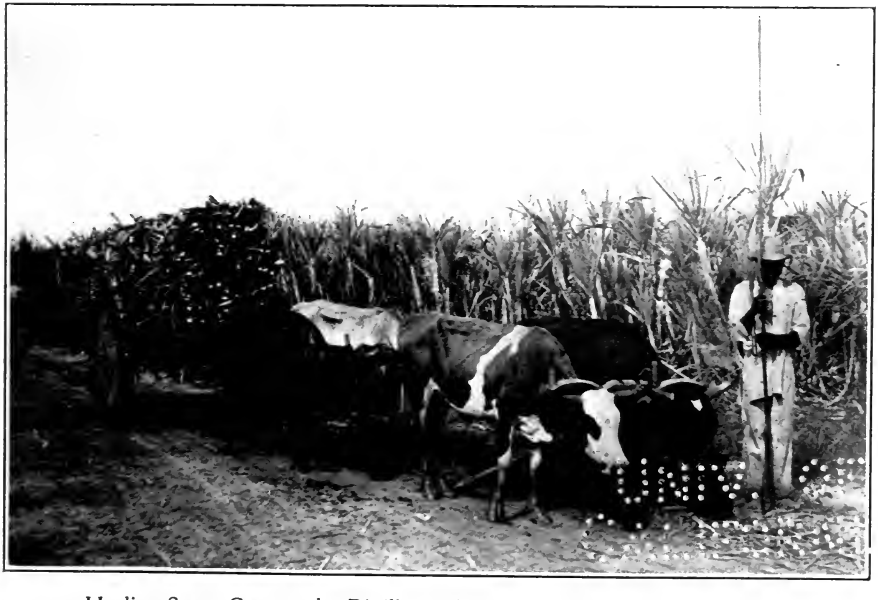

Hauling Sugar Cane to the Distillery. The cane-field is in the background.

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most deeply buried in the jungle, possess these qualities to a remarkable degree. After a brief salutation, we make known the object of our visit, but our hosts decline in a hasty, excited manner to take a Bible; and when we offer to read a message of God to them their agitation increases and they sometimes seek to slip quietly out of the room. Nevertheless, when they hear the soul-enrapturing words of the all-loving Saviour that the world can never grow weary of hearing, and that are to the hungry, burdened soul like a cool, sparkling spring in a burning desert to a traveler dying of thirst—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life;" or, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. * * * * * and ye shall find rest unto your souls;" they are astonished and confused. Their priests have taught them that this Book is the essence of evil, yet it proves to be instead the very honey of heaven.—And as to these men whom they were told are Satan in disguise, how can they really be wicked and yet going about with such a divine Book? So their fears subside and they become cordial toward us and get a copy of the Book.

I have sometimes said to persons who refused a copy of the Bible, "You have just attended a festival to venerate *Saint Peter*. How is it that you refuse to listen to the words of *Saint Peter?*" Or, "I see that you have a *picture* of *Saint John* on a pole here in front of your house. How is it that you adore *Saint John,* and yet you despise his words?" They seem unable to reply to these queries, and quietly possess themselves of the sacred Volume.

Sometimes a boy, sent indirectly by the priest, visits us to look over our stock of Bibles, pretending that he wishes to buy one; then, when unobserved, he quickly hides a volume in his clothes, and soon withdraws. He purposes to deliver the precious volume to his priest to be destroyed, receiving in exchange a worthless bit of pasteboard bearing a picture of a "holy one." But he goes to his own home first on his way to the priest, and shows the book to his mother, who,

a true daughter of Eve, hankers after the forbidden fruit, and wishes to see what manner of Book this is that the priest says is so vile. Despite all her fears and prejudice, she becomes strangely interested in reading it, and says to her boy, "Do not take the book to the priest just now, Esau; wait until sunset." At sunset, she says, "Wait until to-morrow, my son." Thus the delivery of the book is deferred from time to time with the result that the priest never gets it; for the woman has become so deeply interested that she will not part with it.

When the priest, or his Jackal, visits the people to gather up and destroy the Bibles we have distributed, those who have become interested in reading the Book, say to him: "No, no, we haven't that accursed book in the house. Yes, the man called here and left one, but we threw it in the fire." At the same time, the Book is securely hidden away, as they value it too highly to part with it.

We passed the following night in an immense shed occupied by a cattle grower and his family. They lived in one corner, which they had fenced off, and the remainder of the space was used to store farm produce and implements, and as a workshop and barn-yard. Our visit was a very unusual event in the isolated life of this family. During the evening, we sang Gospel hymns, read and commented upon the Scriptures, had prayer, and chatted pleasantly with the family regarding the Gospel, all which seemed to afford them pleasure.

We reached the little village of Entra Rios the next day after riding twenty-five miles. Owing to our heavy baggage, we traveled less than four miles an hour, and were therefore about seven hours continuously in the saddle. A heavy rain was falling—the last of the season—for which we were not prepared; and when we arrived at our destination, drenched, boots filled with water, mud bespattered, shivering and hungry, and sought to steal, unobserved, down the long, lane-like street of the village, everything living here, seemingly, man and beast, came out to watch us march past. Our procession was anything but triumphal. What a remarkable

street this was, too, that we paraded in! It was more like a creek, or a broad ditch, than a street. It lay along the side of a hill, and small wooden troughs, sunk partially in the sand, crossed it at intervals of a few feet to carry off the water. It was also full of holes and littered with garbage; and to complete the picture, a large drove of hogs was wallowing in it. No street work is really ever done in such a village. Rarely a shovelful of earth is ever moved; and perhaps a shovel is never seen here.

We made for the *hotel* on the edge of the village. It was merely an open shed; and arriving, we found a full house—cattle, hogs, mules, goats and other creatures having taken shelter in it because of the rain. The prospect was dismal for travelers in our condition; but we ejected all these *guests*, then cleaned house, for the place was virtually a pigsty. Darkness coming on, we ate our frugal supper sitting on our boxes, then made ourselves as comfortable for the night as circumstances permitted.

We occupied the whole of the following day going from house to house, talking with the people and offering them the Bible, and were treated with respect everywhere. With few exceptions, we found the people very poor. We heard that a soldier went about the village seeking to raise eight cents with which to secure a Testament from us; so also did a little girl. Had we seen the child, we would have given her a copy.

At nightfall, we held a Gospel meeting in a private house which was much the largest dwelling in the village, and which the occupants rented at two dollars per month. Mr. Morton preached from the text, "As we have said before, so I say now again, if any man preach unto you any Gospel, other than that which ye received, let him be anathema." The attendance was not large. All present appeared to much enjoy the singing by our party of the soulful Gospel hymns. Our cook and muleteer, who had learned to sing these hymns, helped us, thus adding to their usefulness.

Nearly all the Gospel hymns used in Brazil are translations, and are the same as those used everywhere in the English

speaking world; and indeed, in every evangelized part of the earth; and among all peoples they are a never-failing source of joy, comfort and inspiration. This is because they are the language, and express the sentiments of the soul, somewhat as do the Psalms. Congregational singing is unknown in the worship of non-Christian assemblies. Only the Word of God—the story of God's love—can fill the human heart with song. Priests and choirs, alone, furnish the doleful music of non-Christian temples. This music is unintelligible to the congregation who remain always mute as "dumb dogs" and dejectedly kneel, stand, and execute like automatons various motions and make passes at the behests of their masters, the priests. Even Christian congregations that have grown cold, and among whom the Spirit of the Gospel and of Christ ebbs low, cease to sing, and delegate the music to hired choirs and great musical machines, while they, themselves, remain as dumb and indifferent as a mule with drooping ears and sleepy eyes tied to an iron post. Only those people who have responded heartily to the loving command of God, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly," have the privilege and joy of obeying the further injunction of, "Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody to the Lord."

Mr. Morton had an amusing experience just before we reached the village of Entra Rios. His nose was badly sunburned; and in this condition, he turned aside from the trail to visit a ranch house and sell a Bible. The man he addressed contemplated him a moment, then said, "Don't you wish to buy some rum?" "No, thank you," said Mr. Morton, "I do not drink." "You buy my rum," said the man, "and I will buy your book."

We moved on again the second morning, traveling without unusual incident except that a fine deer ran within a few yards of us, and we passed the night in our tents. The third day, we reached the river Corumba at a place called the Porto da Dona Eulalia, and men, beasts and baggage were ferried across the river on a catamaran. Afterward, the ferry-

man invited us to his house and kindly treated us to excellent coffee, manioc cakes and oranges. Continuing our march, we camped at night in and around a big ox-cart at a ranch, passing a night of short naps, for there was "something doing" every hour. The cart had been used to transport salt, and a herd of cattle seemed determined to lick it until it was consumed, and incidentally, they tried to lick away our baggage; so one or another of us had to drive them off momentarily throughout the night. Besides the cattle, there were hungry pigs and several famished dogs to be reckoned with. There are always many dogs about every Brazilian ranch, which appear to be in the last stages of starvation, and consequently, relentless thieves.

The next day, Saturday, was a very trying day to us. It was important that we spend Sunday at the village of Capella, and to do this, we had to travel over forty miles on Saturday with our heavy baggage train. We began our march at eight o'clock in the morning, and did not halt for rest and refreshments until three in the afternoon.—In fact, we could not halt until this hour as our route led across a broad table-land that seemed to go on and on interminably without offering any descent to a brook where we could obtain water. Moreover, we strayed from the trail once or twice during the day, which delayed us seriously. Night finally overtook us, and two of our pack animals became so exhausted that their loads had to be shifted to the reserves. During the early part of the day, which was delightful, with a strong tinge of Indian summer, we traversed a picturesque region where the soil was rich and the vegetation luxuriant, and where we passed through charming woodlands and by beautiful brooks of delicious water. We were eleven hours in the saddle, and did not reach our destination until nine o'clock at night. A profound silence reigned about us, while the moon bathed the land in a flood of soft, exquisite radiance; and as we gradually descended the long slope at the foot of which nestled the cluster of white buildings, now glorified by the moonlight, we seemed to be journeying in an enchanted land

and approaching a fairy city. Nearing the village, Mr. Morton hastened forward in advance of our cavalcade, and when we arrived he had already secured a vacant house in which we camped until Monday. It was a rude structure, but superior to the one we occupied at Entra Rios.

We passed a busy Sunday. Many persons came to visit us, a few of whom, perhaps, came out of curiosity; but many seemed really much interested in the Gospel. Besides talking with the people individually all day and evening, we conducted two preaching services in the large room of our improvised hotel—one at noon and the other in the evening. Thirty persons were present at the noon meeting and seventy at the later one. We were told that the Gospel had been preached here but twice before our visit.

There were at least two men who appeared to have accepted the Gospel and wished to be received into the Church. But Mr. Morton hesitated to receive them for the reason that both were living with women to whom they were not legally married. One of them, unfortunately, was unable to make matters right by marrying his *friend*, as these cohabitants are called, for he already had a legal wife; but she had deserted him years before, and had disappeared, and Brazil has no divorce law. The law permits tens of thousands of couples to live together, illegally, and rear families, but in multitudes of cases, will not suffer them to become lawfully married. The man just mentioned appealed to our sympathy. He desired to do right, now that he had accepted Christ as his Saviour; but the law would not allow him to marry the woman with whom he lived, nor give him a divorce from the one who had deserted him. Neither could he leave the second woman without doing her a grave wrong. A third man wished to make a public profession of his new-found faith, but his wife opposed it.

A Romish procession was formed in the village Sunday morning, and carrying at its head a banner stamped with a sacred picture, marched out to a large cross that stood on a

hillside, half a mile distant, around which all the people knelt and recited prayers in moaning voices.

Resuming our journey Monday, we passed the following night at a ranch called Firmness, the proprietor of which declined a Bible saying that he feared it would "shake his *faith*"—superstition; and the next day we reached the pretty little river Parakanjuba, which we crossed in a dugout canoe with our baggage, and swam our horses over. Two of our pack mules ran down into the river as we approached it, and for a moment were in danger of drowning with their loads.

While we were preparing to continue our march after crossing this river, Mr. Morton went in advance and turned aside from the trail to buy corn for our beasts. But at the ranch he visited, he was treated so hospitably, and became so absorbed talking with the family concerning the Gospel, that he quite forgot the rest of us and left us to wander onto a wrong trail for only he knew which road we should take. We camped for the night at Saint Bento's Brook, which was difficult and dangerous to ford because the banks were so high and steep. A Negro living near, with his family, none of whom could read, secured a Testament from us and some writing material, saying that he was going to learn to read.

Journeying the next morning, we met a man whom we invited to attend a Gospel meeting which we were to conduct at a ranch several miles distant. But he refused, saying, "I prefer to continue to live according to the law of the most ancient ones." We said to him, "perhaps you do not know that the ancients were cannibals who roasted and devoured one another. You do not wish to be like them, do you? Many of the ancients, however, forsook the law of their fathers to follow Christ."

Chapter XXVIII.

TRIUMPHS OF THE EVANGEL.—JUNGLE CHURCHES.—PRIMITIVE WORSHIP.—NEGLECTED FIELDS.

After traversing a broad stretch of splendid, open and well-watered pasture land, we arrived at noon at the *Bom Jardim*—Good Flower Garden—cattle ranch, the proprietor of which, besides rearing cattle, kept a few articles for barter in a dungeon-like storeroom, which he gave in exchange for *mongába*—rubber—and hides. His wife was already a professing Christian, while he himself was reading the New Testament and seemed nearly ready to accept Christ. We passed a pleasant half-hour visiting with these kind friends and enjoying their generous hospitality. The same day, after following a very rough trail and descending a mountain that was so precipitous that our beasts had almost to sit down and toboggan, our cavalcade arrived suddenly and unannounced, about dark, at a little ranch hidden away in the jungle, where lived an elder of the Church we were about to visit. It was a rude dwelling indeed that we found here at this remote spot in the wilds of Goyaz. But the family, though poor in material things, was rich spiritually, and of noble character, for they had drunk deep at the Fountain of living waters. Their simple trust and confidence in God was beautiful to behold. Though they felt themselves wholly unprepared for such distinguished visitors as they considered us, yet they received us with ardent cordiality, believing themselves highly honored by our

visit. They had so little food to set before us that we had to draw upon our own bin. It was late in the evening, and twelve hours after we had breakfasted, that dinner was announced. A towel had been spread over a ponderous wooden bench, ordinarily used as a seat, and our food, a typical Brazilian dinner, was placed upon it. Around this we sat upon boxes and rude stools, holding our plates in our hands as there was no room for them on the bench. The reader may think this was anything but an inviting feast, but I confess that I enjoyed it as much as any dinner I have ever eaten. We had grown accustomed to this kind of food and this style of service, and our appetites were excellent. Better, the Spirit of Christ reigned here, and "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and contention therewith." The family stood leaning here and there against the walls regarding us while we ate. That night they raided the hen-roost, robbed the calves of their suppers, and fried and stewed until past midnight in order to set before us in the morning the best breakfast they could possibly prepare. As the house was too small to accommodate our entire party, I swung my hammock for the night in the corn-crib above the pig-pen. In the morning, our presence at this place having become known, many persons assembled from neighboring ranches, a short preaching service was held and a few children were baptized, after which, we breakfasted.

I shall always cherish the happiest memories of this visit. It was a beautiful morning in this delightful land of perpetual summer. The glorious effulgence of the sun affected us with a peculiarly delicious charm as it was diffused through the soft haze that hung over the land like a benediction. Best of all, the glorious Son of Righteousness was shining upon the little company assembled here in this rude, uncultured place, thrilling each heart with joy. We felt like saying, "Surely God is in this place." When the divine Presence fills the soul, one's happiness is complete, and everything about him seems strangely beautiful and lovely. "We will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore." Our

visit to this humble Christian family was doubtless a supreme event in their history—a golden milestone.

A ride of fifteen miles brought us to the Retiro Ranch, which was the fixed meeting place of one of the churches we had come to visit. Here, also, we were received with the utmost Christian cordiality. None of the three or four Christian congregations of this region had a church edifice, but each assembled regularly at a family residence, as was done in the days of the primitive church.

The story of the origin of these churches is very interesting. It is a remarkable and beautiful instance of the power of the Word of God alone to bring about great changes in a community, and a striking comment upon the words, "The entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple," or "the Gospel * * is the power—dynamite—of God unto salvation," and, "Transformed by the renewing of the *mind*."

A brutal Spanish sailor was wonderfully converted and transformed by the Gospel of Christ. Loving ardently his Saviour, he longed to engage in some distinctively Christian service; so, in Brazil, he engaged as a colporteur for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and penetrated, in time, to the borders of the state of Goyaz. Here, at some village, the patriarchal owner of the ranch at which we were now staying, who was traveling far from home, chanced to meet him, and listened to him with rapt attention as he told the story of his conversion, and read from the Book that had been the means of bringing about the great change in his life. Profoundly impressed, the patriarch apparently accepted Christ as his Saviour at once, and dedicated himself, whole-heartedly, to His service. Returning to his distant home, he carried with him a number of Bibles and Testaments obtained from the colporteur. These he gave to his children and grandchildren—he had fourteen children and forty-four grandchildren at the time of our visit—and to his brothers and their children and grandchildren, saying to them, in brief, "This is the true, inviolate Law of the God of Heaven. It is not something that

priests or other men have gotten up. Read and ponder it, and do just what it teaches you." These men received the precious volume reverently, and began to read or to listen to it read with close attention. Light began to dawn upon their darkened minds, and turning away from the priest and his teaching, they assembled regularly at the home of one or another to hear the "New Law" read and taught, and to worship God in spirit and in truth as it directed them. In time, they organized a New Testament church. No missionary, or any regular minister of the Gospel has even been stationed among them; and only in more recent years has one visited among them for a few days at intervals of a year or more. Yet meetings are held every week, and the elders, acting as pastors, conduct the services, pray, read God's message and explain it to the congregation as best they can. Therefore, this particular region is probably as thoroughly evangelized to-day, and as large a proportion of the people are followers of Christ as in any similar region in the world.

The Bible has proved many times to be a teacher in itself. The story is told of a young Brazilian who found a Bible somewhere, left by a missionary; and much impressed that it was God's Word, took it to his priest and asked permission to compare it with the one in the temple. The priest said to him that there was such a book lying in the vestry somewhere, which he might read if he could find it, but no good would result. Undaunted, the young man compared the two books, word for word, and became satisfied at once that the Book he had found was the genuine Word of God. Therefore, he and his friends began to read and study it with the result that they soon organized themselves into a church, taking the New Testament as their guide. A second church has already grown out of the first one, and others, doubtless, will follow, for having responded to the Gospel call, these people are carrying the good news of salvation to other communities.

Continuing our narrative: How hungry for the Bread of Life were these simple people who had assembled at the Retiro Ranch! And what a remarkable knowledge of God's

holy Word many of them possessed, though they had nothing but the Book itself, without note or comment! They received it in its simplicity, and sought to practice its precepts in their daily lives, believing that every word meant just what it clearly stated, for they had not heard of our "higher criticism," and of our many doubts and difficulties. The elder of this primitive church whom we met first, detained me under an orange tree several hours one morning while he plied me with questions concerning the wonderful "New Law" which had proved more precious to him than rubies. Words fail to express how this pearl of great price had enriched and gladdened the lives of these people filling their hearts with endless sunshine. "The path of the just is as the shining light." Truly, the Word of Him who said, "Let there be light," is a marvelous dynamic, and causes mighty changes in individuals and communities. What a joy it was to us to pass a brief season with these earnest, whole-hearted Christians who had received us so affectionately and honored us with an absolute confidence, and a respect bordering on reverence, after being among those misguided people who behaved toward us with suspicion and hostility.

These dear followers of Christ began to assemble at the ranch soon after our appearance. They came, apparently, from the four winds and in surprising numbers, reminding one of the assembling of the country folk in North America on circus day. They came mounted or on foot. Sometimes a father, or a mother, and three or four children rode upon one beast, while the remaining members of the family trudged behind on foot. Again, a man appeared sitting in the saddle and holding a child in front of him, while his "spare rib," as they often call their wives, was mounted behind him holding an infant in her arms. As they arrived, the women, girls and small children crowded into the cook-room and the rear of the dwelling, while the men filled the large front room and the front yard. They appeared in such numbers that the corn-crib, the sugar-making shed and other out-buildings, were filled with hammocks and rude beds. Even the houses of

the nearest neighbors were filled. They came, not to remain an hour or two, only, but two or three days. All the children came as well as their elders, one couple bringing eleven. Unfortunately, the dogs, like Satan, came also, and in alarming numbers, for every family had several; and they indulged frequently in fights in which all made free to participate. Moreover, they were not at all particular about the location of their battle-field, and sometimes the clash of hostile forces occurred in the principal room of the house where the church services were held, and even when services were in progress. A bone thrown down by a child that had been "piecing" on it was sure to precipitate a canine uproar.

Another prolific source of disturbance and interruption during meeting hours was, that during the cool season of the year, which was the time our visit occurred, the children suffer very generally from colds, as the nights are often chilly while the days are very warm; and as they are thinly clad and their dwellings very open, they are not prepared for even small changes in temperature. Hence, the sermon was often inaudible because of general coughing. When one person coughed, it was sure to prove contagious, and soon became an epidemic. Thus with canine combats, coughing concerts, and the lusty crying of infants, the attention of the congregation was frequently occupied with things not down in the order of service. Nevertheless, all were accustomed to these interruptions, and were happy, greatly enjoying the Gospel convocation.

We remained here from Thursday until Monday, and held several meetings; in fact, we had a convention, or camp-meeting. When formal services were not being held, the people occupied themselves conversing about the Gospel, singing the sweet Gospel hymns, of which they were very fond, or gathering around us to ask us questions concerning the Word of God. They seemed never to tire of talking about what God has said. It was a matter of supreme importance to them and their minds and hearts were absorbed in the subject. They could say with the Psalmist, "O how I love thy law!

It is my meditation all the day." How strangely the spirit of these new Christians contrasts with that of many people familiar with the Gospel for generations, but who studiously avoid all reference to spiritual things when church services are concluded.

It interested us exceedingly to hear these primitive Christians express in their own words and figures of speech the thoughts and teachings of Scripture as they comprehended them. As may be surmised, few of them were able to read, and of those who could, several had learned to do so after accepting the Gospel. It was for this reason that the woman of our party had come to live among them and give the children at least a rudimentary education, of which they were in the greatest need. Would God that many trained teachers might catch the spirit of Christ and engage in work of this kind.

Probably thousands of earnest Christian teachers could maintain themselves teaching school in South America and do a noble work for God and the uplift of humanity. They could represent Christ and teach the Gospel besides teaching the other subjects usually taught in schools. Doubtless they would not become rich in purse, but they would become rich in royal deeds for the evangelizing and enlightening of men. "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars." But if no one will engage in this work except on a guaranteed salary and expenses, few indeed will ever take it up.

If Paul had waited for an assured salary, would he have ever accomplished a fraction of what he did? And William Carey, too, "the consecrated cobbler," who became the "Apostle to India," providing for his own and his family's necessities during the first five years he was in India by working in an indigo factory, did not wait for a living to be guaranteed him.

Thousands of *native* teachers are conducting private and semi-private schools in South America and securing, in most

cases, a comfortable living. A large number are employed by private individuals to teach their own children, and those perhaps of two or three of their neighbors. These persons are given board and lodging, and at least a small salary, though the majority of them, perhaps, are barely able to read and write. But even these teachers with their primitive methods and ideas, meet only a fraction of the need.

The Lord's Supper, or "Holy Supper," as the Brazilian Christians call it, was commemorated at the Retiro Ranch Sunday evening. It was a deeply interesting occasion to me, and I believe a very solemn as well as exceedingly important event to these earnest, true-hearted, though uncultured people. The bread used was a kind of hardtack brought by Mr. Morton as these people never have bread, and the wine was served from an ordinary bottle and glass.

The only furniture in the large room in which the congregation assembled was a large, high, dining-table, made originally for people to stand around while eating, a heavy, rough bench fifteen feet long and three feet high made from a huge slab or plank, resting upon four legs, a small table and three or four plain stools. The floor was of earth. At the meetings, the women and children filled the center of the room, sitting cross-legged on the ground, close together, while the men packed themselves in around the sides of the room, as many as could sitting on the bench and stools, the remainder standing.

We were treated, of course, with the very perfection of hospitality, and banqueted every day on the choicest viands our host could prepare. A heavy toll was levied upon the poultry, and the calves were daily robbed of their breakfast and supper that delicacies might be prepared for us; and both the fowls and the cattle must have been glad when they saw our last mule disappear over the hill as we departed. The moment came all too soon to say good-bye to these dear Christian friends; and after embracing and being embraced by all, according to Brazilian custom, we rode away to another ranch twenty-five miles distant, which was the meeting place of a

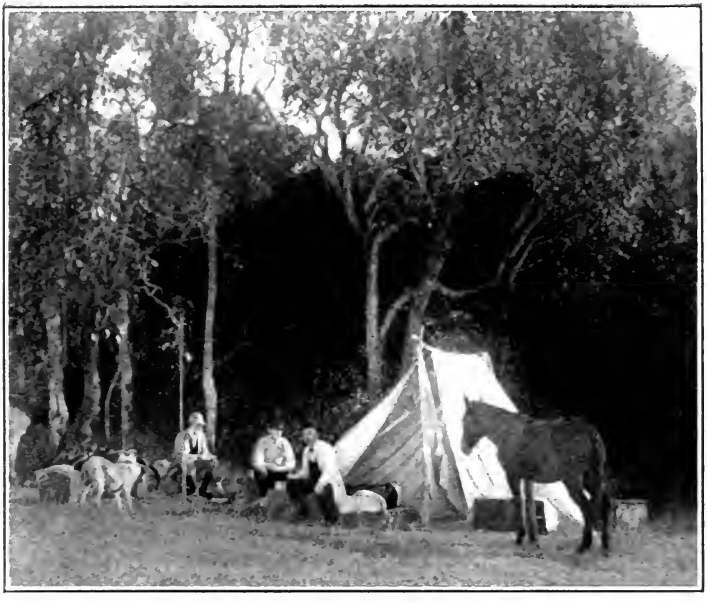
branch of the church we had just been visiting. Here, too, we were received with the utmost Christian kindness and enjoyed a repetition of the experiences of the preceding days. It was a charming spot in the valley of the river Corumbá, and surrounded by hills worthy to be called mountains.

This ranch was a splendidly equipped establishment, and the family could produce at home nearly everything they needed. Though the house stood on high ground, they had tapped a mountain stream and brought the water to within a few feet of the house to propel the *monjolo,* which was operated by means of a bucket wheel instead of the contrivance elsewhere described. This conduit also supplied excellent water for domestic uses and for the large stock of cattle, horses, hogs and poultry. Besides corn-meal, the family made sugar and syrup, had a fine grove of coffee trees, and raised luscious oranges, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables. It was a delightful spot at which to tarry a few days. The character of the family living here was in harmony with their beautiful surroundings, because they had enthroned Christ in their hearts.

We remained here two days and conducted three or four meetings. It was a time of refreshing for all present. At one of the meetings, Mr. Morton baptized a child. The father had embraced the Gospel, but the mother was opposed to it, though she was present at the baptism. While the usual questions were being put to the parents previous to administering the rite, the little one called for water, so the mother ignorantly took up the cup of baptismal water that stood upon the table near her and gave it to the child to drink. If there is any innate virtue in baptismal water, then this child was doubly baptized. The "Holy Supper" was commemorated in the evening.

Leaving here, we went to the village of Santa Luzia, where there is another strong branch of the church of this region, recrossing enroute the river Corumbá by means of a dugout canoe and swimming our horses.

Santa Luzia is picturesquely situated, surrounded by in-



Messrs. Searle, Morton and the Author Breakfasting at their Camp in the Wilds of Goyaz.

Good-bye to Messrs. Searle and Morton. Their departure from Goyaz.

teresting hills and mountain spurs. It is more than a century old, and was once a prosperous town because of the gold diggings; but at the time of our visit, it had long since ceased to flourish and was in a sad state of decay. Half the houses were unoccupied and falling to ruin. The soil is well suited to the cultivation of coffee, and every family had a grove near their house. In fact, the queer old town resembled an ill-kept coffee plantation with rude and semi-ruined dwellings standing here and there among the coffee trees, approached by winding paths and lanes.

Much placer gold was taken out here in former times by Portuguese adventurers, who shoveled over the dirt by means of slave labor, extracting the gold exclusively by panning. Large tracts of "wash," or dirt, has been worked over. The dirt all about here is doubtless still rich in gold, which could be taken out in profitable quantities if modern appliances for extracting it could be conveniently introduced. A few men were still panning along the stream and taking out one or two dollars of the precious dust each day. Brazil is said to be one of the richest countries in gold in the world. Six hundred million dollars worth was mined prior to 1820. It is also enormously rich in black diamonds. Mica also abounds at Santa Luzia, and is used in the windows in place of glass.

We found the village a remarkably quiet place—the quietness of death, perhaps—and no one, apparently, seemed to have anything to do but "to look at the flies," as Brazilians aptly express it. The streets were nearly deserted much of the time. Even the pestilential wood lice, the *carapatos*, were roosting in alarming numbers on the tall weeds in the streets waiting to seize upon, bleed and poison man and beast. If one should visit the shoemaker, he would probably not be found in his shop, but instead, would be out holding a long conversation with a neighbor on some puerile occurrence. The same is true of the tinker and the tailor and all the rest of them. Even the jail was crumbling to dust. Presumably there were no criminals; nor did we see a policeman. Even the omnipresent turkey-buzzards were rarely seen roosting

on the house tops and lazily stretching their wings, but had apparently gone where carrion was more plentiful. There are two Romish temples in the town, the two towers of one of which are surmounted by an " image " of the cock that crowed when St. Peter denied his Master. But Romanism is nearly dead here, for there is but one priest and he a Negro.

The Gospel has taken deep root at Santa Luzia and the believers are many. Most of the leading families had already embraced the Gospel, or were attending the services. We were kindly entertained by the elder in whose house the Santa Luzia church met regularly. The house was built with a very large room to accommodate the church.

We remained here several days, conducting meetings every evening and twice on Sunday. Since there were but few seats in the meeting room, we added all the stools, benches, boxes, traveling trunks and other objects available, thus seating part of the congregation. Two or three candles were used to light the room at night. We observed that there were few children in this congregation, which was in striking contrast with the assemblies at the other places just visited.

Mr. Morton preached the first night from the text, " With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," to which close attention was given, as at every service. A communion service was held Sunday evening, and a few young people united with the church on confession of faith. One of these was a young woman whose parents were never married, though they once lived together several years. Both parents were bitterly opposed to their daughter becoming a follower of Christ and uniting with the church, her mother declaring that if she did so she would have to leave home instantly. When her father was consulted regarding her desire, he said, " It is a very bad religion; but it is lifting up its head here, and I suppose we cannot stop it." When the girl came before the session, she made a noble confession of faith, saying that she had determined to follow the Lord Jesus Christ, and to this end she was ready and willing to endure any suffering. But the

poor creature was sorely perplexed for a time as to what course she should pursue. She wished to be a good and obedient daughter, on the one hand, while on the other, she could not disobey God and her conscience. Regarding her parents, she was counseled that, as she was twenty-three years of age, she was at liberty to do as she deemed right in the matter. She inquired if she would be disobeying God if she did not make a public confession of faith, then answered the question herself quoting, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." She finally united with the Church, and her mother, true to her threat, drove her from home. But she was at once given a far better home.

Sunday, the Romanists held a *festa* at their end of the village, in worship of the "Divine One." They indulged in a sham battle at noon in front of their temple, using dynamite rockets for muskets and cannon. But the elements promptly joined in the celebration with a copious fall of rain, which terminated the sham fight before it became a real fight, as it often did, for the participants were more or less filled with the spirit of the god Bacchus. They also had a banquet, which was presented and eaten as an offering to the idol, or "holy one" as they call it.

Though we presumed that every family in the village had already been visited by a colporteur, we nevertheless went among the people to offer them the Bible and talk with them. One family visited was that of the village druggist. Though this man was bound hand and foot with the grave clothes of his pagan religion, his wife hungered for spiritual food which her religion could not give her. We had a long and interesting talk with them.

At length, one morning, bidding adieu to kind Christian friends whom we had learned to love and esteem, we resumed our journey; and after riding all day over high hills, across broad valleys and by ancient gold diggings, we halted for the night at a quiet, charming spot by the Alagáda river, sleeping in our tent for the first time in two weeks. Two crotched trees stood here twenty feet apart, and having cut

a pole, we placed it in these forks, threw our tent over it and staked it down. Our men slept under a roof of hides. Our horses strayed away during the night searching for good tasting grass, so we were delayed in reaching the following day our next objective point, the Fazenda do Rio Pedra Descoberta —Bare Rock River Ranch. We halted briefly at a few dwellings by the trail where we were treated with much kindness and had enjoyable talks with the people concerning the Gospel. Just at dusk, we forded the little river Pedra Descoberta, and immediately afterward arrived at our destination where we were received affectionately and almost reverently by a little company of believers, and remained here over one day.

The people began at once to gather in from every quarter until eighty or more had assembled. They came, as usual, on horses and mules and on foot, dressed in cotton home-spun, or print, and the women hatless. No missionary or regular minister of the Gospel had ever before visited this place, the Gospel having been planted here by a young man from the Santa Luzia Church six months before we came. Previous to this time, the people were enveloped in superstition; and we were told that had we appeared among them then, they would have believed that we were demons from the pit; but now they regarded us almost as messengers from heaven. The man in whose house we were entertained with the greatest cordiality, and where this body of new-born Christians assembled regularly to worship God in spirit and in truth, was a few months before in the thraldom of heathenism; and when first spoken to concerning the Gospel, exclaimed, angrily, "Do not speak to me of this accursed religion! I do not wish to hear even the name mentioned!" But now, he and all his house, and many of his friends and neighbors, are earnest followers of Christ. The coming of the glorious Evangel was to them a resurrection day—the beginning of a new era.

We held three meetings. As usual, the men and boys stood near the walls of the usual large room of the house, while the women and girls squatted on ox-hides on the ground in the

center of the room and the dogs filled the space in front of the improvised pulpit. The service progressed without special incident until a hymn was announced. Probably not more than one or two of the congregation had ever heard these hymns sung with any degree of correctness. Only a few of the men attempted to sing them, and they did it in a kind of wailing chant, much as they once recited prayers in their heathen religion. To participate in this singing was impossible to us, and we could only sit and listen in amazement. One with any sense of humor could scarcely avoid smiling, though this astonishing music was of a melancholy character and the singers were deeply in earnest. These Christian services meant very much indeed to these people—more than words can express. They listened to the sermon with rapt attention; and, though its delivery occupied forty-five minutes—much too long for a North American congregation—they thought it not one-third long enough. Each one of our party of three should have preached a sermon each night. Probably but few of these dear people had ever before heard a sermon.

The benediction pronounced, all resumed their places, not a soul seeming to have a thought of leaving the room. Soon, all fell to conversing earnestly, in a perfectly natural manner, about that which was uppermost in their minds—the Book of God and the joyous "new religion." At length, after the lapse of an hour, the women and children began to straggle out into the cook-room—the special realm of the Brazilian woman—leaving the large room still well filled with men, boys and dogs. At ten thirty o'clock, the pulpit was dismantled and trays of coffee and manioc meal cakes were brought in and served to the numerous company. Eleven o'clock came and still no one had left the house—the large room was still crowded with men and boys and the women filled the kitchen, all continuing to converse, not about their cattle, horses and oxen, but about the things of the Kingdom of God. Eleven thirty and twelve o'clock came and yet there was but little change; a small group continued to sing Gospel hymns, while the rest of the company still talked about the wonderful

Divine Law, compared their old religion with it, noting its vast superiority, and asked us earnest, pertinent questions about what God had said. Their poor, starved souls hungered intensely for the knowledge of the Living God, the heavenly manna, and it seemed impossible to satiate their enormous spiritual appetites. They were like the Psalmist, who said, "Mine eyes anticipated the night-watches, that I might meditate on thy word."

After midnight, my two companions, much fatigued, went to rest in a little room opening from the large one, while I was left to sleep in the assembly-room because there was no room to swing the hammock in the bed-room. Though I, too, was very weary, I shrank from suspending my hammock in the midst of this large company. But I did swing it, finally, hoping that it might suggest sleep to our earnest friends; but it had no visible effect. Another half hour passed, yet they still conversed and sang as earnestly as ever, their numbers but little diminished, while I longed for an opportunity to sleep. The canine contingent also retained its place in front of the pulpit, and fought the hordes of fleas that were feasting upon them. At last, two o'clock came and coffee was again served, after which these dear, earnest people began to disperse to their own homes, or to their various sleeping places at the ranch, unwilling, even now to discontinue the meeting, which had begun at sunset.

We held another preaching service in the morning at eight o'clock, before breakfast, and a communion service in the evening, when ten persons were received into the church on confession of faith. But nearly all day long and until midnight, the second night, small groups could be seen here and there talking about God's Word, and singing hymns as best they could. They put questions to us without end which were intelligent and practical.

I slept in the *monjolo* the second night in order to make sure of getting some sleep; and the following morning, we resumed our journey toward the capital of Goyaz.

The hours spent with this new-born church was a time of

great spiritual enjoyment and refreshing to all of us; and departing, we had literally to tear ourselves away from these warm-hearted, devoted people. They were inexpressibly disappointed at the shortness of our visit. We should have stayed with them a week or two. It might have resulted in much good to the infant church, and many persons still outside the fold of Christ might have been brought in. The dear people who had already accepted Christ were in much need of Biblical instruction. They said to us, with grief, "you were never here before, nor has any one like you ever visited us; yet you remain but two nights and one day, then depart; and who knows when you will ever again come to us?" It pains me to record that not one of our party has ever visited them since that day.

I shall always cherish tender, happy memories of this and all the branches of the Santa Luzia Church, and of the simple, true-hearted Christian people who treated us so affectionately. Whenever I think of the youngest of these churches, especially, I grieve that I could not have remained longer with them; and I wish with all my soul that I had the power to transport myself to-day to this, or equally needy places.

Chapter XXIX.

THE CONFLICT OF CHRISTIANITY WITH HEATHENISM.—SEMI-BARBAROUS CITIES.

After riding three days, camping each night at some ranch and sleeping in hog shelters, cattle sheds and other barn-yard buildings, we arrived at the village of Corumbá. Here, we remained over Sunday, occupying a shanty, one wall of which had crumbled down. The ranchmen everywhere along the trail treated us to coffee and manioc meal cakes, or cheese, when we visited them. One such, at the Fazenda do Rio de Ouro—Gold River Ranch—inquired if we were prospecting for gold. We replied that we were seeking something better than gold, then had a good talk with him concerning the Gospel and gave him a Testament. At another house visited, the mistress was unable to read, besides had no money; but as she seemed very desirous of possessing a Bible that she might learn to read it herself and teach it to her children, we gave her a copy, and also a Scripture pamphlet. Many of the ranches we saw were old and well-equipped establishments.

We were now crossing the great central plateau which is some four thousand feet above sea-level; and though the sun was very warm at noon, we were favored with deliciously refreshing air. This appeared to be a delightful part of the world in which to reside. It is well up in the tropics where summer never ceases, and withal, so elevated that day and night always the happy dweller is fanned by gentle, invigor-

ating breezes; though the weather rarely becomes unpleasantly cool, nor does the wind ever blow strong. It would seem that men might live to a great age in this healthy, charming region of even temperature, and attain to a very high degree of development. The trail across this great table was at times like a splendid carriage road. Because of our lofty position and the wonderful transparency of the atmosphere, a mighty expanse of wild, rugged world came within our view, and we saw around us a stupendous, natural, cycloramic picture one hundred miles or more in breadth, sketched by the hand of God.

A few horsemen that passed us just before we reached the village of Corumbá, hurried forward to announce our coming to the villagers; so when we arrived and "paraded" down the main street, we attracted as much attention, apparently, as a circus. Every human being in the hamlet, seemingly, eyed us through gaping windows, doors and door-jambs, and chinks and cracks in the walls of their rude dwellings. All appeared to fear us, and were anxious to remain behind barricades, for we were now no longer regarded as angels from heaven, as at Santa Luzia, but instead, were the representatives of Satan. The village was in the grip of heathenism, and the little priest was almost an absolute monarch. Everybody, whether rich or poor, learned or ignorant, willingly or through fear, obeyed him implicitly. Consequently, we were not over-run with callers, but were avoided as if we had the plague.

We tried to secure the municipal chamber in which to hold meetings Sunday, but the men who controlled it were afraid to let us have it. None of them would tell us frankly that we could not have it, but each one we visited sent us to someone else, saying, "I have no authority to let you have it. You should see Senhor Fulano." Finally, when we reached the last man, we were informed that he was absent from the village. This is a common experience.

Another missionary, giving his experience, says: "I visited Tuberão"—Shark—"which is one of the most fanatical

towns I have seen. I had very hard work to get a place in which to hold meetings as no one would let me have a room for such a dreadful purpose. One woman whom I called upon, had a hall that she rented for dances and other amusements. As I entered, she was adding up the winnings from the day's gambling, for she was an inveterate gambler; and when I stated my business, she replied quickly: 'No, I will not rent a room of mine for such a damnable purpose!'" "Damnable?" Indeed! The reading and preaching of God's Holy Word, damnable?! Unhappy people!

A tract circulated by the religious leaders of these people read as follows: "We are tolerant, and friendly to progress and liberty; but we cannot be tolerant toward Protestantism any more than a nation can be tolerant toward cholera-morbus and the plague."

At Corumbá the little priest of Jupiter officiated at two or three functions in his temple, Sunday, and pronounced a discourse launching his thunderbolts at us, our Bible and the Gospel we proclaimed. Priests who have not *preached* for years, are galvanized into action when we appear. The first ceremony in the temple, occurring before dawn, was announced by what sounded like salvos of artillery, but which was really the firing of charges of powder from iron tubes. As far as possible, these religious ceremonies were held at hours when it was thought we might attempt to hold meetings.

But Sunday evening, we and our men sang Gospel hymns for a time at the old ruin we were camped in, which attracted to us a number of men and boys to whom we read and explained the Scriptures, they listening attentively. The music appeared to please them much.

Making some calls during the forenoon, we were eyed by everybody—from a safe distance, as on the previous day. It was very interesting to observe the expression on the faces of the women and children: It was a mixture of fear, suspicion, curiosity and pity—pity that we should merit such a curse as the priest had pronounced upon us, and be condemned to destruction when we might be decent men. The

faces of the children, especially, were an open book as to what the priest and their parents said and thought about us. It is a very painful experience to be regarded by the people, especially the young, as the incarnation of wickedness, when one knows in his own soul that he is the bearer of "glad tidings of great joy to all men;" and that if they would receive his message, removing the plugs of fear and prejudice from their ears and listening to the Voice of the Eternal—the Word of God—they would become transformed spiritually, mentally and socially, and enter upon a far higher plain of existence. It would be to them an awakening from the dead.

What must have been the feelings of the adorable Saviour when, "He came to His own and His own received Him not:" when, knowing that God had sent Him, they roared that the Devil had sent Him; when He sought to lead them into the path of life, they insisted that He was alluring them to ruin; and when He would have removed the burden of sin and guilt and planted heaven in their hearts, they nailed Him to a cross. If Christ was treated thus, need his servants marvel if they, too, are regarded as devils?

One of the persons we visited, was a leading merchant of the village. Entering his store—for it was open—other prominent individuals straggled in, impelled by curiosity. They were anxious to talk politics and to awe us by a great display of knowledge of current events in the world. One young man in particular, having a casual acquaintance with the English language, thought to instruct us regarding it. His verbosity seemed unlimited. It was like a storm of wind, dust and thunder without rain. These men were feverish lest we should speak to them of the Gospel, for the priest, poisoning their minds, told them it was a "mortal sin" to listen to us read even one sentence from God's Holy Word. So they sought to overwhelm us with a hurricane of empty verbiage. The man who rented us the old ruin, professed to be a materialist—though we noticed that he was anxious to keep on good terms with the priest. There seemed no end to his foolish chatter either, so we named him loquacious. He

tried to inform himself of all that we did, and of our plans.

Monday, we succeeded in disposing of some Bibles, but most of the people we visited were fearful and very uneasy because of our presence, though they would not be rude to us. Mr. Morton, entering the post-office, met the priest face to face. The post-master, seeing him come in, hastened forward with a cry of fear, evidently thinking that a bloody affray was imminent between the two men. Several persons, however, were so well pleased with the Gospel music they heard Sunday that they were sorry they did not get us the municipal chamber for a meeting. A "baby organ" would have been very useful to us during this campaign.

We went next to the town of Pyrenopolis, sixteen miles distant, where we remained two days. We crossed enroute, the highest point of the ridge dividing the Amazon and La Plata river systems, and saw around us a wonderful panorama of natural scenery that extended from our view-point seemingly into infinity.

As usual, we "paraded" through the town, gazed at by everything human "along the line of march," and camped in an old building reserved for travelers, there being no hostelry in the city.

Pyrenopolis is the second city in size and importance in the great state of Goyaz, and is two hundred and sixty years old. It certainly looks very ancient, and very decadent as well, few persons appearing to have any occupation. All were resting, eternally resting. One wonders how such a town can continue to exist, and how the inhabitants contrive to keep alive. One ordinarily thinks of a city as a place where are found comfortable and palatial homes, factories, schools, churches, hotels, business blocks, banking institutions, telegraph and telephone lines, railways, a post-office, newspapers, lawyers, doctors, bakeries, busy streets with considerable movement of carriages, drays and other vehicles. But Pyrenopolis possesses scarcely any of these appurtenances of a city. It has no street lights, or water-works, or sewers. No vehicle, except the ponderous ox-cart, ever

appears in its streets. Its schools are two vociferating relics of the dark ages, each held in a dirty enclosure, where future citizens are taught a little reading and writing and the multiplication table. There was one physician in the town—only one; but he appeared to have no practice whatever—though there were perhaps hundreds of people around him needing medical attention—because, as he himself said, "there is no money here"—because he could get very little pay for his services as the people are extremely poor. He was content, therefore, to bury his talent and let them suffer and die. There are four fine, monstrous temples in the city, but they stand for that which gives no light, if we may judge it by its fruits, but which, instead, obscures and totally eclipses the Light. If they stand for that which disseminates light, Why these four huge temples, that are to the other buildings of the little town as whales among the other creatures of the sea, and yet only two schools, wholly unworthy of the name of school, and held in hovels?

At evening, while in a store purchasing supplies, we asked the old merchant if he would not like a Bible. He replied that he already had one; and at our request, took down from among the dust and dirt at the top of a high shelf, a big, two-volume Bible printed in Latin and Portuguese, with extensive notes, which the priest had said was a "good Bible." It was virtually never read. We had a long talk with the old man, reading the Ten Commandments to him from his Bible, especially the one bearing upon image worship. This seriously disturbed his mind, and I fancy he wished he had not shown us the Book. Then we compared our Bible with his, convincing him that they were in perfect accord, both translations, indeed, having been made by the same man. Further, the president of the council having willingly opened to us the municipal chamber in which to hold a Gospel meeting, we borrowed our friend's ponderous Bible from which to read and preach an expository sermon, in order to convince the people, if possible, that we were not deceiving them. This was a case case of capturing and turning upon the enemy his own artillery.

Our congregation was composed entirely of men and a few boys, who remained standing as there were no seats. Had the meeting been held at a family residence, women would have been present as well as men, though perhaps not visibly present. Our party, sang several Gospel hymns, which our audience appeared to much enjoy. The sermon also, to which they gave close and respectful attention, pleased and interested them. Several of the principal men of the town, urged us to remain longer and hold more meetings, assuring us that the attendance would be much increased; but we could not do so. In going from house to house among the people, we were well received.

Another two days' march brought us to the village of Jaraguá, the name of a very nutritious grass that is abundant in this region. Our route lay through a very picturesque country, serpentining down beautiful valleys and at the foot of mountains that rose up a thousand feet above our path. We camped one night in a rum distillery. One day, we saw a pair of large, gray monkeys making grimaces at us from among the tree-tops as we rode by; and later, we encountered in the road a *tamandua merim* that had just been dining at an ant hill.

We camped in an old two-story building at the village of Jaraguá; and after getting settled, went among the people, as usual, to talk with them and offer them the Bible. Many were afraid of us, eyeing us as if to look through the sheep's clothing and espy the wolf. One person took a Gospel, obtained from us, to the priest, who made an address to the people that same evening in the temple condemning the little book, and saying that it was "altered," "falsified," etc., and sternly commanding the people to refuse to touch it. Being informed of what the priest had said, we visited him the following morning to ask him to prove his statements. He treated us politely, when we succeeded in finding him. He was a corpulent degenerate, bullet-headed, with a brutal countenance. His face was, indeed, a true picture of his character, for his morals were in a sad state of decay, he being given up to the indulgence of animal passions.

When seated, one of us said to him: "We observe that you are arranging for a *festa*."

"We are, sirs," he replied, with an air of aggrieved sanctity. "But, though there will be a great deal of animation and noise, there will be very little spirituality (!) The priest preaches and preaches, but the people, poor things, continue ignorant and brutal, and without any spiritual perception."

Imagine, if one can, the absurdity of such an utterance from a man of this character! What did he mean by *spirituality?* Was it not that the "poor things" should submit like cattle to his will, and should spend, perhaps hours each day, kneeling in the temple, like statues, and gazing vacantly at some "picture," or idol, until they should become as devoid of mind as the figure before them, and should become as clay in the hands of the priestly potter? How could they do other than to "continue ignorant and brutal" when their teacher and vice-god was "dead in sin," instead of dead to sin?—being indeed an animal man instead of a spiritual man.

At length, Mr. Searle said to him: "We heard that you said to the people last night that our Bibles were altered and falsified: Why did you say this? The law of the land gives us full protection in the work in which we are engaged. Why should you seek to injure us?"

He replied, in substance, that our Bible, or rather, the Gospel of Luke which he held in his hand, was "false," "first, because it is not the entire Bible; and secondly, it is not published with *our* permission."

"But," we objected, "the Gospel of Luke you have in your hand, is exactly the same, word for word, as the Gospel of Luke in the Bible which you assert is a true Bible."

"That may be," he replied, "nevertheless, it is false; and your entire Bible is false, though it may be in the most perfect accord, so far as it goes, with the Bible we recognize as authoritative, for the reason that it does not contain the book of Maccabees. Moreover, all Bibles, or portions of the Bible, are false that are not published by the permission of each and every one of our bishops, even though the text should

be precisely the same as the Bibles they have authorized. This shows our zeal to conserve the Scriptures." (!?)

What amazing logic! What astonishing zeal! Such an argument merits only contempt, or ridicule. According to this, a dinner should be refused that lacks bread or the dessert, or has not the approval of the Chinese epicures. Algebra or geometry is false because they are not the whole of mathematics and are not approved by the Mohammedan university (?). The Copernican system is false because it is not the whole of astronomy, and was condemned by the Inquisition. The Methodist Church is false and ought not to be tolerated because it is not the whole Church, and not authorized by the Roman pontiffs or the Grand Lamas of Thibet; while idolatory is true worship because it is authorized by both. Moreover, Jesus and His Apostles were notorious deceivers because they made use of only parts of the Old Testament; worse, were not authorized to teach by the Sanhedrin. Finally, every one of the sixty-six books composing the Bible was false for centuries until bound into one volume.

But what shadow of right has this host of evil men, assuming the guise of holiness, to combine and attempt to "corner" the Holy Scriptures; then say to the peoples of the earth, you shall not open this Book without our permission, yet we will never give you permission? This is nothing less than an attempt to gag the Most High. It is, moreover, a conspiracy against humanity. Jesus Christ may not say to men to-day as he once said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," and "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," without a permit from several scores of arrogant and pompous prelates. And when He does essay to speak the sweet and glorious words of Life and Hope and Peace, they vomit forth thunders and lightnings of anathema and command Him to be silent. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer

The Capital of Goyaz.

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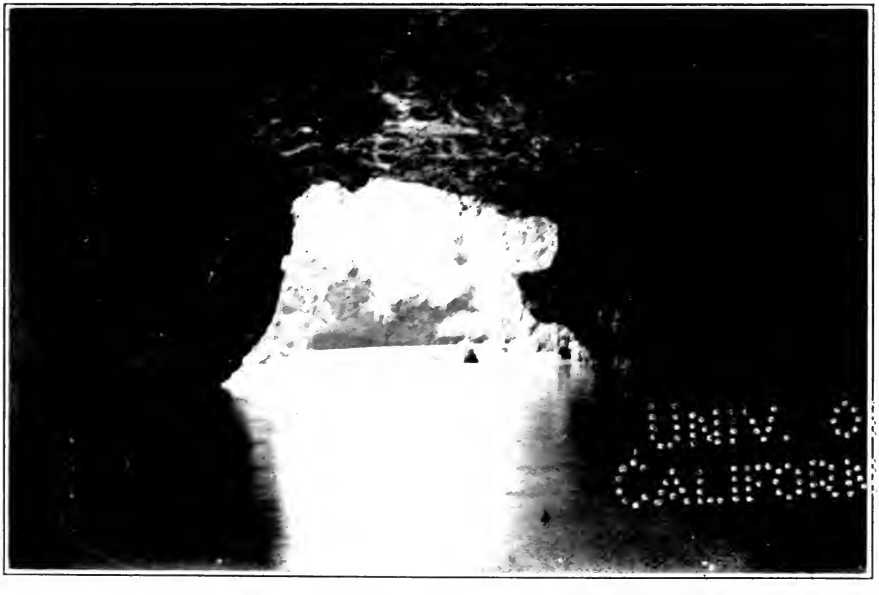

A Subterranean Cavern and Natural Bridge over the Little River Corrientes.

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LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM

ye them that are entering to go in. * * * Ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. * * * Ye blind guides * * * Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

According to this priest's own admission, the people are starving spiritually—starving for the Bread of Life, the Word of God, yet he forbids them to partake of it under pain of eternal damnation.

But these and other ostensible *reasons* for condemning our Bible, are mere subterfuges and excuses. The true motive of the fierce antagonism of the sacerdotal army to the Bible—all Bibles—is that the doctrines it teaches and their doctrines, are as opposite as the poles. And they know that if the people get the Bible and read it with the smallest degree of sincerity, the spell of the priest over them will surely be broken and "they will lift up their heads" and become men; for, "the entrance of thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple." "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," and "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word * * of God." "The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of knowledge;" "blessed is the man" whose "delight is in the law of Jehovah, and on His law doth he meditate day and night. He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water." The priests, of course, will never admit the true cause of their wicked war upon the Bible, unless they can succeed in utterly destroying its authority.

Is it not as evident as one's own existence that if the Bible accorded with and supported their doctrines, pretensions and practices—and they would have us believe that it does—it would strengthen prodigiously their position? This being true, would they rest day or night until it was in the hands of all their subjects? And would they not welcome the Bible distributor with the sincerest gratitude as Wellington welcomed the Prussians at Waterloo? Is it conceivable that they should incite their followers to riot and bloodshed, and should wrathfully gather up and destroy Bibles by the ton

for any such trivial and absurd reasons(?) as the priest in question names? No! It is because the Bible attacks and destroys the very foundations of their religion and overthrows their supremacy. This gigantic and subtle religious *trust* is threatened with annihilation by the Chief Corner-stone, just as the colossal image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream was annihilated by the stone that "was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon its feet * * * and it was broken in pieces and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, and the wind carried them away, and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

Taking leave of the priest, we said to him: "Anciently, the Word of God, or any fragment of it, was treated, not only with respect, but with reverence; so we would remind you that it is a great wickedness to destroy, or even to despise the smallest portion of it. You may call it 'false,' and sneering at it, try to extirpate it, but it will ultimately triumph; for Truth, like God Himself, is eternal." "Forever, O Jehovah, thy word is settled in heaven." "Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law." But the man laughed a short, hysterical laugh, and we left him.

Three days more of travel brought us to the village of Curralinho. We camped one night, enroute, at the Rio dos Patos—Duck River; and the next night at Alegre—Happy—Brook, where we remained over Sunday in our tent, passing a quiet day. We were visited at evening by a number of people living in the vicinity, for whom we sang Gospel hymns and read and explained the Scriptures. Our camp was at a pretty spot, but during the night a herd of cattle, mad for salt, seemed determined to lick up our entire equipment; and as they fought each other for chances to lick, everybody and everything was in danger of being trampled into the ground.

We traversed during these three days a magnificent and very fertile region. It was originally heavily wooded, but

much of the timber had been cleared during a long period of time. We saw everywhere wonderful meadows of Jaraguá grass. The growth was very dense, and so high in places that a man riding on horseback could not see over it.

We remained but one night at Curralinho, as a *festa* was being held in homage to the great goddess, and everybody was excited and preoccupied. We arrived just in time to witness an interesting equestrian tournament commemorating events of the Moorish wars in Spain. The priest, in charge at this village was an imbecile, having just enough memory to enable him to recite the priestly offices in the temple.

Two days more of travel, and we entered the capital of Goyaz. As there was no hotel, we stayed in an old vacant house in the center of the town.

It was with peculiar sensations that I again entered this far-away city of Goyaz after my long absence, during which time I had traveled about eleven thousand miles, circumscribing a large portion of Brazil, and life had been crowded with strange events. All this time, too, I had greatly desired to revisit the city; and to this day I have *saudades*—homesickness—for this place, though why, I scarcely know. We had now ridden five hundred miles or more since our departure from Araguary.

The first thing we did after getting settled, was to go to the telegraph office—for there is a government line to the city—and despatch a message. Then, we went to the post-office where we all got some mail, the first received since the beginning of our campaign, and which we were overjoyed to get; and lastly, we visited the city barber, who was merely an amateur. We occupied the remainder of the day reading our much-prized mail, writing letters, resting, and making a few calls.

In the morning, we visited the president of the town council to ask for the use of a school-room in which to hold a few meetings. Going to his residence, we were ushered into the usual large room. He was a medical doctor, and the walls of the room were covered with chromo pictures of hideous

and revolting sores and ulcerations on the human body, resulting largely from venereal diseases. After we had waited some time, "his honor," finally appeared, dressed in his nightclothes; and following a brief conversation, we stated to him the object of our visit. "I cannot let you have the school-room," he blurted out, roughly, "for the law forbids that it should be used for any religious purposes. Religion must be kept separate from the schools." We were not asking for the school, but merely for the empty school-room for a few evenings. So "religion must be kept separate from the schools!" Indeed! Yet the fat, fanatical friars went to the schools every week and harangued the children. During the short conversation we had with this man, he said, "I do not believe in my own religion, much less in yours." We learned afterward that he was under the influence of a priest who had visited him and instructed him not to let us have any place in which to hold meetings. Whatever may have been his medical knowledge, his behavior revealed him to be a coarse, ignorant man. We learned, moreover, that though he was never married, he yet has had more wives than an ordinary Mormon.

We next visited the governor of the State, who received us graciously, and we had a very pleasant conversation with him. He had lived at Rio de Janeiro for many years, and was a man of culture and refinement. At our request, he very kindly placed at our disposal, free of charge, the Lyceum hall, which was a much better room than the one we had sought to obtain from "his honor."

The priest became very active upon our arrival, distributing among the people booklets full of falsehoods and absurdities regarding our religion.

We held meetings four consecutive evenings in the Lyceum hall. Our congregation was entirely of the male sex, as is always the case when a public hall is used in a hitherto unworked town. About one hundred and fifty persons were present the first evening, but the remaining evenings the attendance was smaller. Nearly all remained standing during

the entire service as there were but few seats. We were given close and respectful attention, and as usual the singing of the Gospel hymns seemed to give much pleasure to our auditors. During each day we went about among the people with the Bible. The state legislature was in session at the time, and a few of the delegates visited us to purchase Bibles. One of these had come six hundred miles on horseback from the north. He bought a large Bible and a Testament, besides two or three other books, to take home.

We lived in the house we occupied just as we did in our tent. When dining, we dipped the food from the pots onto our plates and sat on our boxes, each holding his plate in one hand. The legislators had to "ranch" in vacant houses like we did, unless entertained by resident families.

Since I was to reside for a time at the town of Goyaz, my colleagues left me within a few days to return home. I must confess that when we bade each other a final farewell and these dear friends to whom I felt so closely attached by the ties of Christian love and service, and by the isolation of our position, mounted their horses and rode away, leaving me in this remote place without any human companionship and at the mercy of men dominated by the spirit of the dark ages, who would not hesitate to inflict upon me any injury within their power, I was almost overcome with the feeling of utter loneliness and abandonment. I never again met these dear friends. One of them, brother Charles M. Morton is now clothed with immortality. There is no tie like "the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." This insatiable longing for Christian friends, and for "some dear familiar spot," was intensified by my situation. But there was no time to surrender myself to this dire sickness.

With my companions went our cook and cuisine, my bed—or that which had served as a bed, for I could not suspend my hammock—indeed, it seemed as if everything had gone; and in addition to my grief at parting, I felt like one who had just been burned out without being able to save anything. Nothing was left to me but the dirty, dismal, dungeon-like hovel in

which we had camped, my two small trunks, and the rats. I had to skurry around at once and find a family to furnish me meals, else I would have "to go to bed without any supper;" next, to fix up a bed, or there would be no bed to go to. This done, I began to search for a house to live in permanently, having a large room in which to hold meetings, in addition to being more pleasant; and finally, rented one of the largest houses in the town, located in the principal square, paying a rental of ten dollars per month for it. My meals cost me twelve dollars per month. I secured with much difficulty, a few second-hand benches and a small table, for no new furniture could be obtained in this city except by ordering it made by a carpenter and waiting, perhaps months, for it.

Taking possession of my new house, I found it already occupied by a very numerous company—of huge rats. But they manifested no unwillingness to ratify my contract for the house. They held tournaments and carnivals in my sleeping-room and under my hammock every night; and though they were not exactly friends of mine, yet there was a grim consolation in the fact that while their platoons were "drilling, marching and countermarching" under my hammock, I felt confident that nothing worse was present—an assassin, for instance.

A heavy "run" was made at once upon my supply of Gospels, which were bound separately, and sold at two cents each. The purchasers were children who were made to play the *rôle* of "jackals" for the local detachment of the priestly army, twenty or more strong, to whom they delivered the little books. The scheme was to quickly exhaust my entire stock of the accursed volumes, and thus to pull the teeth of the dragon—myself. But learning what was "in the wind," I doubled the price of the books, and shortly afterward, a shipment of several hundred more arrived, so that I was able to meet all demands. For each Gospel that the children delivered to the priests, they were given in exchange a worthless little card from Great Britain, having a colored picture of a "holy one" on one side, while on the reverse side, strange

to say, was a pill advertisement. The British manufacturer, knowing that the South Americans like to have *pictures* of their gods, took advantage of this fact to advertise his pills. The Anglo-Saxons send the heathen world the Bible, but by some inexplicable inconsistency, they send also with it a demijohn of rum and a box of gods.

The priests considered these wretched bits of pasteboard of more value to the children than the Thoughts of the Omniscient. But they did not secure all the books that the children purchased, for in many instances, "the folks at home" became interested in reading them, and retained them.

One day, approaching my house, I encountered a mob of boys and youths, sent and inspired by the priest who had become weary of trying to exhaust my supply of books by purchase. These boys reviled me; and when I locked the house and left it to go to dinner, though it was located in *the* square and sentries were pacing up and down at the government buildings in full view of it, the boys broke in through a window and flung the Bibles around the room and into the street, carrying a number of them to the house of Socrates, an uncle of the priest named Confucius, and here Confucius rent them asunder and burned them publically. Can one imagine the famous old philosophers, the original Socrates and Confucius, having been so insanely unphilosophic as to try to destroy the heavenly Philosophy! Verily, Socrates and Confucius have degenerated sadly. Some half-burned pages of the burned volumes were brought back and pushed under my door. At evening the same day, the house was again broken into and more Bibles stolen, besides other property. A few of the large Bibles were taken to the friars' rendezvous, from which place they were afterward recovered by the police. I talked over the situation with the vice-president of the State, who was cordial to me, and both he and the President of the State desired to give me full protection. The former published an article in the government journal severely reprimanding the priests and the friars, saying, with

other things, that if the doctrines I taught were erratic, they should prove it by reason, and not by committing crimes.

Showers of stones fell around me as I passed along the street, or struck the walls above my head; or missiles were launched at me through the open window as I sat in my house. One evening, a stone weighing a pound struck a pile of books within a few inches of my head. Excrement was also thrown in. Evidently these were the best and *only* arguments the priests had. But they who are without reason cannot appeal to reason and must build their house upon the quicksands of brute force and wrong.

The priestly brigade first tried to frighten me from the town. This failing, they conspired to expel me by violence. But, unfortunately for the success of anything of the sort, the priest, while plotting to create a mob to deal with me, was overheard by a high official who warned him that if he should attempt to carry out his scheme, he would summon the military. It finally became so unsafe to leave my house with no one in charge, that I rented another large house conjointly with a family, which was a much more advantageous arrangement for me, and life was perhaps a little more secure. For a time, however, there was more or less disturbance at the house when meetings were being held, and persons wishing to attend the services, feared to do so. Finally, soldiers were detailed to guard the house.

I went among the people every day with the Bible and other Gospel literature. One day, I sold a fine large Bible to a shoemaker for the equivalent of seventy-five cents. Calling upon this man two weeks later, he told me that friends from a distance had visited him and given him two dollars for his Bible. He therefore purchased another, which he disposed of also in a short time, and bought a third from me.

I heard of a priest, who was probably an atheist, who bought three Bibles from a colporteur for three dollars and fifty cents, then traded them off; one for a cow, another for a horse, and the third for ten dollars cash. To obtain such a book from a priest, which would include his sanction, the

people will pay almost any price. As time passed, I had numerous interesting talks with many persons; and God, in His infinite goodness, gave me an increasing number of personal friends, and friends of the Evangel.

I found a cloth blackboard and colored crayons very useful in making God's message clear to the people, besides interesting and attractive. As the windows of my large room yawned wide open because of the heat, the blackboard was in full view of persons passing along the street, who often paused a moment to ask for an explanation of what they saw sketched upon it.

What an unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction it is to open to the minds and hearts of men the treasures of God's holy Word!—Especially to those who have never before heard it. When Jesus said to His disciples after pointing the woman of Samaria to the Light, " I have meat to eat that ye know not of," He uttered words of the profoundest significance. The joy and satisfaction of soul that He was experiencing, satisfied even His physical needs. There is nothing that I could desire more than to be again in the heart of Brazil—my adopted country—and engaged with all my heart in this delightful service.

Part IV.

EXPEDITION TO BORORÓLAND.

Chapter XXX.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES.—THE MATTO GROSSO WILDS.—CATTLE RANCHES.

I had been some months in Goyaz when, in the remarkable providences of God, the hour came, wholly unannounced, for me to begin another expedition to the haunts of the wild men.

I have already mentioned that my journeys to visit the "children of the wilderness" were in every case the results of strange providences and the converging of chains of events the beginnings of which were as remote as the poles. The events which culminated in my undertaking the present expedition to the Bororó, were as follows: I had heard very interesting things of this powerful tribe whose hamlets are scattered over a wide territory lying many hundreds of miles to the west and southwest of the town of Goyaz, and hoped that I might some day be privileged to visit them, and perhaps also have the honor of planting the Gospel among them. While entertaining these thoughts, there appeared suddenly one day in Goyaz, a Brazilian traveler and explorer of high intelligence and wide experience, named Antonio Candido de Car-

valho, who belonged to one of the best known and most influential families of the region bordering on the Bororó territory. He had traveled among the Bororó, was well acquainted with them and enjoyed their confidence; and had come a great distance to Goyaz by horse to solicit from the government some agricultural implements for the Bororó as a step toward "civilizing" them. Though he knew not the Gospel, yet he was seeking the well-being of these needy people. By chance, I learned of his presence in the town. Visiting me at evening, by invitation, we liked each other at once; and for two hours indulged in a most enjoyable interchange of thoughts. He told me many things about the Bororó that interested me profoundly; while I told him of what was being done, not merely to "civilize," but rather, to evangelize savage peoples in other parts of the world, which, in turn, interested him greatly. A cloth blackboard hung on the wall of the room where we sat on which I had sketched a pictorial representation of the Second Epistle of Peter, first chapter. Observing this, he inquired, "What does that mean?" and when I explained it to him, he seemed much pleased. Finally, about ten o'clock, he said to me, "I wish very much that you would return with me to visit the Bororó. It would please me greatly to have you see them." He assumed that as I manifested deep interest in these primitive people, all my countrymen, doubtless, would be equally interested. Would God it were true! As I lacked the funds necessary to meet the heavy expenses of such an undertaking, I was compelled, regretfully, to decline this pressing invitation, saying that I cherished the hope of visiting the Bororó the next year. I was aware, nevertheless, that it would be a great advantage to me to have the companionship of this man for such an enterprise. My expenses would be reduced one-half and he would be exceedingly helpful to me.

He had been gone from my house but a few minutes when a sky-rocket announced the arrival of the mail. It is carried nearly four hundred miles on the backs of mules after leaving the railway terminus; and its arrival is announced to the people

of the town by a dynamite rocket. Correspondence was at once placed in my hands from the Department of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. asking for an ethnological collection from one or more of the aboriginal tribes of the great region of which the Bororó territory is a part. This correspondence was sent first to Dr O. A. Derby in the city of São Paulo, who dispatched it to me with a letter saying that if I would undertake this work, he would place at my disposal immediately a sum of money sufficient to meet all my requirements, so that I might proceed without delay; and desiring me to telegraph to him my acceptance and the amount of money I would need. This remarkable conjunction of important events—the visit and invitation of the Brazilian explorer, and the arrival of letters from Washington and São Paulo at the same hour, besides other interesting circumstances—left me in no doubt as to the course I should pursue. I went at once to my new-found friend and informed him, much to his surprise and pleasure, that I would accompany him. The results of this journey proved conclusively that the enterprise had been divinely arranged. I was enabled "to kill two birds with one stone," doing both missionary and scientific work, and at the same time to meet expenses independently of mission funds.

While traveling among the civilized Brazilians, my companion, who seemed to be acquainted with nearly everybody, introduced me to the people, who treated me with much respect and attended to my words. I had also the satisfaction of seeing my companion himself choose voluntarily to become a follower of Christ. He said to me one day, "I have long known that the religion I followed was false and empty, but I knew of no other. My father was a sincere man, and I am sure he would have embraced this religion, had he known of it. My brothers, too, are upright men, and I believe they would embrace it, could they know about it. What would it cost to secure a teacher and establish a school at the village where my brothers live?" Riding along one day, we saw a sapling that was doubled horizontally, like a coil of a steam

radiator. "That is just like some people," said he. "They take a header this way, then another that way; at last, they plumb and go straight up." It was plain that he referred to his own experience.

His interest increasing, he said to me, "This is indeed the religion I have sought for years without knowing just what I wanted." It was like a treasure hid in a field which he had stumbled upon without realizing at first what he had found. Apparently God had long been preparing him to receive the Gospel. He would spend hours reading the Bible when we were in camp, and read my Scripture pamphlet so many times that he wore out a copy. He lost no opportunity to recommend the Gospel to other people, saying, "This is the true and only religion, and just what we all need. I confess that I have lived all these years without any real religion, and all my countrymen are like me." A man at a village we visited telling him they were going to raise seven thousand dollars to build a new temple, he replied that they would better employ this money to build an evangelical church and school and to support trained teachers, assuring them that this would bring happiness and prosperity to their impoverished, semi-barbarous village. There never was a school of any kind in this particular village, except the school of idleness, vice and crime, which was always in session and attended by every one. Naturally, a strong bond of sympathy and Christian fellowship grew up between my companion and me as we rode along together day after day in friendly intimacy.

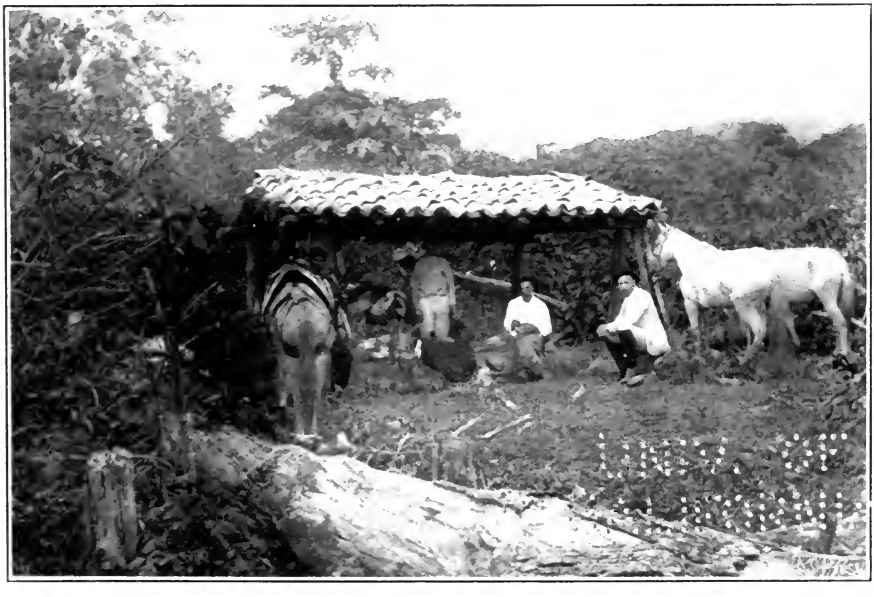
We traveled about six hundred miles before we began to meet with the Bororó. Though this expedition was made during the season of heavy rains when horseback travel is most difficult and dangerous owing to swollen streams and inundated swamps, yet we were remarkably fortunate, and suffered few losses. We sometimes felt depressed after spending entire days in the eternal gloom of dense tropical forests and being drenched by frequent thunder-showers. We were also persecuted by numerous insects, including the large wood-

ticks that clung to us by dozens, and even forced their probosces through our wet boots at the instep. Nevertheless, our travels were, on the whole, exceedingly interesting and enjoyable, and resulted in much profit.

The third day of our journey, as we followed a wide opening through some woods, a deer came trotting diagonally across our path. Being in much need of meat for our long journey, Senhor Antonio drew a heavy, automatic revolver to shoot it; but in seizing the reins to steady his mule while he fired, he accidently discharged the weapon into his mount. The forty-four calibre bullet entered its head back of the right ear, and apparently lodged near the left eye. The poor beast reared and fell backward, nearly knocking down the horse I rode; but it finally recovered itself and remained on its feet. A volume of blood spurted from the left nostril and we thought it would die at once. I was much distressed at this unfortunate event. The mule was not only a valuable animal, but to lose it would have seriously interfered with our undertaking. The saddle was quickly removed, while I hastened forward to halt the baggage train, which was in advance. Though it may appear very strange, I prayed as I rode that the mule's life might be saved. But why not ask the Author of all life to interpose in behalf of a beast as well as a human being? Let any one think what he will, the mule did not die; and in a day or two it appeared well, though a little weak from loss of blood.

The first few hundred miles of our journey was through regions inhabited by the "civilized" people engaged in cattle raising. No man had less than fifteen or twenty square miles of land, while many held hundreds and owned cattle by the thousands, and the dwellings were at times twenty or thirty miles apart. But we found the people everywhere, including the wealthiest cattle owners, living in poverty and squalor, and insufficiently nourished. We rode nearly two hundred miles without being able to obtain any beef—unless we purchased a whole animal—and the dwellings of the people, which were the color of the ground inside and out, stood in the midst of lakes of filth and were surrounded by disorderly hordes of

A Dwelling of the "Civilized" People in the Jungles of Matto Grosso, where the Author dismounted for a lunch.



Getting Breakfast in the Wilds.

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domestic animals, as elsewhere described; while the women and children were filthy, bloodless and ignorant, and both their bodies and their garments were the shade of the ground. These people pass their days and die without ever knowing what it is to have a sound body, or a healthy, cultivated mind. We passed one night at a very large ranch, the owner of which had six thousand cattle, yet droves of cattle, hogs, goats, fowls and dogs were all about the house and some inside it; dead rats were under the floor, and the carcasses of animals taken in the chase were putrefying close to the house. Finding some lime, we made them sprinkle it on the floor to disinfect the house somewhat. They were ignorant, apparently, of the simplest rules of hygiene, and their olfactories seemed useless.

It is the custom in these regions for parents, when a son reaches the age of eighteen or nineteen years, to select a wife for him and order him to marry, indicating the spot in their extensive territory where he may erect a rude habitation. Years afterward, the couple may be found living in a pig-sty such as their childhood was spent in, surrounded by a horde of squalid, anemic children. This has been their mode of life for many generations, and thus they will doubtless continue to live until " The entrance of God's Word giveth light," never awaking to the fact that there is a higher and better life than that which they and their fathers have known.

We were treated with genuine hospitality nearly everywhere, regardless of how limited were the resources of the natives. One of the first things our host would do after our arrival, was to order a tray of small cups of coffee. This is not coffee that simmers all day over the fire. To prepare the coffee for use, it is roasted black in an iron pot, then pulverized as fine as flour in a wooden mortar; and finally, when the beverage is to be served, a little of this soot-like substance is thrown into a slender, closely-woven bag, and water, which is always kept boiling, is poured over it. Hence, we were always offered freshly made coffee. A cup of this deliciously refreshing drink was always much appreciated after

the weariness and exhaustion of a long ride in the hot sun. Moreover, conversation is much more animated and cordial when the company is sipping coffee. The people gave us milk and eggs gladly when they had these products, and declined to accept any pay; but we always rewarded their generosity with a copy of the Bible, or a nicely bound Testament, which they accepted with evident gratification. One day, a man raced after us on horseback eight or ten miles to obtain a Testament.

At large cattle ranches when fifty or one hundred calves were shut up all night so that milk could be obtained from the cows in the morning, the tranquillity of the night was broken by a tumult of sounds. Naturally, these cows and calves lowed ceaselessly, which, in turn, caused the rest of the herd to unchain their voices in sympathy. The resulting noise was scarcely less than one tremendous, prolonged roar, lasting throughout the night, and increasing in volume as the night advanced.

Occasionally, we passed the night at ranches where the people were suspicious of strangers and feared to shelter us in their dwellings. Halting at a place of this kind, once, just at nightfall when a storm was approaching, and asking to be lodged for the night, we were directed to the hogshed. But I declined to occupy this filthy place, saying that we would pitch our tents. However, as our baggage train had not yet arrived, the proprietor of the ranch ventured to invite us to sit down in the house while awaiting it. Soon, the rain began to fall, so he requested us to unsaddle our horses and bring the saddles inside. The baggage arriving shortly afterward, our host could not well avoid asking us to bring all our effects into the house, and finally, to remain there all night. Thus by degrees, we gained a suitable shelter.

We traversed one region where it was difficult to obtain corn for our horses, as the plantations had suffered greatly the previous season from the ravages of wild beasts, especially the capibara, and of insects. Without suspecting it, we pitched our tents one day close to a colony of the de-

The Barn-like Temple of the Rio Bonito Village.

The Village of Rio Bonito in Southwestern Goyaz.

structive foraging ants, which set to work during the night to cut our tents, saddles and other articles to pieces, damaging the saddles most, which they would have destroyed had they begun work earlier in the night. They work in small circles until they cut through the leather or cloth, taking out discs the size of a dime.

Another time, we halted for the night at a lonely, exposed place where we found a roof, only, resting on posts ten or fifteen feet high and covering a platform of poles five feet above the ground. Taking shelter here, we suspended our hammocks above the platform. But during the night a cold wind and rain swept through our retreat, and we rose at dawn wet and chilled and feeling far from buoyant. The sun, however, quickly dispelling the clouds and mists, warmed and cheered us. During the morning's ride, we came upon a large quantity of excellent fruit called by the natives *guábirába*, of which there are several varieties. It grows larger than a cherry on a bush similar to the currant. Dismounting, we enjoyed a feast.

We passed the following night in a saw-mill that represented the mechanical science of a remote age. It was operated by water which was conducted around the hillside in a small trench from a stream, and caused an overshot wheel to revolve slowly. Everything in the construction of this mill was made on the spot by hand, except possibly the saw, which made but three or four strokes per minute. The building was open on all sides, but we found it a clean, pleasant lodging place, though cattle again tried to lick away our effects.

We slept in our tents the next night at a picturesque spot in the wilds miles distant from any human dwelling. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and a crystalline brook which gurgled and laughed near our tents, afforded us a delightfully refreshing bath after the heat and dust of travel. What a peculiar exultation of spirit steals over one, and how joyously free from care one feels when passing the evening and the radiant night at one of these quiet, charming spots in

the bosom of nature, remote from the squalid haunts of men with their distracting sights and sounds, and alone with God to commune with Him heart to heart! What satisfaction of soul it gives! If in the smoke and tumult of the Christian warfare, one should feel like saying with the psalmist: "As pants the hart for water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the *living* God?" One can also say when worshipping God alone in a secluded sanctuary of nature, "I am abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou makest me to drink of the rivers of thy pleasure."

In order to escape as much as possible the difficulties and dangers attendant upon fording and swimming swift streams that were now swollen because of the frequent and heavy rains, we followed the great divide between the Amazon and La Plata river systems nearly all the way to Bororóland. Though this was the longer road, it was the safest.

It was a constant delight to me as we rode along day after day and week after week through this boundless, untamed world, viewing the novel and continually changing scenes, and drinking in the delicious, exhilarating air of this land upon which the smile of heaven seems to rest forever. Each day was distinct from every other day and brought to us so many new scenes and unique experiences, and enriched so rapidly the repositories of memory that a really brief space of time seemed long—very long; weeks seemed months and months years.

We had the pleasure of visiting one day an interesting subterranean cavern, and natural bridge across the little river Corrente, over which our trail led. The river had bored through a hill of rock at this place, excavating a large, tunnel-like cavern through which the water rushed, roaring and seething.

At length, we reached the decadent little village of Rio Bonito, where we remained several days. Just before entering the village, we met a youth on horseback with whom my companion was acquainted, and pausing to speak with him, we inquired, "What is the news from the village?"

"O, nothing much," he replied, "except that Saint Augustine murdered his father-in-law."

"For what reason did he do that?"

"Well, he was living in idleness on the old man who rebuked him and insisted that he go to work."

When this degenerate appearing youth had passed on, I was informed that once he and two companions had slain a man named Saint Bento, who was himself an assassin, by shooting him while he slept in his hammock at night. They were arrested, but escaped punishment by giving the judge two hundred dollars.

Human life seems to be of little value in Brazil, as in all lands where the "Light of the World" does not shine, and assassins usually go unpunished. The execution of the laws is extremely lax everywhere. Sometimes, the murderer does not even leave the village where the crime was committed, feeling himself in little danger of the law. If apprehended, he may easily purchase his freedom. Everything depends upon the social and political standing of both the slayer and his victim. If the slayer has friends in the seats of power, while the slain one has few or weak friends, the former has nothing to fear. When a homicide is committed in the far interior, for instance, and the murderer, who happens to be friendless, flies for his life through the boundless wastes, the relatives of the victim will probably not look to the military police to pursue him. There is no inducement for these men to engage in such a chase, for they receive no reward; moreover, as they belong to the lowest class of the people, they may not possess sufficient knowledge and intelligence to track a criminal, even should they care to do so. Instead, individuals skilled in tracking beasts and men through the wilds, are employed to pursue and overtake the fugitive. After tracking him perhaps two hundred miles or more, they at length overhaul him and march him back to the outskirts of the town where the crime was committed. Then they send word to the murdered man's friends, "We have the killer. Do you wish his ears?" If they reply, "Yes," he will be quietly

despatched during the night and an ear brought to them, as a proof that the work has been properly done and that the pursuers may claim their reward. It will not be reported, of course, that the criminal was slain, but instead, that he committed "suicide." If the relatives of the slain one should not wish the ears of the murderer, he will be delivered up to the police and legally prosecuted—but only so far, usually, as the victim's family pays all cost of prosecution. A shooting affray occurred back of our house the first night we were at the Rio Bonito village, but no one was injured. We stayed in a vacant house and had our meals brought to us by a resident family, which is a common practice in Brazil.

We were kindly received by the people, and held two Gospel meetings in our own house, at both of which the attendance was large, many persons remaining standing just outside the door and windows during the entire service. They listened to the sermons with respectful and thoughtful attention, and seemed much interested and favorably impressed. Even the discourse on image worship, which I felt led of God's spirit to present, was well received. The subject was not treated in a controversal spirit, but as if we were all seeking in the Spirit of Christ to know His Will. God seemed to have prepared the minds of the people for this message, and they expressed a desire for more meetings. But these services aroused the ire of the village priest. When he learned that "Satan's emissary" had come and was sowing tares with much success in his field, he was jealous as well as angry, saying that the people would listen to me for hours, but would not listen to him fifteen minutes. This was not strange as he was a dissolute, ludicrous character, having three females instead of men for his traveling attendants, whom he maltreated; and in addition, behaved in a brutal manner toward his female parishoners, tearing their skirts, yelling in their ears, using insulting language, and ordering them to jump through windows. The priest at the next village was a similar character. He employed much of his time in wrecking families; and boasted that as soon as he "got to-

gether enough copper" he would abandon the priesthood. Let us hope that he soon realized his ambition. Leaving Rio Bonito, we passed two or three nights at very large cattle-ranches. Though the proprietor of one of these owned several thousand cattle and a county or two of land, yet his house was in a sea of mud in which a horde of domestic animals were wallowing and various carcasses were decomposing; while inside the large house there was dirt enough to shovel, and swarms of bedbugs and other vermin infested the place. But as we slept in hammocks, we swung clear of both dirt and vermin. The fleas are usually the greatest tormentors of human beings in these abodes. Owing to the ravages of the "penetrating" variety and to parental neglect, I have seen the children of the poor with scarcely a toe-nail, and sometimes crippled for life. Hogs also are great sufferers from this insect. The "irritating" variety—though both kinds are certainly extremely irritating—are athletes, par excellence. They are the champion high jumpers of creation. Having a great fondness for beds, they harass the human victim all night without a truce. I occupied once, a large room which had been used as a store, but had stood vacant several months; and hundreds of these tiny persecutors that had been compelled to fast during all these months, swarmed into the bed thirsting for red blood with a maddening thirst. Brazilians avoid entering a place like this until after they have driven a goat in. The famine maddened insects spring instantly upon the unfortunate scape-goat, and when the brute is let out, it carries out all the fleas with it.

We were entertained by the *dona* at the big ranch as the *senhor* proprietor was absent. She was a devout heathen, which accounted for the condition of the house, and talked a steady stream, as if seeking to drown us miles deep in a verbal ocean and prevent our speaking to her of the Gospel. This conduct is not uncommon among these people, for they fear that they will become fatally contaminated if they even hear the Gospel. Nevertheless, my companion recounted his Christian experience, and we left with the family portions of God's Word.

We crossed the Rio Bonito basin, which is seventy or eighty miles broad, ascended the plateau, crossed it, and descended again into the Araguaya river basin. There is a spot here where the ground is strewn with magnetic rock, and another where the rock is saturated with oil. One day, we crossed a bridge-like ridge less than seventy feet wide, on one side of which the waters were coursing to the Amazon, and on the other, to the Rio della Plata. Table-mountains having vertical sides stand about here and there in the basins of both the Rio Bonito and the Araguaya, as if they had been islands in primeval lakes.

Chapter XXXI.

THE BORDERS OF BORORÓLAND.—FORESTS AND THE FORCES OF NATURE.

We dismounted at a ranch on the borders of Bororóland where, a few months before, the ranch owner and his men had wantonly and cruelly massacred fourteen harmless, helpless Bororó men, women and children, who worked for him, living upon his vast estate and under his protection. This was part of a wicked, idiotic plan to rid this particular region of the Bororó. These ranchers had induced the governor of the state of Goyaz, who had declared that he had nothing for the aborigines but bullets, to send a detachment of soldiers to murder a certain group of the Bororó, while they themselves slaughtered the other little group. The ranchers succeeded in executing their part of the horrid crime, but the other group got wind of the approach of the military in time to escape. This atrocity was entirely without excuse. These men, calling themselves the "civilized ones," say that the poor aborigines are "wild beasts of the forest." But the reader can judge which of the two are most worthy of the name. A prominent Brazilian official told me once that a rubber exporting company, wishing to rid a certain district of its primitive inhabitants, gave them poisoned rum.

The great table standing between the Bonito and Araguaya river valleys is level and nearly treeless. One day, while crossing this broad, lonely expanse, we encountered a solitary bullock, which my companion said was suffering from a

disease called *o seco*—the dry. It is a kind of consumption, and the flesh of the animal wastes slowly away during a period of one or two years until nothing remains but a skeleton with a leathery hide drawn over it. Even the viscera consumes away with the rest of the body; and when the brute dies, there is so little else than hair and bones that the buzzards are not interested in the carcass. We saw a carcass lying in the trail which the buzzards had not touched. If taken in time, the sick animal can be cured by being driven to new pasture and given plenty of salt. Another disease, which is very destructive of horses, occurs in the Cuyaba region. It attacks the spine near the kidneys, causing it to decay. No remedy is known. My companion lost a large number of horses and mules by this disease.

We saw, one day, a great ant bear which had come up out of the jungle to dig into ant-hills and feed. It cannot run faster than a good dog-trot, and its gait suggests running on three stilts, for its feet are much better adapted for digging than for locomotion. As it runs, the body rocks up and down, the prolonged snout rising and falling like the jib-boom of a vessel riding the waves, while the great hairy tail, which it curls over its back for an umbrella when rain is falling, wig-wags back and forth. Wishing to secure a photograph of the beast, we tried to tire it, or get it to face the dogs. Failing this, my companion seized it by the tail as it ran by a clump of bushes, hoping to hold it a moment, but he had to quickly relinquish his hold. It embraces its foe when grappled with, and will rend him asunder, digging its claws into his back. It is a powerful animal, and has been known to kill even the tiger when attacked by it, though it is a death-grapple for it as well.

As the abodes of the ranchers became less and less, we had, with increasing frequency, to pass the night in our tents in the wilderness, leagues distant from human dwellings. Storms, too, burst upon us, and at times the darkness was so intense that it could almost be felt. One with a nature at all sensitive, could not fail to be strangely impressed when pass-

ing a tempestuous night in these savage solitudes listening to the moaning and wailing of the wind through the forest like a thousand weird, Æolian harps, the incessant cannonade of the celestial batteries and the musketry of the rain-drops.

We crossed the Araguaya river by means of a bridge, at a point forty miles from its source, where it is less than forty feet broad, though deep. It cuts through tilted rocks near here and is forced into a channel but one foot wide. We visited two cataracts of the Araguaya some distance below this crossing, which are some thirty miles apart. We estimated that at the first three thousand cubic yards of water rolled over the cliff every minute and dropped sixty feet; and at the second, twelve thousand cubic yards of water fell about one hundred fifty feet each minute. In visiting the latter cataract, we arrived, first, at a point a short distance below the falls where they were not visible owing to the forest and jutting cliffs. Leaving our horses, we descended to the bottom of the chasm by climbing and sliding over great blocks of stone and making short stops by catching hold of trees and bushes. Standing at length upon some great boulders at the water's edge, we saw all about us an awe-inspiring spectacle. The waters, churned to madness, rolled like waves of the sea and with a deafening roar over the huge masses of rocks that formed the river bed; a dense arboreal growth of perpetual verdure robed and draped both sides of the chasm; the stormy sky and the deep shadows caused by the depth of the abyss and the low declining sun; all combined to form one of the wildest and most romantic scenes that I had ever beheld. After silently contemplating the wonderful, tumultuous scene a short time, we reascended our great natural staircase to the top of the chasm; and being assured that the cataract itself was "very" near and "easy to reach," and that we still had time to see it before sunset, we started in that direction. But we little knew how difficult was our undertaking. We had to pass through a terrible cornfield belonging to the cattle grower who owned this territory. About the only tools of the ordinary Brazilian

agriculturist is an axe and a grubbing hoe. Preparatory to planting a crop, he slashes down two or three acres of forest, allows it to dry during the rainless months, then burns it. But there always remains a more or less dense network of blackened trunks and limbs, among which he simply plants the corn without further preparation of the soil. The cornfield, therefore, that we had to traverse was a tangled mass of black, slimy and slippery logs, limbs and poles that were suspended higher than our heads, and stumps of every shape and size. Up through this network bristled the corn ten or twelve feet high, and over the corn, logs, limbs and stumps, climbed a dense and almost impenetrable mass of vines, while everything was dripping with water from the recent rains. Through, over, and under, this mass of logs, limbs and stumps, crawling, climbing, sliding, and practicing aerial rope walking, and through the corn and vines we crept and carved our way; and as we approached the falls, a storm of cold spray added to our discomfiture.

Arrived at our objective point, blackened and bedraggled, we saw before us a sublime and dreadful scene, far beyond my powers to describe:—The rushing, boiling and swirling waters above the falls, the headlong leap over the precipice into the deep, dark abyss, the rocky sides of which are perpendicular at this point, the ceaseless thunderings of the cataract, the torrents of spray, the deepening gloom of approaching night, the lonely wilderness all about us!—I felt almost speechless in the presence of this wonderful and awful display of the forces and the sublimity of nature. In the center of the cataract was a huge column of rock crowned with bushes, in the sides of which, in the midst of the fearful, thundering torrent, hundreds of bats made their home, absolutely safe from all enemies. Hoping to secure a photograph of the falls, notwithstanding the twilight, I set up the camera under a big rain cloak, held by my companions, who raised it for a moment while the exposure was being made. Darkness coming on rapidly, we had much difficulty in extracating ourselves from our almost uncanny situation.

The Basin of a Primeval Lake, where the Rio Vermelho takes its rise, now the site of a Primitive Forest.

Eating Christmas Dinner.

DO NOT
CIRCULATE

The following day, we turned aside from the trail to visit a beautiful cascade where the water descended about one hundred feet in seven jumps.

The Christmas season came and went while I was on this expedition. What a remarkable Christmas it was! How almost infinitely removed it was from the Christmas seasons I had passed in other days, the memory of which seemed like a strange dream! We were in the height of summer, and vegetation, displaying abounding life, was growing with marvelous luxuriance. The world of natural life, arrayed in its magnificent bridal robes, was certainly in harmony with the birthday of the Prince of Life.

Early in the day, I rode several miles over splendid grazing lands to visit a charming waterfall in the heart of the forest, the trees joined hands across it, forming an arbor of dense foliage beautifully draped with climbing vines, and the little stream flowed ever in eternal shadows. Enveloped in the shadows of a primeval forest at this delightful spot, a paradise of Nature, and listening to the soft music of splashing waters, far away from the haunts of men, we seemed to have left the careworn, excited world forever behind us.

My Christmas dinner, consisting of a fish, caught at the foot of the little falls just described, and a whole rib of beef together with a part of the backbone, was eaten at sunset while sitting on a box outside of our tent.

Near our camp was another pretty little waterfall. About five feet below the edge of the ledge over which the water dropped in a broad, thin sheet, a bench of rock jutted out just right for one to stand upon and take a delightful pour-bath, which was indulged in twice each day.

An incident occurred Christmas morning that gave us some feeling of insecurity. A venomous reptile killed a valuable dog of ours within one hundred feet of our tent. It was bitten on the neck, and had apparently fallen at once.

Leaving here, we followed for about one hundred miles the lofty plateau dividing the great river systems of the north and of the south. The edge of this great table is nearly

everywhere precipitous, and in many places, perpendicular. The basins below are, for the most part, fairly level, while here and there colossal towers arise. After a storm, the air is amazingly clear and transparent. This, and the altitude of our position, enabled us to see enormous distances in every direction, and to look down upon a stupendous expanse of wild, rugged, unexplored and unknown world, that was scarred and furrowed, torn and upheaved by the storms, convulsions and subsidences of countless ages. Our view of the earth was like gazing at the moon through a powerful telescope, and beholding a hemisphere of mountains and hills, plateaux, valleys and chasms. At one place, the Rio Vermelho has tunneled under a mountain and one can look down into appalling depths; while at other exceedingly interesting localities on the edge of this Giant's table, some of which we visited New Year's day, this river has made prodigious excavations. Once, standing on the edge of a broad, vertical-walled gorge and shouting toward the opposite wall, we listened to a splendid echo which bounded and rebounded, again and again, zigzagging, as it descended the gorge to the open basin. We also saw this day, numerous rain-storms raging around us at the same moment, some near and others remote. This was one of the most peculiar and interesting New Year's Days that I have ever experienced.

Steamboats could ascend from the Amazon and from the river della Plata to within a few miles of where we stood. There are rapids to overcome on the Amazon side, 'tis true, but none on the Rio della Plata side. This would give nearly three thousand miles of navigation each way from the divide.

We had now left civilization behind and were getting into the land of the Bororó. Our New Year's encampment was close to the first small village of this tribe that we had yet seen, and these simple dwellers of the wilderness, wearing nothing but a coat of red grease, thronged about us all the time we remained here, gazing at us curiously, for we were no less a freak to them than they were to us. It was while here that I first heard them sing the *bakororó*, the wild man's

evening anthem, which will be described in future pages. We were at our camp at the time, a quarter of a mile distant from the savage chorus. It was indeed wild music, and an appropriate production of the wild ones and the wilderness. It was hard to believe that this fusillade of uncouth, alarming sounds issued from human throats. This savage music resembled, somewhat, the remarkable and uncanny sounds produced by coyotes when heard at night from a distance.

Doubtless these nude, unclean savages would appear extremely repulsive and unhuman to most civilized people, yet I could but regard them as simple, overgrown, neglected children; and finding myself again among such rude, needy beings, I experienced a pleasure and satisfaction which I cannot describe, and inwardly thanked God, Who, in His gracious providence, had led me again to their haunts after a long detention among a more advanced race. Could I be among them once more, my cup of joy would be full.

Two naked Bororó accompanied us as helpers during the remainder of our journey to onè of the chief villages of the tribe. The world about us became more and more wild, rugged and inhospitable as we advanced, and the difficulties and dangers of travel increased. Moreover, the myriads of the insect world seemed to resent our encroachment into their domains, and fell upon us with ever-increasing numbers and ferocity; while the elements, too, appeared to join forces with the rest of Nature, for storms occurred, not only daily, but several times during twenty-four hours. One night, we found ourselves encamped upon the "private grounds" of a colony of destructive foraging ants, which set to work promptly to cut us to pieces; and when we halted at noon for breakfast, some days, we were set upon by hordes of a stupid, sluggish, stingless bee, called "father of honey" by the Brazilians, but known to science as the *Melipona fasculata*, of which there are more than fifty varieties in Brazil. They were attracted to us by the perspiration of ourselves and our beasts, and also by the odor of our food. They did not attack us in a single swarm, but came to us individually and gradually, until quart

measures of them had massed themselves upon our saddle blankets, and upon whatever else took their fancy. They did not bite, but lit upon us and dragged themselves, worm-like, over our flesh, down our necks and up under our hats, into our eyes, ears, noses and mouths, and dropped by threes and fours into our food as we were taking a mouthful. To kill them had no effect in reducing their numbers, and it was impossible to escape them. When crushed, their bodies exhaled an offensive effluvium, or a nauseating taste, if masticated. We were therefore compelled to make haste in preparing and eating our food, else we would have been driven nearly to madness. We were told that there are places where it is almost impossible to take food during daylight because of these pests.

Our route led us more and more into primeval forests, where, in the eternal shadows, we were completely engulfed in the endless masses of thorny, tangled undergrowth, dripping with water. Though my companion had previously cut a trail through here, it was largely taken possession of again by the forest; therefore, we were continually curried and harrowed from head to foot, and had to perform constantly acrobatic feats, or practice rough riding, in order to escape being dragged from our horses, while our clothing reverted rapidly to lint, and big, ugly *carapatos* clung to our boots by dozens. Moreover, hornets had built their nests, Chinese-lantern-like, thickly along the trail; and when we disturbed these nests—for we were seldom aware of their presence until we had disturbed them—the infuriated insects invariably inspired our beasts with renewed energy, besides touching us up a little. Therefore, owing to these and other reasons, we sometimes finished the day's march feeling exhausted and low spirited.

One day, as we emerged from the woods into an open swail, we came suddenly upon a family of eight rheas—an old father and mother and six children. They squatted first into the grass to hide themselves, but conscious at once that they were not sufficiently hidden, they sprang up again on their long legs and made off rapidly, the old folk hanging in the rear until the children were safe.

The same day, we descended through the forest into a deep, narrow valley, then up the precipitous side of a mountain having six or seven terraces, descending, finally, into the basin of the Rio Vermelho, which is covered by a dense forest, and passing close to an immense rock called the Tower of Antonico, which rises vertically to a height of five or six hundred feet. We were ascending and descending and cutting our way all day, encountering everywhere the beaten runways of wild beasts, such as tapirs, pigs, capibaras and jaguars.

About evening, we arrived at another small encampment of the Bororó by the Rio Vermelho. As we approached the cluster of huts, we were greeted by a volley of *college yells*, or war-whoops, given by the Bororó in honor of their two fellow tribesmen, who were accompanying us, and of my companion. We remained here until morning, passing the night in one of the savage huts. It was littered with rubbish, but we got the natives to clean up a little, then to sprinkle some clean sand around on the ground. This work was done by the females.

This was an extremely wild appearing spot. The somewhat open space in which the few primitive residences were clustered, was shaggy with a low growth of bushes and trees, and hemmed in closely on all sides by a dense, unbroken virgin forest; while in seemingly perfect harmony with these savage, austere, though wildly picturesque surroundings, were the nude, brightly painted, uncouth appearing human beings who existed here, their long, black, gum-matted hair flowing over their shoulders. One could not fail to be profoundly impressed when contemplating the strange, awe-inspiring picture of these children of Nature nestling, like Adams and Eves and their progenies, in the bosom of wild, unsubdued Mother Nature, exceedingly remote from civilization and almost as untouched by it as the Cave Dwellers. The red, earth-charged torrent of the Rio Vermelho flowed through and added to the wild beauty of this Paradise of Nature. It was at hightide at the time of our visit, and many varieties of excellent fish sported in shoals in its turbid waters. The

savages were surfeited with fish, for we saw heaps of ten and twenty-pound specimens lying in their huts. This was their season, not only of plenty, but of super-abundance; nevertheless, since they preserve nothing for the season of scarcity, their feast was likely to be followed by a partial famine. It was a great treat to us to have an abundance of fresh, succulent fish for supper and breakfast.

A little girl of the village, having been ill of fever for some weeks, her father begged my companion, when we arrived, to request me to give her some medicine, for they thought me a conjurer. Calling her to me, I put a quinine tablet into her mouth and gave her a draught of pure coffee. She took the medicine readily because her father had commanded her to take it. Usually, these people will not eat anything we offer them until they have first seen us eat a portion of it. They fear it may be either poisoned or bewitched. I gave the child a second dose the following morning. This broke up the fever, for I heard some weeks afterward that she was well again and growing fleshy. Doubtless the savages now consider me a great medicine man. The child in question was loved and esteemed by her parents, in proof of which they had daubed her little body with gum from the waist up, then stuck on a coat of white feathers; and finally, having rubbed a mass of red, putty-like gum into her front hair, they plaited over this a solid layer of brilliant crimson feathers plucked from the breast of the macaw.

As we journeyed the next day, skirting the Rio Vermelho, we met with an accident that seriously affected our food supply. One of our mules that was conveying two small bags of sugar, got too far in advance with some loose horses, and plunged with them into a stream that was usually dry, but which was now a raging torrent because of the recent rains. All were swept away down stream, but the horses succeeded in scrambling out, despite the network of vegetation that covered the bank down into the water. But the mule, because of its burden, could not get out, and was carried down stream. Our muleteers rushed up, and slipping instantly out

A Bororó Village.

Christmas Day in the Heart of the Primitive Forest.

of their shirts and trousers, plunged into the water and swam rapidly with the current. Soon, they saw the mule's ears appear above the water as it was drowning, and succeeded in reaching it; and finally, with much labor, in rescuing it from the water. But the burden it carried was left in the water. The two naked Bororó who were accompanying us, now became very useful to us. They are as much in their native element in the water as on the land. Diving, they explored the bed of the stream for some distance, searching for the lost baggage, but succeeded in finding one bag only of what had been sugar. It was now a sack of molasses.

Having, with much difficulty, gotten all our effects across the angry little stream, we pushed on two miles further to the nearest opening in the woods, where we camped for the night and tried to convert our bag of syrup into sugar again, and save this much from the wreck, for the loss was a serious one to us since we could not replace it. We got one of the Bororó to carry the bag of molasses on his bare back. This pleased him hugely, and he grinned from ear to ear as he trudged along scraping off with his finger and licking the sweetness that oozed through the bag. He was besmeared with treacle from head to foot when we reached our camping place.

Chapter XXXII.

LIFE AMONG THE BORORÓ.—EYED CONSTANTLY BY A HORDE OF NUDE SAVAGES.—ASTONISHING MAKE-UPS.—PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEPING AND SANITATION.—HORTICULTURE.—FOODS.—VEGETABLE COWS.—A WONDERFUL PALM.

After nearly two months of horseback riding and camping, we arrived at the confluence of the river Pogúbu, or Ponte de Pedra, and the Rio Vermelho, which is about forty miles north of the junction of the former river with the São Laurenço. Here, we found a large Bororó village, called the Tá Dáre Máno Páro—potato bank—where we remained several weeks, camping in a stake-walled, palm-branch roofed hut that had been erected a quarter of a mile from the Indian village by my companion. We had to cross the river Pogúbu, which we did in a small, dugout canoe made by Senhor Antonio, and swam our horses over. It is about two hundred yards wide at this point, deep, and has a strong current. A heavy rain storm broke just as we were within a few hundred yards of our destination, so we rushed our entire cavalcade right into the big, open hut.

When our arrival became known at the primitive metropolis, and it was known instantly, our hut began to fill with our nude and painted fellow beings of all ages and both sexes, who came to observe us and to examine all the marvelous things that we had brought from our wonderful, and to them, enchanted world. They flocked in upon us regularly at dawn

each day during the weeks that we remained in their vicinity, and stayed by us faithfully until dark; and though coming and going continually, we had always a full house. If I opened a trunk, they were on the alert to peer into it, and to handle whatever struck their fancy. When we ate, every mouthful of food we took and our manner of eating; or if we wrote, or conversed, or photographed, or made our toilet, our every act was observed with the closest attention and commented upon in muttering tones by the horde of naked savages that encircled us, of which the women and children formed the outer ring.

They sat or lounged upon our boxes, benches and tables, or what served as a table, leaned against the stake walls of our hut, sat cross-legged on dry ox-hides on the ground, or upon flat stones or slabs of wood, or squatted around our pot of food as it boiled at the camp-fire, eyeing it hungrily, always leaving a patch of red grease on anything they sat upon or reclined against. A few dozed occasionally; some smoked when they could get a bit of tobacco; others roasted hunks of beef at our fire, or lazily picked off and ate the kernels from a roasted ear of corn; several nibbled pieces of the heart of a dwarf palm; while others, the boys, slowly devoured bits of fish that had been roasted black, peeling back the skin and scales as they ate; or amused themselves shooting with rude bows and arrows at a stump just outside our hut. The men gossiped a little among themselves in gutteral sounds, looking vacantly into space as expressionless as a professional gambler, and never once glancing toward the one addressed; or else asked us a few questions in the limited language that we knew in common. They would sit for hours at a time in every conceivable position and distortion of the body, uttering scarcely a word.

They are very fond of tobacco, and resorted to various tricks to obtain a small piece. Whenever they did any work for us, or made a trade, they invariably demanded a piece of tobacco from my companion in part payment. Besides trading, they availed themselves of numerous expedients to obtain

articles from us without offering us anything in exchange. One would say, "*Bororó*, headache—handkerchief, red"—Meaning, my head aches; give me a red handkerchief to tie around it. Or, "*Boé* sick—tobacco,"—I am sick. Give me a piece of tobacco to make me well. Or, again, "*Boé* pursue tapir—catch him not. Give tobacco." At other times, they sought to obtain things on credit, saying, "*Bororó*, bring"—I will bring you something. But they usually forgot "to bring." Sometimes they tried a little flattery. One day a chief man came to me saying: "Captain"—myself—"good—Captain very good. Bororó cry when Captain go away. Bororó ask Captain not go." But this was largely to pave the way to ask for something. When I had to refuse them and they seemed displeased, I said to them: "*Bororó*, good; *Bororó*, very good. Captain, bad—very bad." They always hastened to say in reply to this, "No, no; Captain, good—very good."

When fish became scarce and a hunting expedition had not resulted successfully, and they were, consequently, without food, they came to us acting as if they longed to become our slaves forever. After much self-abnegation, they would say, timidly, "*Boê tapira*,"—I like beef. *Tapira* is their word for cattle, cow, bullock or beef. But when they made a good haul of fish, their demeanor underwent an entire change, and seeming unable to recognize any one, they hastened to their huts without looking to the right or to the left. If spoken to, they feigned deafness. They do not wish many friends at such times as this as they would have to divide their catch with them. This is much like the civilized man, who, having acquired a fortune, is unable, longer, to recognize his less favored friends and relatives.

A death occurred in the village the day after our arrival, and as custom among these people forbids that any member of the family of the deceased should leave the village to fish, hunt, or to forage, until all the obsequies, which continue many days, are over, they must trust to the generosity of their neighbors for food. Consequently, the father of the bereaved

family came to us often, saying "*Nagareda by—tapira.*" (My child die. I would like a piece of beef.) Sometimes he begged for other things, saying, for example, "My child die; I would like a handkerchief, red."

The smart young men of the tribe, who, like their civilized brothers, are fond of dress and display, wear suspended from a hole in the lower lip, a chain of bright shells six inches long, terminating in a brilliant crimson feather. But the older men, who no longer care for fashion and show, discard this ornament and wear only a wooden plug in the hole, as they are unable to drink when it is open, it being very large.

The young women, and girls over six years of age, wear a kind of corset made of the inner bark of a tree. It looks much like the sides of a cheese box, is twelve inches broad, hard and stiff. It must be very uncomfortable when first worn. In addition to this primitive corset, the females wear a long strip of soft inner bark eight inches broad and resembling brown canvas, which is specially prepared. It is passed between the legs, and each end, at the back and in front, is tucked in between the upper edge of the corset and the body. It is made of the same kind of bark as that used by the Karayá, but does not drop down in front, apron-fashion, as with the Karayá. Adorned with these articles, the females consider themselves fully and decently dressed, and would not think of appearing in public without them.

Crescents, evidently in veneration of the moon, are worn constantly by both sexes, suspended from the neck; also rows, six or eight inches long, of monkey, tiger or wolverine teeth. They seemed to prize these decorations very highly, and were always loathe to part with them. The huge horn claws of the *tatú canástro*, the giant armadillo, are also much valued, and worn hanging from the neck.

Many of the men wear, wound around the head, a rope ten or fifteen yards long, made by braiding together human hair which was cut off or jerked out during funeral ceremonies. The men also tied the bright-colored handkerchief, obtained

from us, around their heads; while the boys tied them around their loins, allowing the flap to drop behind.

It is chiefly the young men that besmear themselves from head to foot with the yellowish-red grease, or paint, until they glisten in the sunshine, and also mass a red, putty-like material into their hair. Both sexes allow their coarse, black, horse-tail like hair to grow long and drop down in an ugly, tangled mass over their shoulders, except in front, where it is cut off, like "bangs." The young men also paint a black crescent over the forehead from cheek to cheek, or a complete circle, passing over the upper lip; and glue bright feather epaulets on their shoulders. The men pull out every hair of their sparse beards and also of their eyebrows, which gives them a peculiar look; and occasionally pierce the nose and ears as well as the lower lip.

The Bororó are large, stoutly-built, powerful men. I do not remember having seen one less than five feet eight inches tall.

Social grades exist among these children of the forest just as among higher races, though much less complex and not so distinctly marked. They have, in a small, crude way, an "upper ten" and a "lower ten" thousand; "high caste" people and "outcasts"; "dudes," "belles," and "back numbers;" "big men," "first families," and "the masses."

We could not but be highly amused at times because of the astonishing habiliments in which these big, overgrown children occasionally appeared. Any garment secured from us was always regarded purely as an ornament, and not in any sense as a necessary article of covering, unless to protect themselves at times from the cold, or from insects. Neither did they have any knowledge of the civilized world's mandates as to the manner in which these articles should be worn. One day, my companion gave a pair of white drawers and a white vest to a dignified old captain who already possessed a black shirt and hat. Shortly thereafter, he appeared wearing all these articles as a morning dress, and these *only*. In the afternoon, he visited us again, wearing the vest and hat, *only*, as

an evening dress. Some days afterward, another sedate captain appeared at our hut gravely wearing my companion's riding boots, a cutaway coat and a hat, *only*. Again, a big, burly savage would be seen arrayed only in a garment which was once a white shirt, and a hat; or, finally, wearing nothing but a hat. The hat, too, is only an ornament, as custom among these primitive people does not require its use.

To give them in exchange for articles of their manufacture, and for food, I had brought a number of knives of various sizes, a quantity of bright-colored cloth, beads, and fishhooks of different sizes, but no axes, because of their weight. The Bororó, like all primitive peoples, are fond of bright colors, of which scarlet is much the most admired. They dislike black, for it is the emblem of mourning to them. Whenever they brought anything to me for exchange, they placed it upon the table, then withdrew to the background as if they purposed to give it to me, gratis. But knowing their ways, we would ask them what they wished in exchange, and they would point to the article desired. As their standard of values was far different from mine, I sometimes found that they asked much less for their products than they should receive, in which case I usually added an article or two. At other times, they demanded articles in exchange that would have made the object they brought me very costly. But we usually sent them away satisfied.

One day, five splendid warriors came to visit us from a distant village called the Kogi au Páro, bringing with them beautifully ornamented bows and arrows, having heard that we were giving knives and other useful articles in exchange for their products. They filed, cat-like, into our hut with solemn and dignified mien, and "laid down their arms" upon our table, then modestly withdrew to the rear of the primitive company that surrounded us. My companion, Senhor Antonio, then said to the first man, "*Caiba?*"—what do you wish? "Axe," he replied, making us understand by a mixture of native and Portuguese words and by signs, as did they all; in fact, they communicated with us more by means of

signs than by words. "*Caiba?*" again said my companion to the second copper-colored figure. "Big knife," he replied. The third man explained by shivering and acting cold, and going through the motions of drawing on a shirt and pulling it down, that he wanted a shirt; while the fourth and fifth wanted cloth.

To the first, we explained by words and signs, "Axe, none, —tramp, tramp many days—mule, one—trail bad." Neither did we have a shirt for the third man. But he insisted upon having one, saying, "*Boé*, sick; *Boé*, cold"—me sick, me cold. I was uncertain what to do to satisfy him and obtain his beautiful bow and arrow. But at this juncture, one of our men, a stripling of nineteen years, came to the rescue, offering his undershirt on condition that I get him another. When the garment was brought in, however, and displayed to the big Bororó, and was seen to be even smaller than its slim owner, the savage exclaimed in dismay, "*Baikymo!*"—no, no, me fat! and he passed his hands over his big body. Finally, I remembered that I had a small tent which I could not use. This I tore up and made all the men happy who wanted cloth and shirts. The Bororó do not appear to make any use of the skins of animals for covering, and apparently, have no knowledge of tanning.

They always joined in helping one of their number who was making a trade with us, by lauding the object offered, and demanding a good return from us. We were sometimes flooded with certain articles of their manufacture. One day, some queer little dolls were brought to me, which I traded for as I had none; but the next day I was surfeited with them as they are easily made.

The little black box, my camera, caused the savages much anxiety. They would take to their heels whenever they saw me pointing it toward them. It is useless to try to explain to them how it works, for it is so far beyond their comprehension that they cannot possibly understand it. It is an inscrutable mystery to them, and they regard it with superstitious fear. A contrivance that can stamp and preserve in

its obscure heart an exact image of anything it winks at, must be some wicked device of the *bopi*—demons. The savage believes that any one having his picture may practice some black art over it and bring evil upon the original: that, as one may do what he wishes with the image, he likewise has power over the real man. Moreover, if one is such a powerful conjurer that he can secure that image, What may he not do with the original? I had to bribe them with valuable gifts in order to secure a number of pictures.

The Bororó, like other South American tribes, dwell in gloomy palm-branch huts that resemble squatty, old haystacks huddled together in complete disorder in the coarse grass and among the scraggy trees of the upland jungle. They are constructed by first planting two posts in the ground twenty or thirty feet apart, ten feet high, and terminating in a fork, to support the ridge pole, which is held in position by means of creepers from the forest, instead of nails. Against the ridge pole, are reclined and bound, the rafters, the feet of which are sunk slightly in the ground and the upper ends are bound to the ridge pole. Bamboo poles are next bound horizontally to these rafters, while upright stakes are set in at the gables; and finally, to the entire frame-work, are bound huge, feather-shaped palm-branches, to shed the rain, and exclude the light because of the flies. The primitive residence is now complete. The only light that enters is what filters through the palm-branches. To enter, one pushes aside the palm-branches at one end and enters in a stooping position.

These strange, uncouth dens of savagery, are dark, unclean, and ill-smelling, and so devoid of every object considered absolutely essential to a civilized human abode, that it is difficult to comprehend that they are the dwellings of true human beings—the homes of multitudes of real men, women and children; where they are born, reared and pass their days, and the only abodes they have ever known. Entering one of these human lairs, we find it more or less strewn with decaying food refuse, such as bones and other rejected parts of fish, mammals, birds and reptiles; shells, stones and peelings

from fruits and vegetables, besides chips and other débris from weapon and ornament making. Like infants, they simply drop, wherever they happen to be, such parts of the food they are eating as they do not want.

There is no household furniture, as we understand it, in these primitive residences. Mats, made by braiding together the long, slender leaves of palm-branches, are spread upon the ground to serve as beds, tables, chairs, and sofas. Calabash and gourd shells of various shapes and sizes, and large, oyster-like shells, found in the woods, are the pans, basins, bowls, bottles, cups, plates and spoons, furnished by Nature, ready for use. A few clay pots are the only vessels the Bororó have which are made by their own hands. The "stove" is a light fire made by placing the ends of small sticks together like spokes of a wheel. The "pantry" is a little platform of sticks five feet directly above the fire, supported by four stakes, upon which is placed the food that cannot be eaten at once in order that it may be preserved by the smoke. Palm-nuts are also heaped up here. Stuck around in the roof and hanging from it, are seen the primitive weapons of war and of the chase, such as bows and various kinds of spear-like arrows, fishing gear, several kinds of small, home-made baskets, feather and bone ornaments, charms, and ceremonial paraphernalia. The primitive housekeeper is seen squatting or kneeling, engaged in the preparation of some insipid broth in a clay pot over the little fire, or else splitting goose-egg cocoanuts and pulverizing the meats in a rude mortar with which to make a kind of bread. The head of the household kneels, or sits cross-legged, on a palm-leaf mat occupied in making bows and arrows or ornaments, or repairing fishing-tackle; or else lying full-length on his mat with a five-inch pole for a pillow, on which the neck rests, and nibbling a bit of jungle food; while the children are seen, either assisting the mother in her culinary operations, or amusing themselves in a quiet way just outside the hut. Not a patch of "dry goods" has ever entered this human

abode, and the entire family, as previously stated, is virtually in a state of nature.

When the primitive residence becomes so unsanitary that even the barbarous occupants cannot longer endure it, they erect a new hut a short distance from the old one and move into it, burning, or merely abandoning the old dwelling. No dray is needed to move such a household, and the packing up is very simple, for the housewife can gather up in a few minutes and carry in one load the entire possessions of the family. At wide intervals of time, the entire population of the primitive city moves out, constructs another cluster of huts on a new site, then burns the old city. This is their method of house-cleaning and of city sanitation. Instead of removing the garbage, they remove the town, or, at least, change their residence. There is no sweeping, dusting, washing, scrubbing, ironing, mending, dress-making, or washing to do in these primitive abodes. The over-burdened civilized housekeeper must admit that primitive housekeeping is not destitute of advantages. One to four families dwell in a hut, each having their own little camp-fire, or *kitchen*, for, in a limited sense, at least, they do not believe in having "two cooks in one kitchen."

In every Bororó encampment, or village, there is one very large hut around which all the family huts cluster. This hut is called the *baihýtu*—great hut—while a small, family dwelling is called a *bai*. This great hut is a public building, or a sort of town hall where all public functions occur. It is also a bachelors' hall where all the single men of the village reside; a kind of club-house or hotel; the village workshop where the men do the most of their weapon and ornament making; and finally, the public brothel. No female of the tribe is permitted to enter this primitive "house of mirth" save at night for immoral purposes, or to participate in funeral ceremonies.

Some Brazilian tribes, instead of having many small huts in each of which two or three families, only, reside, erect one very large hut, one or two hundred feet long and seventy-

five feet broad, which is partitioned off into a large number of apartments and occupied by an entire village of twenty or thirty families. It is a primitive tenement house.

The Bororó have no domestic animals whatever; and no captive wild creatures except the brilliant plumaged macaws and parrots, which are kept for their feathers, and for the pleasure of their companionship.

About the only agricultural work the Bororó do, in common with many other South American tribes, is to raise a little yellow corn, though they obtain but a mere handful of their annual food supply from this source. Agriculture is always carried on with extreme difficulty where the savages have no steel instruments with which to cut down the forest and prepare the soil. Those tribes that have secured axes, grubbing-hoes and large knives, sometimes plant considerable ground.

But the fact that all these tribes are communistic societies; that is, have all things in common, operates seriously, it seems to me, against their engaging in agriculture on a scale sufficiently large to produce their entire food supply. Their social arrangements are such that if any family should raise a quantity of produce, they would have to divide it with the rest of the community; so, after all their labor, they would find themselves without anything for tomorrow, and on a level with those who had not toiled. Consequently, there is but little incentive to provide food except as hunger drives them forth, in common with the other denizens of the wilds, to procure something for immediate consumption.

Therefore, the primitive man has knowledge of nearly everything in his savage world that is edible, whether it belongs to the animal or vegetable kingdom, and knows just when and where it is to be found, and how to obtain it. Some tribes look almost exclusively to the forest, others to the river, for their meat supply. Thus different tribes are either expert fishermen, or expert hunters. When fish become scarce, as they do at certain seasons, the fishermen tribes are forced to become vegetarians, largely.

The palm-tree in its numerous varieties, is the never-failing friend of the "children of the wilderness." It will provide them with food of some kind every day in the year, even when there is nothing else to be had. Every day, unfailingly, they may obtain the white, cheese-like heart of a kind that grows but six feet high. The outer rings are stripped off, leaving a vegetable like the solid part of a cabbage. I found it an excellent food, when cooked. The savages eat it raw. The spongy, fiberous trunk of another palm, when pounded and wrung out, yields a white, starchy liquid, like milk. This is boiled in a clay pot and mixed with the yellow, insipid fruit of the burity-palm. It is considered good broth. Or, the uncooked liquid may be evaporated, and the starch thus obtained made into a kind of bread. The large, yellow, plum-like fruit of the burity-palm is eaten raw with a relish by the Bororó, though I found it far from palatable.

Another variety of palm furnishes an unfailing supply of nuts about the size of a goose-egg. This nut is first thrown into the fire for a few minutes, then the thin outer shell is peeled off and a layer of an insipid substance, somewhat like slippery-elm, is scraped from it and eaten. Next, the nut, which is very thick, is split, and the small, white, woody kernel removed and eaten raw, or pulverized in a wooden mortar and made into a cake, which is wrapped in green leaves and baked in the ashes. The Bororó consider this a delicacy. Still other varieties of palm furnish the Bororó the material for his bows and arrows, and cordage for fish-nets and harpoon lines, besides the material with which to build his hut.

Charles Darwin describes a very interesting palm found on the Andean ridge. When fallen up hill and the top cut off, it yields an incredible quantity of sweet sap, from which syrup and sugar are made.

But the most remarkable tree is the famous "vegetable cow," found in Venezuela and in the Amazonian forests, which yields an amazing quantity of milk. Humboldt describes this wonderful plant in his book of travels in tropical America.

He says: "Among the many curious phenomena which I saw in the course of my travels, I confess there were few which affected my imagination so powerfully as the cow-tree. * * * * * Magnificent forests, majestic rivers, lofty mountains clad in perennial snows, are not the objects which we most admire. A few drops of a vegetable fluid impresses us with the power and fecundity of Nature. On the parched sides of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large, woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year, its leaves are not moistened by a single shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered. But when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing fluid flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time, the natives are seen coming from all parts provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some drain their bowls on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of the shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock."

Wallace describes another milk tree, the *Masserandúba*, which he saw near Para, saying: "It is one of the noblest trees of the forest, having a straight stem and rising to an enormous height. The wood is very hard, fine-grained and durable. It bears an edible fruit of excellent quality, the size of a small apple, and full of rich pulpy juice. The milk, which exudes when the bark is cut, is of the consistency of thick cream, and but for a slight peculiarity in the taste, can scarcely be distinguished from the genuine product of the cow. We cut several notches in the bark of some logs of this tree that had lain on the ground a month, and in a minute, the rich milk was oozing out in great quantities, some of which we collected in a basin, diluted it with water, strained it, and used it for supper and breakfast. The peculiar flavor of this milk seemed to improve the flavor of our tea, and gave it as good a color as rich cream. We had a custard made of it, which proved very good. This milk

also makes an excellent and durable glue; in time it hardens and becomes like gutta-percha."

Another remarkable tree, found in Brazil, is the Carnaúba palm. From its roots, a tea is made equal to Sarsaparilla; a kind of straw grows on the stem, from which hats, baskets and brooms are made; the trunk can be pulverized and made into an excellent paper cloth, and building material; the cabbage-like heart of the stem, called *palmetto*, is a much-prized edible vegetable. In the stem also, a pith is found that can be used as cork, while the solid wood is valuable for making musical instruments, tubes and pumps. From the sap, vinegar, wine, saccharine and sago are made; the fruit of the tree makes a nutritious food for cattle; and from the seeds—nuts—a kind of coffee is made when real coffee is scarce. The tree also yields a white liquid, like cocoanut milk, which, when dried and pulverized, makes an excellent flour. Finally, its leaves yield large quantities of valuable wax. Three million pounds of this wax is exported annually from Brazil, while two million pounds are used at home.

Chapter XXXIII.

WEAPONS. — THE BLOW GUN. — HUNTING. — MARVELOUS FISHERMEN.—THE MANO RACE.—THE WILD MAN'S EVENING ANTHEM.—WOMAN.—UNIQUE MARRIAGES.—FIGHTS.—PRIMITIVE ARITHMETIC.

The weapons of the Bororó, used both in war and in the chase, are huge bows that are longer than the archer is tall, spear-like arrows four or five feet in length, and two styles of clubs, made of iron-like wood, one of which is shaped like an enormous dagger.

They obtain the wood for their bows from a certain palm-tree, and the fibre with which to make their bow strings from the long, slender foliage of another plam. The fibre is stripped out of the green leaves by the primitive artisan, and twisted, or spun, by rolling between the palm of the hand and the leg above the knee as the spinner sits, cross-legged, on his palm-leaf mat, and lastly, these strands are twisted dexterously into cordage in the same manner. The bow is usually wound half its length with reserve string.

The arrows are made by skilfully fitting together three different pieces of wood. The point, or spear part, is made either of taquara or palm-wood, and in a variety of forms, according to the use to be made of it. Broad blade points are used in hunting large game, and for war, while various styles of harpoon points are used for fishing. A special kind of arrow is made which is six feet in length and very

heavy, and is shot with a line attached. It is really a harpoon, to be used in fishing. A big Bororó, with a bow six and a half or seven feet in length can launch an arrow with such force as to drive it through a tapir at close range; but he is not an accurate marksman beyond fifty yards.

A unique weapon, used by many of the aborigines of the Amazon valley, is the blow-gun. It resembles a gigantic pea-shooter ten or fifteen feet in length, or an enormously elongated bass clarinet, for the mouth-piece is made flaring like the bell of a clarinet. The wild man finds this weapon nearly ready made by Nature. It is constructed of the stem of a palm that grows but fifteen feet high, without joints, and two inches thick, and has a soft, pithy heart, which, when removed, leaves a smooth, polished bore. To make the gun, two of the straightest stems obtainable are selected, one small and the other large; and when the bores are cleared, the small tube is forced inside the large one, in order that one may counteract any slight crookedness in the other. A bell-shaped, or conical wooden mouth-piece is next attached, and sometimes the tube is wound spirally from end to end with the smooth, shiny bark of a creeper.

The needle-like arrows are made of the spinous processes of the patawa tree, having a conical tuft of cotton secured to the base, which fits snugly, but not tightly, into the bore of the gun. This projectile is hurled by a short, sharp puff of breath, like a boy shoots a pea, and has a range of forty or fifty yards. But it cannot be propelled with sufficient force to kill anything, so the points of several are dipped in a poisonous liquid just before they are to be used, which immediately stupifies and kills the victim, if only the skin is broken, though the animal may be restored if salt is at once rubbed into its mouth.

Since the blow-gun is noiseless, it is more useful to the primitive hunter than a firearm. With it, he is enabled to bring down monkey after monkey, for instance, until he has bagged an entire troop, whereas, with a firearm, all would be frightened away by the first shot. This weapon has been

used with fatal effect against traders ascending narrow streams in canoes, for the savage manipulator, hiding behind the dense masses of trees and bushes that lined the bank of the river, stealthily launched his deadly darts without being discovered.

In war, the Bororó, like many other South American tribes, prefer a hand to hand attack with heavy clubs. If they can choose the hour of attack, they select a moment just before dawn, or else the evening just after dark. They yell fiendishly when making an attack.

The Bororó always build their villages near some important stream, for they look more to the water for their flesh food than to the forest, and are far more expert fishermen than hunters. Though when fish are scarce, which they are during several months each year, they scour the forest in search of game. At such times, entire families leave the village to wander far away through forest and jungle, remaining absent two or three months.

They bravely attack, hand to hand, even the most ferocious game—the jaguar. When this powerful beast attacks a man, it springs to within a few feet of him, then rises up on its hind feet, like a bear, and closes with him. It is remarkable that an animal of the cat family should assume this position; but perhaps it is suggested to it by the upright position of the man. When forced to meet the beast in close combat, the Brazilian hunter provides himself with a heavy bar of wood five or six feet in length and terminating in a fork. Grasping this with the left hand, he holds it inclined in front of him with the foot resting upon the ground, and parries the attack by receiving the brute in the fork, which gives him time to thrust into its vitals the long knife held in the right hand.

But the Bororó hunter rarely uses the fork, employing, instead, a still more dangerous method. Having wound fifteen or twenty yards of hair rope around the left arm, he presents it, doubled, to the great cat when it rises to attack him, and at the same instant, plunges a knife into its heart. I saw

a Bororó whose arm had been crushed between the jaws of a jaguar in a battle of this kind.

The great ant-bear is a much-prized game with the Bororó. Finding one, they do not kill it at once, but drive it to the village. This is easily done since the brute always runs straight away from its pursuers at a slow pace; hence it can be driven in any direction by the hunter appearing on one flank or the other. The savages make use of every part of its body—blood, flesh, skin, hair, bones and entrails.

The Bororó are marvelous fishermen. Their principal method for catching fish is with a huge sack-like net which is made with large meshes and of the same kind of cordage as the bow strings. The mouth of the sack is secured to two parallel rods ten or twelve feet in length, which are bound together at the extremities; and the sack is opened by springing the rods apart. Equipped with these sack-nets, a group of the primitive anglers plunge into the river a few miles above the village and descend with the great, muddy current, swimming and diving, and exploring the depths of the river; and by the exercise of astonishing skill, succeed in bagging fish that weigh ten or fifteen, or even one hundred pounds. When the fish is once inside the sack, the mouth is allowed to spring shut, and the sack is then gradually rolled up by revolving the poles; and finally, when the fish is in such close quarters that it is helpless, and has been brought to the surface of the water, the fisherman seizes the small club which he has been trailing from the back of his neck, and pommels it until it is dead. The sack is now unrolled and the fish removed, strung on a cord and trailed behind with the club; then the almost amphibious man proceeds once more to explore the depth of the river for more fish. The whole operation of catching and disposing of the fish is performed in deep water; and when the savage angler finally lands at the village, he may drag after him half a dozen or more ten or fifteen-pound fish. Sometimes, four or five large fish are caught at one scoop. When the fisherman bags a fish nearly as large as himself, he is forced to call a companion to assist him.

These men display amazing strength in the water. They have almost lived in the water from babyhood, and have learned the secret of just how to bring into play nearly every ounce of their great strength. An ordinary swimmer wastes the greater part of his strength in the water because he has not acquired the secret of how to apply it. A Bororó will roll over on his back, seize an object with both hands, and pull almost like a tug-boat.

When fish become scarce, part of the men of the village, taking their sack-nets, form a cordon across the river, then bellowing, screaming and diving, treading the water and making a great commotion, drive the scattered fish down the river, much as cowboys round up cattle; while the remaining men, with their sack-nets, form a line across the river two or three miles below to complete the round-up. Thus they corner and bag the fish.

Another method of fishing employed by the Bororó, is with a harpoon. The point, including the one or two barbs, is of bone, and detaches from the staff, which is eighteen inches in length. Fifty or one hundred yards of strong line is wound around the point part and one end secured to the detachable staff. Armed with this weapon, the fisherman dives very quietly to the bottom of the river at a spot which he knows to be the lurking place of a *jahú*, for instance, a fish that grows as large as a man. Espying one as it rests in the shadow of some rock, he approaches it with great stealth, lying, perhaps, motionless in the water and allowing the current to float him gently within reach of his prey. Then, suddenly, he plunges the harpoon into it, and retaining the staff in his hand, he rises quickly to the surface, lands, plays his game, and finally brings it ashore. This method of fishing is practiced when the water becomes less charged with earth.

Still another method of catching fish is with the bow and the large harpoon arrow with the line attached. Thus armed, the fisherman awaits his game at some shallow place, or where the fish pass near the surface of the water; or at a spot where they approach the edge of the river to feed upon certain

fruits that fall into the water from the overhanging branches of trees. The habits of the denizens of both forest and stream are well known to the wild men.

The Bororó also fish with a bow and an ordinary harpoon-pointed arrow, which they shoot into a fish when it comes near the surface, then dash into the water, seize the end of the arrow and drag the fish ashore. They cannot catch very large fish in this way. They do not care much for fish-hooks. The only time I saw them use them was to patrol the river once when fish were scarce. But this is a new method of fishing to them.

One day, we went fishing with hooks and lines off some rocks. After waiting some time for a bite, one of our hooks in the meantime getting fast in a log at the bottom of the river, several Bororó appeared, equipped with their sack-nets, and plunged into the river to fish. So we asked one of them to dive and release the hook. Coming up with it soon, he made us appear foolish by coolly informing us that there were no fish in that locality. Having learned to greatly respect Bororó knowledge of such matters, we drew in our lines and abandoned the spot.

When we arrived at the Tá Dáre Máno Páro village, the river Pogúbu teemed with fish, especially with a fine specie called *pacú* by the Brazilians. A low, rumbling sound, like the paddling of a steamboat in the distance, caused by these fish, issued from the river. In these seasons of plenty, the natives are contented and grow fleshy.

The Bororó frequently plunge into the turbid waters of the river at the dead of night when the darkness is inky, and swimming and diving, fish for hours while descending with the current. Of course they can see nothing, so must guide themselves by the senses of feeling and hearing. They have no canoes, nor any knowledge of how to make them.

One of the most striking traits of character of these children of Nature is their power of imitation. Their music (?) is almost wholly the reproducing of the voices of the many wild creatures they know, while their sports are close imita-

tions of the doings of animate nature, not excepting even the insects. Indeed, the imitating of animals appears to form a large part of Bororó life.

Late, one murky afternoon, I had the pleasure of seeing them run what they call the *Mano* race. *Mano* is their name for the small, wild banana-plant used in this race. The word also means youth, or young man. Perhaps the name means, the young men's race. The race is run by two groups of men each carrying a ponderous roll of the *mano* plants, and seems to be a close imitation of some of the performances of the saüba ants.

Early in the day, all the men of the village went up the river to a spot where the *mano* grows, and cut a ton or two of the plants, which grow but three or four feet high, brought the material down the river on rude floats made of bundles of bamboo or burity-palm wood, carried it to a point about seven hundred yards from the village and placed it in two piles, one for each of the two divisions of the village, the *Sheraidi* and the *Ta Nagarêda.*

Each group of contestants now seated themselves on the damp ground and prepared the *mano* by cutting off the tops, leaving a spongy stalk eighteen inches long. This done, each group transformed its stack of material into a huge roll, or wheel. To do this, two men placed themselves face to face, five feet apart, like living posts, having two long cords passed over their shoulders and looped down to the ground between them, and supported by two companions who leaned against them, back to back; then the *mano* was piled between these human posts and the cords were thrown over it and drawn tight by placing the rolls on their sides and three or four savages pulling on the end of each cord while others pommeled the green mass over the cords. When tightly bound, each wheel was again placed in an upright position ready to be seized and hurried off in the mad race for the village.

But primitive men must do things decently and in order as well as their more favored civilized brothers. A *Ta*

Nagarêda man, with much ostentation and politeness, now steps quickly over to the *Sheraidi* group, grasps a man by the wrist, trots him around his wheel, then stops in front of it, announcing by this act that the wheel is delivered to the team that is to run with it. A *Sheraidi* promptly returns the compliment by stepping gravely over to the *Ta Nagarêda* group and repeating the ceremony. Each man who has now been presented to his wheel and his wheel to him, politely introduces to his wheel, one by one, in the same manner, all the men of his team until each squad of human ants surrounds its own big worm.

The signal to begin the race being given, each team instantly seized its wheel and ran, pell-mell, yelling wildly, in a mad race for the village. The spectacle suggested strongly a swarm of ants that had seized a huge living worm and were running frantically with it for their dark galleries. Each team tried to maintain its wheel in an upright position, but it took a sag this way and a lurch that way, then finally rolled over onto the running, tumbling, squirming mass and fell to the ground. But picking it up again instantly, they rushed on, headlong, some under it, some on it, some dragging it, while others were being dragged, and all emitting continuously a dull, maniacal roar. Sometimes one team was in the lead, sometimes the other. As they rushed into the savage city through a narrow *alley* between two *private residences*, one of the wheels took a lurch and burst through the wall of one of the residences into the *sitting-room*. At last, both teams threw down their rolls at the same moment in the *public square* near the great hut, amid the acclamations of the entire city. All the contestants now hastened into the great hut to enjoy a savage banquet, leaving their wheels to the women and children, who fell upon them in swarms and began, excitedly, to pull out the *mano* in order to tie it into small bundles for use as pillows.

The Bororó imitate Nature also in their musical festivals—if one may call this medley of wild, discordant sounds music. They sing what they call the *bakororó* in the savage town hall

nearly every evening just after nightfall. It is the wild man's evening anthem—a grand, pandemoniacal serenade, primitive charivari, or callithumpian band and madman's glee club chorus, reproducing the harsh, strident and fearsome vociferations of the denizens of forest, marsh and stream, and supplemented by pumping artificial thunder through huge trumpets of savage manufacture. I passed three nights in the great hut at a village called the Kogi au Paro, where I saw and heard the *bakororó* at close quarters.

The air was heavily charged with savage odors, while the darkness was intense, slightly broken momentarily by the fitful, lurid flame of the little fire in one corner of the pen where our pot of boiled beef was being fried for the fifth time; so the outline of the group of nude, bronze savages could be discerned only occasionally. But, though there was little that appealed to the sense of sight, the auricular sense was almost overwhelmed by the hurricane of confused, strident noises that swept over us, issuing from this storm-center-like horde, and which sounded more like the cries and roars of a maddened menagerie than the utterances of human beings. One could easily imagine that he was assisting at a general assembly or world's convention of all creation;—that all four-footed beasts, flying fowl and creeping things, and, in brief, "everything that hath breath," had joined in a grand jubilee chorus, or *sænger-fest.*

Standing in the center of the big, primitive music hall, and dancing by squatting slightly without lifting the feet, the savage chorus bellowed and roared with a powerful tremulo and a mighty crescendo. They mimicked the bass *onca! onca!* of the jaguar; they barked, howled, yelped and horned in imitation of the wild dogs and foxes; they laughed like hyenas; whistled like the tapir; grunted, scolded and squealed like the wild hogs; bleated like the deer; squeaked like the capibara; twanged a guitar, like the inhahuma; chirped, piped and bellowed in imitation of all the frogs and toads; roared, or howled, hoarsely and stridently, like monkeys singing their morning anthem; honked like the giant crane; chattered and screamed loudly,

like the parrots; hooted, squaked and peeped, mimicking the notes of various other families of birds; snorted, wheezed, growled and hissed. The irrational world nightly chants its *bakororó*, Why may not these human denizens of the wilds also chant theirs? Hearing this tumult of wild, discordant sounds and confused noises, especially under the circumstances which we did and in such a savage locality, was like experiencing a strange, uncanny nightmare, which could not fail to make impressions upon the mind that will remain vivid while life endures.

This *bakororó* is always sung on the vesper of a hunting expedition, and seems to be in honor of the animal the savages intend to hunt the following day. They do not appear to articulate words in this wild uproar; or if they do, it is merely a constant repetition of a very few words only. The *bakororó* is also sung in honor of visitors. Savages observe time only in their music, ignoring harmony and tune.

After the singing of the *bakororó* that I witnessed, all the savages went outside the great hut, where they cleared a space of black ground, then formed animals in relief with ashes, especially the figure of the tapir, which they purposed to hunt the next day. The proportions were good of the animals of their world; but when they tried to form a horse and rider, the result was a monstrosity, for the horse is a new animal to them. They greatly admire hunting with horses and dogs, as well they may, since by their method of hunting they must pursue an animal on foot for hours at full speed. The forming of animals in relief seems to be also in honor of these animals.

It was very interesting to observe how childlike these primitive people are, and in how many ways they resemble the irrational creatures of their world. Though they have the bodies of strong, well-developed men and women, they give abundant evidence that they have the mind only of a child. Their language is rude and very limited, and without language man cannot think and reason, and his mind remains in an untutored, infantile state.

In common with the wild beasts, the wild man obtains his

food largely, or wholly, from uncultivated, unsubdued Nature, consuming much of it in a raw state; and instead of mastering Nature, Nature crushes him. Again, like the brutes, he scours forest and field to satisfy only for to-day the hunger of himself and his little brood, with no thought for to-morrow; and having secured an abundance of game, he eats enormously, then lies down contentedly to sleep, and rises up to play, until hunger again drives him forth in search of prey. Once more like his irrational neighbors, the object of his existence, apparently, is not to possess houses and lands and goods, but simply to have a mate, food for the moment, and to pass his days in childish amusements. When the sun is hot, he sleeps, or instinctively seeks the water that he may play in it and cool himself; when night comes, he arouses himself and sings his *bakororó* in common with all the frogs and toads, and other creatures. Lastly, like the wild animals, he is clothed only as Nature clothes him.

Imitating Nature, the social economy of these primitive people is, in important respects, the reverse of Christian civilization. Like irrational nature, the female is the principal, or most responsible food provider for the little family, or brood—not the male. Again, like the female in Nature, and unlike Christian civilization, the female does not adorn herself, nor sing or play; while the male, on the other hand, peacock-like, decorating his person, makes himself gorgeous and struts about in a lordly manner; and besides, like the male in Nature, produces all the music. Once more, the female performs all the heavy work and the drudgery, and is the servant and slave of her mate, while the light and fancy work, including ornament making, is done by the male. Woman in all ages and lands from the dawn of time, has occupied herself exclusively in the pursuits of peace. More gentle, affectionate and domestic in her nature than the man, she has remained by the fireside collecting and preparing fruit and vegetable foods without destroying life, making pots and pans and other necessary household utensils, preparing implements of husbandry and tilling the soil, loving peace, and reproducing and nourishing

her specie. While the man, on the contrary, fierce and warlike in his nature, has busied himself from time immemorial making deadly weapons, fighting and slaughtering. The woman was the first farmer, the first miller, the first potter and basket maker, the first dressmaker and tailor, the first beast of burden, and some men think the first ecclesiastic; while the man was the first murderer.

Every morning, small parties of Bororó females, unarmed, may be seen going forth in various directions with huge baskets on their backs, suspended by bark straps from their foreheads, to explore jungle and forest in search of fruits and vegetables, many of them reaching out eight or ten miles from home, and returning late in the day carrying one hundred fifty or more pounds of goose-egg cocoanuts, hearts of dwarf palms, wild potatoes, and other food material, and perhaps also, transporting a child three or four years old which sits in the loop of a bark strap that passes over the mother's shoulders. If the man should return, empty handed, from a hunting or fishing expedition, he nevertheless requires, Esau-like, that at least a "mess of pottage" should await him.

The Bororó female is betrothed, or, more correctly, is contracted for in infancy, and married when she reaches the age of ten or twelve years. If she is not married, or at least spoken for, ere she reaches the age of twelve or fourteen years, she will be seized, unawares, some day, dragged to the great hut, and forced to become a victim to the lusts of all the men of the village. It is a terrible ordeal for the poor, helpless creature, and she is nearly, if not altogether done to death at times. Her parents, though they may grieve for her, do not, or dare not, attempt to rescue her. Her assailants will not enter the parental hut to take her. They have, evidently, some idea of the sanctity, or the inviolability of the private residence. But they catch her by stealth when she is outside the family hut. Because of this hideous custom, parents earnestly desire that their daughters should at least be contracted for when still very young. I was told that they are often contracted for when but a few days, or a few months old.

The betrothal is consummated by the bridegroom-to-be, depositing at the entrance to the hut of the parents of the baby girl whom he desires shall one day become his wife, some much-prized game that he has had the "good luck" to capture. The parents of course learn, either directly or indirectly, what his wishes are in making them this valuable present; and if they do not object to the nuptials, their little daughter is reserved for him. Again, some day, after the child has reached the age of ten or twelve years, the groom-to-be deposits at the entrance to her hut a highly prized fish or animal which he has had the good fortune to capture, then retires to his own hut. The father of the little maid now takes her by the wrist—always the wrist—conducts her to the entrance of the hut of her betrothed husband and delivers her to him, and she becomes his lawful, wedded wife without further ceremony. He may be forty or fifty years of age, and have already a wife and married children, though, nevertheless, allowed to have two wives because he has slain the jaguar, or performed some other feat of valor, or because he is a captain, having passed middle life.

The inhabitants of every Bororó village are divided into two groups, called the *Sheraidi*, and the *Ta Nagarêda*, and a man is not permitted to take a wife from his own division, so must go to the other party for one. It is said that the Bororó tribe as it now exists is composed of two tribes that joined fortunes long ago, and that this is the origin of the *Sheraidi* and *Ta Nagarêda* divisions. But I doubt if this is true, for a similar social arrangement exists among other tribes. The Bororó have a tradition that centuries ago the *Sheraidi* possessed everything that the *braidi*—white man—now possesses, such as axes, hoes, knives, but that a calamity befell them because they had these things, so they forsook them. Perhaps the tribe was once in touch with the Inca civilization of the Andean slope.

After marriage, the Bororó child-wife may be seen with a small basket upon her back, suspended as usual by a bark strap from the forehead, accompanying her old husband's senior

wife, as they roam the forest day after day in quest of fruits and vegetables, or industriously assisting in the preparation of the food at the family hut. Or, if her *old man* should be fond of her, she may be seen accompanying him at times and amusing herself in a childish way.

The Bororó word for man, or men, that is, Bororó men, is *mêdo*, from *meri*, the sun, signifying, son of the sun; while the word for woman or women, is *arêda*, from *ari*, the moon, signifying, daughter of the moon. This indicates the inferiority of the woman to the man in their thoughts. The man is the great light, while the woman is only a weak, inferior reflection of her husband. Nevertheless, the Bororó admire and worship the moon, and on a bright moonlight night a large group of them may be seen sitting quietly outside the great hut mutely adoring the queen of night.

The *arêda* does not appear to have any independent rights of citizenship in the tribe, existing solely in her husband and for his benefit and pleasure. Hence, "woman's suffrage" is not even dreamed of in these primitive societies. The *arêda* is kept in complete subjection to her man through fear of the *bopi*, and of the public brothel in the great hut; for if she displeases him, he has but to say the word and she will be dragged to the brothel and assaulted by all the *mêdo* of the village. Widows, or women whose husbands have abandoned them, become prostitutes, for a time, at least, or until remarried.

The customs of this tribe forbid that their children should be born within the village. Therefore, when the prospective mother begins to feel the pains of maturity, she betakes herself to a secluded spot in the jungle, where she remains until she brings forth. Then she returns home, or is led back by female friends who go in search of her. Like a beast, the primitive woman needs no attendant at this supreme moment of her existence, and is about her daily occupations again without the loss of an hour. It is not uncommon to see Bororó children, especially female children, nursing until they are six or seven years of age; so large, indeed, that they can stand upon the ground and nurse while the mother remains standing. Smaller

children climb the mother's leg to nurse. She does not appear to take any more notice of her child at such times than does a mother goat her kid. Bororó families are small. I did not see a mother with more than three children. The *mêdo* are usually faithful to their wives; that is, they seldom desert them, especially if they have children. At rare intervals, one becomes dissatisfied with his *arêda* and drives her from his hut, then leaving home himself, goes to reside in some other village of the tribe.

Fights between two *mêdo* are not uncommon, owing, nearly always, to one meddling with the *arêda* of the other. The fight is precipitated by the outraged husband, as he perhaps sits at work in his hut, beginning to express his opinion of the other *mêdo,* and to hurl at him offensive epithets. The other *medo,* sitting in his hut at the opposite side of the cluster of huts, responds loudly with interest. As they become more and more enraged, they challenge each other to fight, prepare themselves and come out of their huts, and finally meet on the village playground; and every *mêdo, arêda,* and *naragêda*—child—in the local horde abandons at once every occupation and forms a circle around the combatants, for an event of this kind is considered the finest kind of sport and not to be missed on any account. This is a go-as-you-please encounter; there are no rules, except that the dualists do not use deadly weapons. So they roll and tumble, and kick, and punch, and bite, and scratch one another, having the poisonous spine of the fish called sting-ray, armed to their little fingers, and bellow and roar continually, like fiends. Their powers of endurance are marvelous, and the combat often continues many hours. Finally, one is vanquished, and he leaves the village and the *arêda* in question to the victor, and takes up his residence in a distant village of the tribe. The Bororó rarely murder one another.

The Bororó women are nearly as large and scarcely less muscular than the men, and can carry heavy loads great distances, having been inured to this from childhood. When a family moves from one village to another, or goes forth on a two or three months' hunting and fishing expedition during the

dry season, the *arêda* carries all the family effects, and perhaps also a child four or five years old, while her lord marches a few paces in advance of her, carrying only his bow and arrows, and perhaps also a fire-brand. The party makes but short marches, however, halting frequently to rest for an hour or two around the little fire which they always kindle, and to roast and eat a bit of meat, if they should have it, or to nibble some vegetable food.

Some of the Rio Negro savages, mentioned by Wallace, subject their females to a terrible ordeal when they approach womanhood. At the first sign of puberty, the poor, innocent maiden is placed in seclusion in the family hut where she is kept a month and allowed only a small quantity of one kind of food, and water, as if she had committed a crime. When the time of her imprisonment is about to end, all the relatives and friends of the family are assembled, each of whom brings a yard or two of the stalk of a heavy climbing plant to use as a lash. The unhappy girl is now brought into their presence, entirely naked, and each and every person strikes her five or six heavy blows across the back and breast with his lash. Usually, she falls unconscious under this awful castigation, and sometimes dies. If she recovers, the flogging is repeated four or five times at intervals of about six hours. Each guest must strike hard, for it is considered an insult to the parents of the victim not to do so. Finally, when the castigation terminates, pots of various kinds of fish and game which have been prepared, are set before the company, into which each person dips his lash and passes it to the wretched girl to lick. She is now considered a woman, and may eat anything she wishes, or marry. Boys approaching manhood are subject to a somewhat similar ordeal, but not so severe, which initiates them into man's estate and allows them to witness the playing of the mystery instruments, which correspond to the roarer among the Bororó, and also to marry.

Among these savages, marriages seldom occur between relatives or near neighbors, but the swain seeks a wife at a distant village of his tribe, or even from another tribe. Having

fixed upon a maiden, though without her knowledge, his father sends a message to the girl's father, saying that he with his son and relatives will visit him shortly. The recipient of this message readily surmises the object of the visit, and if the prospective marriage is agreeable to him, makes preparations for a grand festival. Finally, after the festivities have lasted two or three days, the bridegroom's party suddenly seize the maiden in question, hurry her away to their canoes and disappear, as if they had kidnapped her. But no attempt is made to prevent this act, or to pursue the apparently fleeing party, and the girl is henceforth regarded as married.

Some other tribes test the skill of their young men in archery before allowing them to marry; and if one does not prove to be a good marksman, the maiden whose hand he seeks refuses him on the ground that he has not the skill to shoot fish and game enough to sustain a family.

Resuming our story of life among the Bororó: A very interesting naming, initiation, or naturalization ceremony, suggesting a Romish baptism, is observed for all male children while still in early babyhood. Early in the morning, at the first token of the approach of the "supreme power," the family and friends of the little one, whose body has been decorated by smearing it with gum and coating it with crimson and white feathers, accompanied by a conjurer, take up a position on the highest ground in the vicinity of the village; and at the *meri rutu*—sun rising—as the "supreme majesty and power" sweeps upward from behind forest and hill, bathing the earth in its glorious light, the conjurer pierces the lower lip of the embryo warrior with a long, sharp, bone-pointed instrument, made especially for the occasion, and beautifully ornamented with many-colored feathers, at the same time pronouncing, *Piadudu*, or the name of some other animal or object the name of which the child is to bear. *Piadudu*, softly repeat the family and friends; so *Piadudu*—humming-bird—a favorite name, becomes the name of the child. The Bororó, like most savages, regard their names as deep secrets for religious or other reasons, refusing to reveal them to any person not a member of

their tribe, and always responding *parduku?*—I do not know, who does?—when asked their names. This *baptismal* ceremony is not performed for a female child.

They love their children, whether boys or girls, and are kind to them. Very little parental restraint seems to be exercised over them; and they are allowed to roam about and occupy themselves entirely as their own wills may suggest. Parents seldom or never whip their children. But if a father should whip his child, it is regarded as abandoned thereafter, and is adopted by relatives.

The Bororó are remarkable whistlers, and seem able by this means to communicate with one another at a distance with surprising fullness and clearness. Observing them, I noticed, moreover, that when one of them wished to take anything from the ground, he did not stoop and grasp it with the hand, but instead, took it up with the toes, passing it from the foot to the hand.

They have no words for higher numbers than three or four; therefore, to indicate five, they raise one hand and display the fingers and thumb; for ten, they elevate both hands, displaying all the fingers and thumbs; and for twenty, they elevate both hands, droop them for an instant toward the toes, then again raise them, saying by this act, twenty. To convey the idea of a large number, the hand is given a horizontal swing, pointing to the trees of the surrounding forest, which act means to say, "as numerous as the trees of the forest." Or, if the primitive man should be standing on the sand banks by the river, he will take up a handful of sand, and, with a sweep of the hand, scatter it to the wind, saying by this act, "as numberless as the sands."

One day, I saw a loaf of palm-nut bread delivered to a *mêdo* at the entrance to the great hut, which he was to divide among several of his fellows. I was curious to observe how he would divide it, in view of the fact that he could not count. First, he cut in into halves, then looked thoughtfully at his companions as if calculating how to get an equal portion for each one. Then he quartered it and again looked deliberately around.

Next, he divided the quarters and again glanced carefully about him; and so continued until he had an equal portion for twelve or fifteen men, not forgetting to reserve a good hunk for himself.

To calculate time, the moon comes to their aid. It is their great natural calendar, as it has been for all the peoples of the earth from the earliest age.

Chapter XXXIV.

RELIGION—REVOLTING FUNERAL RITES.

Some of the savage hordes of South America are cannibals. They feast upon their enemies with great pomp and ceremony, even rearing from infancy the offspring of the enemy in order that he may become, when full grown, the material for a grand, human barbecue. These cannibal banquets are "the religion, pride and joy of the Brazilian savage * * * the triumph of the captor, and an expiatory sacrifice to the spirits of their brethren who have been slain." A few tribes have, in times of famine, devoured their own aged and helpless ones; while in still other tribes, the children have eaten their aged parents, believing that in consuming and assimilating their bodies they honor them and perpetuate their existence—a crude form of the doctrine of transmigration of spirits. Other tribes, again, cut off the heads of their enemies, and embalm them by filling them with hot sand, and shrinking them until they are about the size of a grapefruit, preserving perfectly the form and features. Large sums of money have been paid by collectors for these ghastly trophies, which has doubtless inspired the head hunters with greater zeal. Some tribes are notorious for the revolting practice of abortion, which is brutally effected by jumping on the abdomen of the victim.

Religion, "the conception of the infinite," as Max Müller defines it,—the fixed belief that a world of spirits exists, which, though encompassing men in the flesh and pervading natural objects, yet is hidden from human eyes—occupies a supreme

place in the thoughts and doings of the Bororó as it does in the minds of all the peoples of the earth. Elucidating further, Prof. O. T. Mason says that, "In a general sense, religion is the sum of what is thought or believed about a spirit world and what is done in consequence of such thinking. What is thought about such a world constitutes *creed*, what is done or what a people does under its inspiration constitutes the *cult*. The *creed* and the *cult* together form the religion of any individual or people."

The religion of the Bororó is expressed chiefly by an elaborate system of diabolical rites and ceremonies for the placation of disembodied souls, or spirits, which they call *bopi*—demons; and a funeral is the occasion for the greatest display of the savage ritual, or *cult*. It is a great *musical* pandemonium, savage dirge, or hell's concert; or a sort of wild man's opera or tragic play, enacted by a primitive male quartette, mixed chorus and orchestra, and lasts several days and nights, first with the body present, and a week later, with the bones present.

When a member of the tribe becomes so ill that the family begins to fear for his life, one of the tribal priests, or sorcerers, is summoned to his hut where he lies naked on a palm-leaf mat spread upon the ground, to declare whether he will live or die. This primitive ecclesiastic may think, inspired with wicked cunning, that the sick one will die naturally within a certain number of days. Or, he may hold a grudge against the stricken man, and may consider this a good opportunity to balance accounts. So, in announcing to the family the number of days the patient will live, he mentally resolves that if death should not occur naturally at the time he shall name, he will see to it that it occurs, nevertheless, in some other way. Or, again, he may feel that life in the village has long been very dull and monotonous, and that there is immediate and urgent need of a social function or festival of some kind; and what could be more entertaining to the savage public than a good funeral *bakororó!* In this case, also, he will see to it that the victim dies at the time he indicates. In any event, he will take steps to have his predictions "come true" to the letter, in

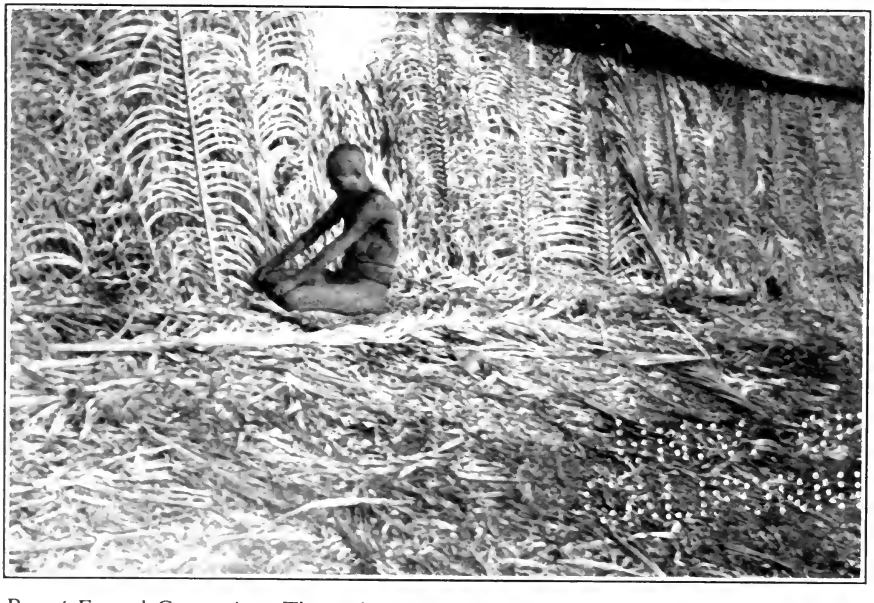
order to maintain his prestige and reputation. He informs the anxious and waiting family of the number of days their loved one has to live by touching that number of fingers on his uplifted hand, and each time he touches a finger, repeating the word, *"meri, meri, meri, meri, meri, by,"*—sun, sun, sun, sun, sun, die,—meaning that the patient will see five suns—five days—then die. Or, the conjurer may say, *"nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, nodua, by,"*—sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, die,—meaning that the sick one will sleep, or pass five more nights, then die. If, at the end of this time, he still lives, the executioner, sent of course by the sorcerer, will suddenly enter his hut, sit astride of him on his stomach, and strangle him until he is dead. The grief-stricken family may stand about moaning and crying, but will offer no resistance.

When a Bororó has been summoned from his earthly *bai*—naturally or otherwise—to wander with the demons in their world of sadness and gloom, whether the event occur at meridian or at midnight, the body is immediately rolled up in the palm-leaf mat which has served as a bed during life, and borne to the great hut where the elaborate funeral ceremonies, or *bakororó*, are at once inaugurated. At the head of the corpse stands a quartette of big, burly and entirely nude savages, of terrible visages, having their bodies besmeared from head to foot with black slush, their heads decorated with large fans of brilliant feathers representing the rising or setting sun, and holding in their hands gourd-shell rattles larger than a quart measure. These lead the medley of uncouth, blood-curdling noises, uttering constantly a loud, deep, prolonged, growling, roaring, bellowing, diabolical moan,—hee-aw-aw-aw-aw-aw-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah, squatting slightly with each wail of woe, and shaking the huge rattles held in each hand. Behind these four "children of the sun," stands a group of female savages, who howl and wail, mutter, moan and shriek an accompaniment, meanwhile not forgetting to fan off the flies that light on the bodies of the male quartette in front of them. The remaining inhabitants of the village, except the family of the deceased, group themselves on both sides of the

quartette and chorus, the men usually sitting cross-legged on palm-leaf mats on the ground, and the women standing. The male members of these outer groups are the orchestra, or band, composed of four or more pieces, in the manipulation of which the primitive musicians relieve one another from time to time. These instruments are of two kinds only, and of native manufacture. One kind is a sort of bass flute forty inches long and three inches thick in the outer half. It is made by splitting and hollowing a sapling, then binding the halves together into a rough tube by winding them from end to end with long strips of bark. The upper half of the instrument is but an inch or so in diameter. The second instrument is a sort of trumpet, made by gouging large openings in each end of several oblong calabash shells, five inches in diameter, and gumming them together, end to end, with beeswax. But one note can be produced with each instrument. The flute emits a snorting, snoring sound, the trumpet a barking, roaring, groaning, diapason note.

On one side of the corpse—which, at the rites I witnessed, was that of a child seven years old—crouched the bereaved father and brothers, who moaned, muttered and lamented continually in low tones. On the opposite side, kneeled the mother, sitting on her heels, her body completely besmeared with blood from having been slashed from head to foot with sharp-edged shells, while behind her crouched another female who, having first rubbed ashes into her scalp, slowly jerked out her hair, consuming five or six hours in the operation. At the same time, the poor, tortured creature wailed and moaned, and uttered lamentations, and jibbered and muttered, reciting the virtues of her beloved child. Meanwhile, female relatives and friends of the stricken family, placing, each in turn, a foot upon the corpse, slashed their legs and arms scores of times, and sometimes their entire bodies, with jagged-edged shells—reminding one of the priests of Baal—and daubed their bodies from head to foot with a black substance, made chiefly from the genipapa fruit, all the while moaning, muttering and chanting. They do not intend to cut themselves more than

Camping in the Matto Grosso Wilds.



Bororó Funeral Ceremonies. The mother of the deceased, her hair jerked out and her body slashed from head to foot, is chanting just outside the great hut.

COLUMBIA
1944

skin deep, but now and then they accidentally cut deep and bleed profusely. The reader will have observed that the males do not cut themselves, nor pluck out their hair. They are careful not to injure themselves. It is only the nearest female relative of the deceased that has her hair jerked out.

Witnessing these hideous, uncanny and revolting scenes of savagery, in the sickening atmosphere and dismal gloom of the great hut, and listening to the pandemoniacal uproar or medley of infernal noises, one could well imagine that he had somehow been cast into the dungeons of the damned, and was hearing their shrieks, and wails, and moans of unspeakable anguish and despair. While this hideous drama, that only savage tragedians are capable of interpreting, was being enacted, and pandemonium was singing and playing its hellish hymns, and saying its mass, in this cavernous place; outside, a tropical sun was silently inundating the earth with its glorious effulgence, and all Nature, arrayed more beautifully than Solomon in all his glory, sang for joy.

The first part of this horrid nightmare within the great hut with the body present, continues night and day without intermission, until the first sunset after death; then, as the king of light sinks slowly and majestically behind the western wilderness, and the shadows of night begin to gather, symbolical of the closing forever of life's bright, happy day, and the ushering in of the black, sad, hopeless night of the invisible world, the savage choir, chorus and orchestra become hushed; and the enwrapped remains are borne solemnly to the public playground just outside the great hut, placed on top of the ground and covered by a little mound of earth. Here the body lies for a week or more in order that the flesh may decay and separate from the bones. Each evening during this time, at the *merí de códu*—the setting of the sun—as the prince of day resigns the earth to the rule of night, the sorrowing family and sympathizing friends, gather around the sacred mound, and with their faces turned toward the dying light, murmur a low, mournful chant, pleading the virtues of the lost one, and perhaps also recommending him to the good offices of the "supreme power"

—the sun—or to the protection of the great *bopi* who are believed to dwell in the sun, the shade of their dear one, who, being "wicked" and "bad," is doomed to wander forever in the regions of darkness and despair, and to plot evil against men in the flesh. During the week, too, water is occasionally thrown upon the mound to hasten the decay of the corpse. I was told that the savages also churn the mound, but did not see them do this. During the week, also, the family of the deceased crouch frequently in their gloomy abode, and mutter, moan and wail.

A week having elapsed since burial, the time came to disinter the putrefying remains and prepare for the second part of the obsequies with the bones present. The day preceding this event was again a gala day in the city of savagery. During the entire forenoon, a kind of *bakororó* was held in the great hut, but no female of the tribe assisted at these doings. During nearly the entire day, too, the forest in the vicinity of the village reverberated with insane sounds and infernal noises, for groups of savages perambulated the wilds, back and forth, swinging the roarer—which will be described later—which emitted a variety of unearthly shrieks and sepulchral moans. It seemed as if the demons of the pit were out for a holiday and holding a picnic in the woods. Within the great hut, during the afternoon, peculiar whistles, beautifully adorned with feathers, were sounded at intervals to call the *bopi*, while one of the savages was chosen to represent the soul of the departed. He was rigged up in a skirt made of long, slender palm-leaves hung to a belt, and a cloak and a veil of the same material, and made in the same way, while his head was adorned with a large fan made of the long, brilliant tail-feathers of the macaw. He was accompanied by two adjutants with big, gourd-shell rattles in their hands, who stood, one behind, the other in front of him. First, the trio danced up and down within the great hut, sidewise, crab-like, with legs rigid. It seems to be a sort of ecstatic or devil-dance, and is continued until the participants appear to have cramps in their legs. During this performance, armed sentries guard the

entrances to the savage hall. Meanwhile, stepping outside the great hut, I saw, crouching close to the wall of the hut, the mother of the recently deceased, weeping, wailing and jibbering in a low, squeaky voice which was almost gone, her body emaciated, covered with gashes and besmeared with blood. She was a most pitiable appearing creature. How cruel are the customs of savagery!

The soul representative and his adjutants next danced and jerked themselves outside the great hut into the open air, then to the public playground on the edge of the village. Here, the trio, totally exhausted, sat on the ground, while an assistant proceeded to call the *bopi* in the persons of a few of his fellow savages who were to represent them, or act as the materialization of the demons. Standing in the center of the *ring*, he beckons and calls, offering perhaps a bit of tobacco to induce a few men to volunteer, while the remaining males of the village—for only the males participate in this part of the funeral rites—stand scattered about in the coarse grass and among the scraggy trees beyond the *ring*. At length, a savage offers to represent the *bopi* by dropping on all fours and beginning to creep very slowly toward the caller, or ringmaster, uttering constantly abdominal squeaks, in imitation, perhaps, of the note of the tapir, or of the wild pig. Approaching the center of the ring, he springs up suddenly on his *hind feet*, and with upraised arms rushes to the caller, where he takes his stand upon a spot prepared for him. Another and another volunteers in the same way until five *bopi* representatives are in line in the center of the ring. Balls of clay mud are now produced and the five *bopi* impersonators are painted drab from head to foot, black rings are marked around their eyes, the black figure of a serpent is sketched coiled around the body of one or two, and a quantity of mud is massed into their hair.

The caller now places himself in the path leading to the village, and beckons and calls as before, and the *bopi* representatives again drop on all fours and begin to creep very slowly toward him, emitting continuously their weird notes.

At the same time, the remainder of the savage band break forth instantly into a wild uproar, yelling and screaming, throwing up their hands, dancing and jumping in their mad, though mock efforts to drive the *bopi* into the village, suggesting a squad of men and boys trying to drive a herd of obstinate hogs. Suddenly, a horrible shriek rends the air just in advance of the materialized *bopi*. This appears to frighten them, for they turn and begin to creep away from the village. The drivers now become still more frantic, yelling and shrieking, bellowing, chattering and jumping fiercely. Soon, however, the *bopi* are again headed toward the village; and entering the path, all spring up suddenly on their *hind feet*, mount their horses—fellow savages—gallop into the village, dismount, and crouch around the mound where the body lies buried, and claw the earth slightly, as if about to unearth the remains. They now quietly retire, their part in the savage rites having ended for the day.

The soul representative, who had re-entered the village in advance of the *bopi* representatives, now seated himself astride of the grave, and the father of the deceased having crouched beside him, he performed over him some enchantments to route any evil spirit that might be threatening him, or to make him invulnerable to their assaults. This he did making passes over the bereaved man's head, and muttering and blowing in his mouth, nose and ears. Following this, the soul representative deposited all his rigging on the mound save the *pariko*, or fan of brilliant feathers that adorned his head.

We now witnessed the ceremony of the transference of the personal effects of the deceased from this world to the spirit world, for the Bororó, in their peculiar way, believe firmly in "laying up treasures in heaven." A fire was kindled, around which the soul representative, accompanied by an adjutant, danced sidewise, stiff-legged, while each article that had belonged to the deceased was passed by the father to the adjutant, who, in turn, handed them to the soul representative, who cast them one by one into the fire until all were consumed. They were only a few dirty toys, some rude ornaments made

of feathers, or of the teeth and claws of beasts, and one or two articles of wearing apparel made of bark. To us, they were merely a heap of rubbish, but to the poor natives, precious treasures. Having vanished in flame, the effects were considered transferred to the invisible world, and so *transubstantiated* that they could be of service to the newly arrived shade, or *bopi*.

One reason that the Bororó give for burning the belongings of the deceased is, that if they were allowed to remain in the hut, the family, constantly reminded by them of their lost ones, would be weeping, wailing and uttering lamentations continually, for it is their custom to cry and jibber loudly whenever anything revives the memory of their dead. Another reason for burning the effects is, that if they should not be burned, and hence not transferred to the shadow land, the soul would return to haunt and injure the family.

It was now about sunset, and the ceremonies of the day being concluded, all the men seated themselves cross-legged upon mats in two groups just outside the great hut, and a primitive banquet, or collation, was served. The banquet always forms an important part of every social function among savages.—Indeed, a social function among them is inconceivable without it. But do not banquets, suppers and buffet lunches constitute an important part, if not the most important part, of social events among civilized men? Yet civilized men do not usually have a banquet at a funeral, with the decomposing corpse lying but a few yards in front of them.

The chief items on the menu at this savage banquet were big clay potfuls of a kind of broth made of a starchy liquid wrung from the spongy stems of a dwarf palm and mixed with a sauce made from the yellow, insipid fruit of the burity-palm, called *pyky* (peekee), *pyky* eaten raw, three kinds of wild potatoes, boiled or baked in the ashes, and a sort of cocoanut bread made by pulverizing in a mortar the meats of palmnuts and baking the mass in the ashes. There were no condiments. As each pot or tray of food appeared, a cheer was given by the group for whom it was intended.

That same night, at the midnight hour, while the village slept, the decomposing remains were lifted, supposedly by the *bopi*, or by men acting secretly under their orders, for no one is supposed to know the ghouls. They may be appointed by the sorcerer, or by the captains; or are volunteers as heretofore indicated. These men lift the fetid mass by means of the pole that passes inside the roll and protrudes from each end of the mound, carry it to the river and clear the bones of the flesh as best they can; then packing the bones in a basket, deposit them in the great hut, where they are found when the village awakes at dawn, ready for the final ceremonies. At the funeral rites I witnessed, the skull had been kept separate from the rest of the bones, and resting on a palm-leaf tray, partly buried in white down, was being overlaid with bright feathers, plucked from the breast of the macaw, while the *bakororó* was being sung. As the deceased was the little daughter of one of the chief men, the remains were treated with special honors.

At the *méri rútu*—the birth of the sun—the following morning, the demoniacal din and tumult of the savage choir, chorus and orchestra, as of a hundred wild beasts in deadly combat, was again unchained in the gloomy interior of the great hut; and the female relatives and friends of the departed burst forth anew with loud lamentations, and wept, wailed and muttered, and vociferated like the laughter of hyenas, and slashed their bodies afresh with jagged edged shells until they were daubed with gore, and again smeared themselves with the black slush. These fearsome and sickening scenes, and smells, and sounds, especially when witnessed at night in the sepulchral darkness that reigned within the great hut, could not fail to powerfully affect one who had never before listened to a hallelujah chorus in hell, and to make impressions upon the mind that can never be effaced.

The second part of the funeral *bakororó*, or ceremony, with the bones present, may continue without a recess for two or three days and nights, with the exception, perhaps, of one intermission of eight or ten hours for a fishing expedition, the primitive tragedians relieving one another from time to time.

When the immediate family of the deceased have howled, wailed and chanted until they can scarcely articulate, they drink clay water, asserting that this relieves the throat somewhat.

Finally, I saw the basket of bones taken by the mother of the deceased, and buried in the little cemetery two or three miles from the village, where, it was believed, the *bopi* would take possession of them in a few weeks. The sorcerer is believed to know when the *bopi* removes the bones.

A day or two after the conclusion of the funeral rites I witnessed, the father of the deceased, sent by the village authorities, disinterred the basket of bones and brought it back to the great hut. Three of the chief men from a distant village had arrived on a visit, whom it was necessary to receive with honors and entertain with the best festival the village could get up. And what could equal for entertainment a good funeral *bakororó?* But how could they have a funeral *bakororó* without a corpse, or at least the bones? As soon as the basket of bones was again brought into the great hut, pandemonium was once more in session, and the rattling, roaring, groaning, squatting, snorting, barking, weeping and wailing continued all the rest of the day and all night. At daybreak, the following morning, an intermission was taken in order that the players and actors in this savage drama might go fishing. They fished and hunted all day that they might have something to feast upon, for, of course, a *bakororó* without a banquet would scarcely be a *bakororó.* But when the darkness of night again enshrouded the land, the hideous uproar of the savage horde again burst upon our ears and did violence to the peace and tranquillity of the night until the dawn, when it was once more hushed, and the basket of bones was again entombed.

Some of the Indians of the Rio Negro, hereinbefore mentioned, a score or two of families of whom live in one immense hut,—a primitive "flat,"—always bury their dead inside this hut under a few inches of earth, depositing the tobacco, ornaments and trinkets of the deceased in the grave with him. Some days after burial, a large quantity of fermented liquor is

prepared, and all the relatives and friends of the bereaved family are called together to mourn for the dead and to dance, sing and wail to his memory. The largest of these human hives have had more than one hundred graves in them; but where the hut is small, or becomes crowded with graves, interments are made just outside.

It is the custom of yet other tribes to disinter the corpse a month after burial, when it has reached an advanced state of decay, put it into a great pan, or oven, over the fire, and roast it until all the volatile substances are driven off, which operation fills the savage family hotel with the most dreadful stench. At length, nothing remains but a black, carbonaceous mass, which is pounded until reduced to a fine powder, then mixed in several large, wooden troughs of fermented liquor, and drank by the assembly of mourners until all is consumed. The savages believe that in this way the virtues of the deceased are transmitted to all who drink of this revolting beverage.

Chapter XXXV.

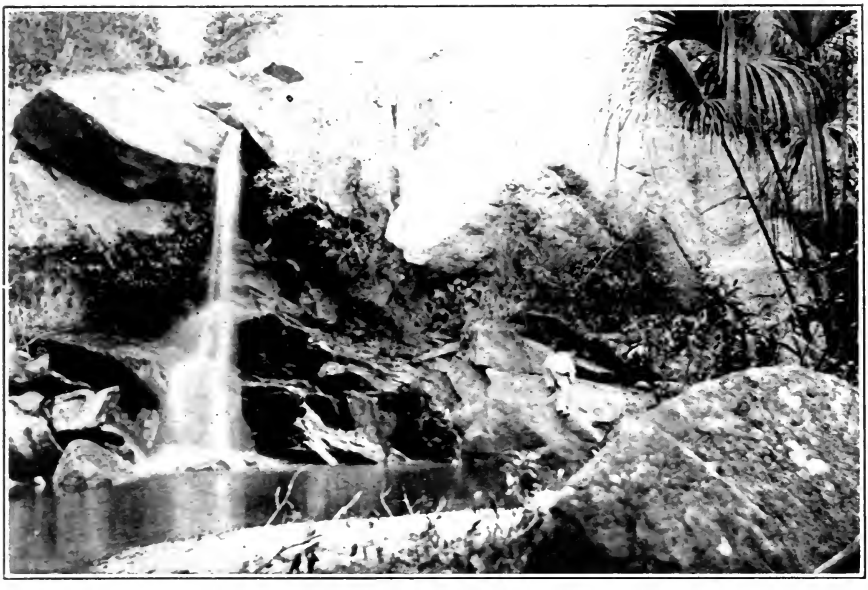
THE SORCERERS.—EXORCISING AND FRIGHTENING AWAY DEMONS.—THE MYSTERY INSTRUMENTS.

The souls of the departed are believed by the Bororó to dwell, for a time at least, in the bodies of certain fish and mammals. But they do not appear to identify the disembodied soul—*bopi*—with the creature it inhabits, as do those people who believe in what is known as "transmigration of the soul." The Bororó soul is simply a tenant in the body of the creature it inhabits, maintaining a separate, independent existence, and continuing forever, supposedly, without any change occurring in its personality or character; though it is doomed to suffer evictions everlastingly from its temporary fleshly abodes at the hands of the conjurer, or because of the natural death and destruction of the body of the creature it lives in. The Bororó say that the moment a newly disembodied spirit—the soul of a member of their tribe who has just died—enters the body of some creature, the bones of the soul's former self disappear from the cemetery. The evil-minded sorcerer, doubtless, is responsible for the disappearance of the bones—if they really disappear. The Bororó do not think that every wild creature is tenanted by some wandering *bopi*—soul—but only those that bear unusual markings, such as especially bright colors, or are very large, or have some other peculiarity. They much admire a fish called *dourada* by the Brazilians, part of the body of which is a bright,

golden color, and like to think that the spirits of their beloved dead dwell in the bodies of these fish. Nevertheless, they catch them in large numbers and eat them, believing that only the unusual individuals are inhabited by a *bopi*. But while they do not think that all the fish of any specie shelter lost souls in their bodies, they do think, seemingly, that every tapir, and every wild pig, and every alligator, and possibly every member of some other family of animals, shelters the shade of one or another of their departed tribesmen; and they never kill one of these creatures when a sorcerer is not within reach to exorcise the soul, for they dare not under any circumstances eat the flesh of such a creature until the sorcerer has cast out the soul. They believe that if they should eat of it, they would surely die. Doubtless the sorcerer would see to it that death resulted from such sacrilege; for if one should eat of such flesh and suffer no harm, like going to heaven without the aid of masses, the lucrative business of exorcising demons would come to naught, and the crafty sorcerer, like Demetrius and his crowd, would be ruined. This functionary always helps himself to the first and best cut from every carcass over which he performs his incantations to expell a demon. His fellow-tribesmen always treat him well, as they dread to incur his displeasure.

The ceremony of exorcising a *bopi* from the body of a fish, for instance, usually occurs late in the afternoon, and at the entrance to the hut of the sorcerer where the carcass has been deposited for this purpose. The sorcerer stands over the carcass, having his feet wide apart, arms uplifted and outstretched, entire body rigid and trembling violently, as if he had clonic spasms or convulsions, and face upturned toward the declining sun upon which he calls in a series of wild, maniacal yells. Following this, he relaxes somewhat and slaps the carcass rapidly and hysterically from end to end, uttering continuously strange noises, and finally, expectorates and blows into its mouth. This ceremony lasts but a few minutes.

Corn also appears to have some connection with the demons, or is under a *taboo*, for the Bororó will not, under any



In the Heart of the Wilderness.

Camping in the Wilderness far away from the Haunts of Men.

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circumstances, eat corn from a field until a few ears have first been brought to the sorcerer that he may perform his incantations over them, biting into them, dog-like. After this, the corn from that field may be freely gathered and eaten without further ceremony.

The souls of the departed, the *bopi*, are believed also to haunt and plot evil against the living, who pass their days in almost constant fear, and even in terror, because of them. Every few days, one or another of these superstitious children of the wilds imagines he sees a ghost or spook skulking in the jungle, or some strange object or shadow, or peculiar movement of the branches of the trees, or hears an unusual or seemingly uncanny sound. In a frenzy, he hastens to report what he has seen or heard, and, instantly, the whole city of savagery is wildly excited. These spooks, or wandering souls are nearly always seen just as solemn, mysterious night is taking possession of the land. Sometimes, the scare is a pure invention of the sorcerer.

These sorcerers, or tribal priests, are not chosen or appointed by men, the Bororó say, but by the *bopi*. Their calling to the priestly office appears to be somewhat in this manner: Some day, a Bororó is taken with some kind of a fit, and the village sorcerer, is called in to declare the nature of the case, and to say if the patient will live or die. Having considered the matter cunningly, he may say to the family something like this: " Piadudu is in mortal combat with a *bopi*. If he surrenders to the demon he will become a sorcerer, but if he continues to resist, he will die." If Piadudu recovers, it is thought that he has given himself up to the *bopi*, and therefore fully qualified for the priesthood. But it seems to me that the certificate of priesthood lies largely in the ability of a Bororó to throw himself at will into a savage ecstasy or trance; or he may possess some powers of " mediumship," or metaphysical powers believed to emanate from the *bopi*, together with a good degree of native cunning and ready wit. These sorcerers are the most depraved men in the tribe. They are the bane of tribal life. They must nurture the illusion

that they have communications with and influence in the spirit world, and know what is occurring there; and have power to cause and avert evils and calamities. Hence, they are ever on the alert to seize upon every propituous occasion, and even to invent occasions to make merchandise of the superstitious fears of their fellow tribesmen for their own profit and aggrandizement.

As regards the ordinary civilized man, knowledge forces the mysterious, the unknown, the infinite, back from his immediate presence, compelling it to remain at a distance, thus enabling him to pass his days more or less unmindful of its existence. But to the primitive man, with his limited knowledge of the processes of Nature, the world about him is pregnant with mystery; it presses close upon him on all sides and he cannot be indifferent to it. The mysterious—that which is beyond his knowledge—the infinite—literally stares him in the face at every turn, and he is unable to fathom it. Ignorant of causes, he views with superstitious thoughts every event, and everything in Nature that is in any degree unusual or abnormal—everything that seems to project, never so little, beyond the dead monotony of natural phenomena. Indeed, his knowledge is so limited, and his imagination so easily inflamed, that he readily creates for himself all sorts of unusual occurrences and phantasms without any foundation. His imagination is most active during the hours of darkness. Like a timid child, he sees terrifying shapes everywhere. The thunder and lightning, the wind, the sun and the moon in their various phenomena, the cries of birds and beasts, and the direction from which they cry, all convey to his uncultured mind some omen of good or evil. If the *kowá* (a bird) utters its cry at evening from the east, it means that "white man come;" and if from the west, "Bororó die."

Our Bororó friends who crowded about us during the whole of every day, always withdrew from our hut at sunset, retiring to their village, and we usually saw no more of them until daybreak. But late in the evening on two or three occasions, we heard a tramping of barefooted men approaching

our hut, and immediately thereafter a horde of excited and frightened savages swarmed in upon us. The cause of their alarm was quickly explained to us: One of their number had imagined he saw the forms of strange men moving about mysteriously in the jungle near the village, which was interpreted by some of his fellows to mean that the soldiers were coming to attack and carry them away. At another time, apparitions of the dead were thought to have been seen; so the following day the natives solemnly and mysteriously prepared the *roarers* in order to frighten away the threatening evil.

It is partly, or chiefly, to pacify departed souls by honoring them and giving them a good send off, that the elaborate funeral ceremonies already described, occur. And the fact that nearly all the rites and ceremonies of the Bororó are observed for the pacification of demons is the reason why the ritual is so hideous and diabolical. Men whose gods are devils only, can have nothing but a devilish ceremonial.

As already stated, the Bororó, like the Karayá, entertain an anamistic conception of the world. They do not appear to have any idea of a good spirit, or good spirits. Attempting to translate the word God into their language, or to communicate to them in a small degree the thought that this word stands for, we had to make use of the words, *Bopi camahina pêmêgáre irnducáre,* which is literally, Spirit, greatest, good, without equal. But this is quite unsuitable for a permanent translation and a word for God would have to be transliterated, or a new word coined.

Mingling with the Bororó, one somehow gets the impression that perhaps they once had a conception of a good spirit. But, as the good spirits never did them any harm, nor threatened them with evil, while numerous evil spirits are constantly menacing them, they came naturally to devote so much attention to the latter that they long ago forgot all about the former. Thus they have degenerated in mind and heart, it would seem, with the result that in the whole outward expression of their lives, they have retrograded from a higher to a lower social and moral state.

The sun, being the greatest force in nature known to them, is regarded as a sort of supreme being, or as the seat of supreme power. The sorcerers are believed to enjoy a kind of heaven after death, being exalted to an abode in the sun, calling to mind the heaven of the Incas; but the ordinary Bororó is doomed to wander in the lower regions.

Besides seeking to placate disembodied spirits, or demons, or "lay the ghost," the Bororó also seek to frighten them away from the abodes of the living. To accomplish this, they make use of a peculiar instrument that ethnologists call the *roarer*. The sound producer is a slab of wood about half an inch thick, three to six inches broad, one or two feet long, fish formed, and having black spots painted all over it. This is hung to a long cord which is secured to the end of a ten-foot rod; and to sound it, it is swung round and round over the head horizontally. As this slab swings it revolves rapidly upon its axis and emits a series of blood-curdling sounds that can be heard half a mile or more, varying from a loud, diapason, sepulchral moan to an unearthly shriek. This frightful and prolonged wail rises and falls in pitch according to the rapidity with which the instrument is swung, or according to its size. To hear the music (?) of an orchestra of these instruments, or rather, their awful, demoniacal shrieks and wails, gives one most unusual sensations, the remembrance of which can never be effaced. The uncanny feeling is intensified if heard, as I once heard it, while a tropical storm is raging; for the flashing of the lightnings, the ceaseless peal and roar and crash of the celestial artillery, the falling floods and the thickening gloom, played and displayed a terrible accompaniment to the unearthly music.

No female of the tribe, woman or child, is allowed to look upon this instrument under pain of death. The men appear to make new ones when occasion demands their use, and to burn them immediately after the occasion has passed. I entered the great hut once while they were preparing them for a funeral prelude. Profound silence was maintained, and the savages whispered mysteriously the word *bopi*. Certain

warning calls are given frequently for some hours in advance of the time when the instruments are to be brought into use. Hearing these warnings the females enter their huts, close the openings and hide their heads. The *roarers* are always manipulated outside the village up and down through the bush, and at openings in the forest.

Many other tribes have mystery instruments and practice demon music. Wallace, describing those of some Rio Negro tribes, says that their instruments are pipes, or tubes, like great bassoons or trumpets, and produce sounds somewhat like trombones or clarinets. One kind is made of bamboo or palm-stems, hollowed out, while others are made of bark, twisted spirally and have mouthpieces of leaves. Each instrument produces but one note, but several pairs are played at the same time, each pair being of the same size and emitting the same note. A simple tune is played, revealing unusual taste for savages; and though the music sounds strange and wild, it is somewhat pleasing. The musicians wave the instruments about in a peculiar manner, vertically and sidewise, while playing them, and accompany these movements with corresponding contortions of the body. These instruments are considered a great mystery. No female of the tribe must ever look upon them under pain of death. From the first moment this mystery music is heard, not a female, young or old, is to be seen for all have hidden themselves away in the woods. If a female should see one of these instruments, either accidentally or by design, she would be put to death, usually by poisoning; and a father will not hesitate to become the executioner of his own daughter, or a husband of his wife. Even where there is only a suspicion that the instrument has been seen by forbidden eyes, no mercy is shown.

I experienced difficulty in getting possession of two or three of the *roarers* for my collection. The Bororó were very reluctant to let me have them, fearing that their women might catch sight of them in some way. But they finally brought them to our hut, one at a time, under cover of darkness, after having borrowed blankets from us in which to roll them, and

delivered them to me with a solemn, mysterious air. Even after the instruments were in our possession, these superstitious people manifested great solicitude in having us hide them away in the bottom of a box, and placing the box itself in an inaccessible place.

We also had difficulty in securing the big bass flutes used at the funeral *bakororó*. They were not kept hidden from any member of the tribe, yet the savages were loathe to part with them for some superstitious reasons. When I asked a captain to get me a pair, he looked solemn and mysterious, and said by words and signs: "The captain" (myself) "must not take this instrument away with him. It is a very bad instrument; whoever carries it away will never more return." In saying that it was "bad," he meant that it was "bad medicine," that it would bring "bad luck" to the possessor. Perhaps the old pagan was not far wrong after all, for contrary to my expectations, and to my great disappointment, I have not yet been able to return to their villages.

Chapter XXXVI.

FOLLOWING THE WILD MAN'S TRAIL.—LIFE IN A SAVAGE CLUB-HOUSE.—FLOATING DOWN THE RIO POGÚBU.

While we had our headquarters near the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, we made a visit to the Kogi au Paro village of the same tribe some twenty miles distant.

We followed a trail used only by the savages, and over which no civilized man had ever before passed. It led largely through a forest which was so dense in many places, that the trail was like an opening through a thick hedge, or through a wall. This opening was just large enough to permit the naked wild man to pass comfortably. But we were mounted on mules, and had one mule carrying two boxes containing our cooking outfit and food. Consequently, we had to make the hole larger on all sides. Even after our muleteer, who led the way on foot, had enlarged the opening, we were compelled to practice rough riding continually to avoid being raked off our beasts, or having our limbs crushed. Besides, our passage was barred by many deep ravines, gulches, washouts and streams, the banks of which were often nearly vertical. Our mules were experts in descending the banks, for they would bunch up their feet, like mountain goats, and slide down. But, in many cases, they were unable to climb out on the other side until we had dug steps with a grubbing-hoe. There was often deep water in these places. We also encountered at nearly every step great bunches of wild pine-

apple plants, to touch which was like running into a barbed-wire fence, for one's clothes would be torn and the flesh lacerated. This plant hooks into whatever touches it, even piercing one's boots. Moreover, swarms of flies of many varieties, the bites of which cause itching wounds, pursued us constantly; while various kinds of wood-ticks, some of which are nearly as large as the potato beetle, fastened themselves upon us. This insect has a fearful head-gear, but, somehow, one is never aware of its presence until it has taken firm hold; then if one tries to remove it by force, either its head will be left buried in the flesh, or a piece of flesh will be torn out. To add to our discomfiture, the heat was intense, and our thirst so insatiable that we wished our throats were mill-races.

We expected to have reached the Kogi au Paro village in one day, but so much time was consumed in enlarging the opening through the forest that we were still in the middle of the woods when night overtook us. Therefore, we suspended our hammocks under the trees, prepared and ate our supper, and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the night, hoping to secure restful sleep for we were excessively fatigued from struggling through the vegetable walls and entanglements. But in planning for a peaceful night, we had not reckoned with animate Nature. Animate Nature does not limit a day's work to eight or ten hours. In the Brazilian wildernesses she labors twenty-four hours each day. The "day gangs" of insects that persecuted us had scarcely retired from the field when the "night gangs" came on. The mosquitoes came in swarms, of all sizes and capacities, ready for every kind of work. Some of them were so small that they could fly through our mosquito netting with extended wings, but they could bite out of all proportion to their size. The ants were also in evidence. When the mosquitoes drove me out of my hammock and I set my feet on the ground, I stepped among army corps of foraging ants which swarmed over my feet, biting, or stinging, as they ran. Fleeing from them in the inky darkness, I accidently brushed my hand against a coat

which was hanging on a tree, and some large, black ants that sting worse than a hornet, planted their stings into the joints of my fingers. Altogether, I felt as if I were on fire. But near morning, we got a little respite from the mosquitoes, for a fog settled down over the forest. As soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, the "day gangs" of our little tormentors renewed the attack.

All during the second day we continued to carve our way through the tangled vegetation, and to drag ourselves along, arriving at our destination at nightfall, exhausted, and nearly in tatters. To increase our discomfiture, we were short of food, for our cook had neglected to bring along any beef other than the potful he had boiled just before we begun our journey. Therefore, we had to eat sparingly; and to fry the whole potful again and again, each time we dined, to keep it from spoiling.

We were a freak to the primitive citizens of the Kogi au Paro village, many of whom having never before seen a *braidi*—white man. The women and children, especially, came out of their huts, and standing at the entrances, like prairie-dogs on their hillocks, gazed intently at us with fear and curiosity.

This village had swarmed some time previous to our visit, and was now two villages. The new brood occupied open ground near the river, but the mother horde lived in the wildest locality that I have ever seen human beings dwell in. To reach it, we had to cross the river Pogúbu, which was between one and two hundred yards wide, with a strong, flood-like current. Having nothing with which to ferry ourselves over, we had to plunge in and swim, towing our baggage over, assisted by two Bororó, on a rude float made by binding together three bunches of bamboo rods. There was but one spot on the opposite side of the river where we could get ashore, owing to the impenetrable masses of bushes and trees that lined the edge of the water and reached far out into it. To allow for the current, and to avoid striking below this particular spot, we had to work up at the edge of the river

some distance before casting ourselves into the current. Missing the landing place, there was great danger of our losing, not only our effects, but our lives as well.

We found the cluster of huts situated about one mile back from the river, and in the heart of the densest and most impassable upland tangle that I have ever seen. The trees were fifty feet high and less, and almost numerous enough to form a thick forest, while below them, the whole country was overgrown by a terrible jungle of bushes, briars and coarse grass. A small, circular space, like a gigantic nest, had been cleared in the center of this forbidding thicket, in which fifteen or twenty palm-branch huts clustered in the usual disorder. This wild man's lair was approached by a serpentine path just wide enough to allow men to pass in single file. The village was hidden away in this manner in order that its position might not be known to enemies, or that it might be very difficult to assault.

We were conducted at once to the great hut, where we were entertained while in the village, and in one corner of which we suspended our hammocks and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. But we found this a hot, stuffy, ill-smelling *hotel*, and in addition, the mosquitoes were very numerous and industrious.

As soon as we were settled, we asked to see the chief man of the village, who appeared. He was six feet tall, well proportioned, intelligent and dignified, and the finest appearing Bororó I had seen. He seemed to have more real authority, too, than any Bororó captain I had met. The Bororó have no tribal chief. Each village governs itself, independently, having a few elderly men who are captains, in a way, by reason of seniority, in whom the chief authority is vested. But their powers, and the obedience rendered them, seem to be variable and uncertain. A strong character may arise from time to time, and by favoring circumstances, reach a position where he may command the entire obedience of his village. But ordinarily, the chief men do not appear to possess much real authority, individually. Of course, when they go

to war, they must choose one as their leader; or one becomes such by mutual consent. We gave the Kogi au Paro chief some presents, which seemed to please him much, and he returned the favor, bringing us some vegetables.

Next morning, soon after daybreak, and after the singing of the *bakororó*, which is sung at dawn in this village as well as at dusk, the men of the village gradually assembled in the great hut, and sitting cross-legged on their mats, occupied themselves in various ways. Several worked at making bows and arrows, cordage and nets; a few shook out raw fibre preparatory to rolling it on their knees into threads; one or two spun cotton, rolling it between the palms of the hands, then winding it on a rude, wooden spindle; one man wove, or crochetted, a narrow cotton belt by means of a peculiar little contrivance made by binding together two small reeds; another made a kind of bead by boring holes through shell or stone discs and making them uniform in diameter by stringing them tightly together and passing a sort of whetstone over them as they were held firmly upon a block. The holes were bored through the discs by revolving rapidly between the palms of the hands, a stone-pointed instrument, like a large lead-pencil. The Bororó kindle a fire in much the same manner, revolving a pointed wooden rod as it rests upon a certain kind of wood. Various other articles were in process of manufacture in this primitive workshop. A few men who were not occupied, lay stretched full length on their palm-leaf mats, dozing, or occasionally exchanging a few words with one another in voices that were partly mumbling speech, and partly like the purring of a cat. The Bororó artificer works very slowly, for nearly two entire days are consumed in the making of a single arrow, which, however, is made with almost infinite care. But time is of no value to these people.

The Sheraidi and the Ta Nagareda divisions, into which the Kogi au Paro village, in common with all other Bororó encampments is divided, sat in separate groups, each occupying one-half the great hut. These two divisions hunt, fish, play

and eat, and in fact, do everything independently of each other.

As this was the season of green corn, all the savages brought with them into the great hut, one or more roasted ears, which they paused, momentarily, in their work to slowly pick a few kernels from and eat them, or to smoke a whiff or two from a cigarette. Whenever one of them obtained a bit of tobacco, he prepared it for smoking by first pulverizing it, then rolling it up in a leaf in the form of a cigarette. When they have no tobacco, which they seldom do, they substitute for it certain leaves, which they roll into cigars.

A few hours after sunrise, an *areda* appeared at the entrance to the Sheraidi end of the great hut, and handed in a clay pot containing about eight quarts of corn that had been cut from the cob and boiled, and a moment later, a similar pot of corn was delivered at the Ta Nagareda entrance, being one for each of the two parties. To eat, each group squatted or stood around its pot and scooped out the food with large shells, or with broad leaves folded to look like small sugar-scoops. I naturally supposed that these two pots of corn, in addition to the roasted ears that all had been nibbling during the morning, would make an ample breakfast for the thirty-three individuals in the hut. But, to my surprise, another pot containing a similar quantity of stewed corn, soon after appeared at the Sheraidi entrance to the primitive dining-hall, followed a moment later by another at the Ta Nagareda entrance; then, to my astonishment, more pots of corn continued to be passed in at each end of the big hut every ten or fifteen minutes, until a total of fifteen or sixteen had been brought in. This required each man to eat at least three or four quarts of corn during eighty minutes, in addition to the roasted ears each had consumed. As the two *medo* who had accompanied us from the Ta Dare Mano Paro village were guests of the local horde on this occasion, it was interesting to observe the etiquette shown in their treatment of them. As each pot was brought in and placed upon the ground, two members of the group receiving it would trot

over to each visitor in a stooping position, grasp him by the wrist, and trot him up to the pot, as much as to say, serve yourself, but without uttering a word. Thus these two men ate freely from every pot each group received, though they were occasionally trotted off to a fresh pot while still devouring from one. The observer wonders what is the size of their stomachs, and if they did not get their fill for once. But there seems to be no limit to the eating capacity of the primitive man. After all the stewed corn was consumed, which was eaten without any condiments whatever, a bushel of roasted ears was brought in, as a dessert, and also promptly devoured. But this was the one big meal of the day for the savage horde, except when food is very abundant; though when they can obtain it, they nibble at various bits of food during the entire day and evening.

To supplement our scant supply of food, we obtained from the natives some corn which was nearly ripe. This our cook prepared for eating by shelling it and breaking it up a little in a rude mortar; then making it into small loaves which he rolled up in large green leaves and baked in the ashes.

We determined not to return by land to the Ta Dare Mano Paro village, if we could avoid it; but instead, to make a raft and descend the river Pogúbu with our baggage, while our muleteer, only, should return by land with our beasts.

One afternoon, therefore, having induced a number of Bororó to join us, we went down to the river to make the raft. I was the only one of our party who had ever had any experience with rafts, nevertheless, each one wished to be master ship-builder. We had much difficulty in gathering the material and getting it down to the water's edge, though there was plenty of it in the woods, for after each Bororó had brought down an armful, he did not care to return for more.

To construct the raft, we first cut two cedar logs nine feet long and nine inches in diameter, placed them parallel upon the ground, five feet apart, notched them deep at each end, and bound onto them cross pieces of light wood. This formed the

"keel," or foundation of our craft. On this we laid crosswise, and bound, bundles of bamboo poles eight feet long, and over these again we placed binding poles to make everything as strong and firm as possible. We had no nails, or spikes, or anything of this kind, or any tools beyond a straight-handled axe and long knives. We therefore bound our raft together with strips of the inner bark of a certain tree, which is tough and strong. But not having an auger with which to bore holes for wooden pins, we could not make the raft firm and seaworthy.

We experienced difficulty in launching it the next morning, for nearly all the Bororó had gone off on a hunting expedition, leaving but one or two to assist us. To get it into the water from the high bank where it was built, we had to work it down a steep, muddy place, and at the same time, avoid breaking it up, or turning it over. But finally, the launching was successfully accomplished. We were anxious to return to our headquarters as soon as possible as our pot of boiled, fried beef was nearly exhausted, and other food was scarce; moreover, life in the gloomy, stifling, insect-infested "club-house" of the wild men, was not attractive to us.

Having floated our raft, we cut two long bamboo poles with which to control it somewhat, and provided ourselves with an oar by cutting a small sapling terminating in a fork and weaving strips of bark between the prongs. We then embarked with our little baggage and pushed out into the current, our ship's company being Senhor Antonio, Senhor Guveia and myself. We were now afloat on the only craft that had ever carried men in these waters, and navigating a river that had never been navigated in its upper reaches. All went well for a few minutes and we were feeling proud of our good little ship that floated us so nicely, and congratulating ourselves on how easily and pleasantly we would return to our "ranch," thus escaping the dreadful travel through the jungle. But suddenly, as we swept around a bend, we saw with intense alarm, that the current was apparently bearing us, with irresistible force, straight into the branches of

a big tree that stretched far out over the water and into it. We knew that if we struck that place, we and our baggage would be raked off into the water. We worked like Trojans, poling and paddling to clear the danger. But, we now discovered how unwieldy our craft was and how insufficient was our means of governing it, as it seemed not to respond in the least to our efforts. Worse, each of us thought he was captain, and one yelled "push this way" while another gave an opposite order. Happily, and greatly to our surprise, the current carried us inside the danger point, so we escaped with only a slight brushing. We now knew that all our excited efforts had really been to force ourselves into the danger instead of away from it. All went well again for a short time, when we once more swung around a bend and found ourselves bearing down rapidly upon a big snag in the middle of the stream. We knew that if we should strike it, our float would go to pieces. Again, there was great excitement and the captains shouted their opposing orders, but the pushing and paddling seemed wholly unavailing. Finally, as we were about to resign ourselves to apparently unavoidable fate, our good raft took a swirl and cleared the obstruction by several feet; and again we saw that our frantic efforts had tended to our destruction instead of our salvation. An Invisible Hand was evidently guiding us.

Experiences similar to these, figuratively speaking, occur frequently in the life of every person. Peering into the future with anxious distrustful thoughts, one sees, in imagination, numerous dangers and evils obstructing his path, toward which some mysterious force seems to be sweeping him unerringly. So, forgetting altogether the kind Heavenly Father who watches over all His creatures with infinite love and solicitude, tenderly guiding the bark of even the most lowly and most unworthy of them, he seeks to tear himself from God's loving hand; and struggling madly to escape these imaginary troubles which will never materialize, vainly dissipating his vital forces, he creates for himself anguish and

despair, totally unfits himself for life's real duties and privileges and shortens his days.

We now began to entertain anxious thoughts as to how we should make land at the second Kogi au Paro village, which was a little below our point of embarkation, where we were to complete our arrangements for descending the river. We seemed to be afloat on a perpetual motion which we were powerless to stop. The edge of the river was lined with dangerous obstructions and we dared not go too near. How, then, were we to run our unwieldy float into the narrow opening in front of the village? But the Hand of Providence guided us as before, and we succeeded in making land without damage. At the last moment, two Bororó, plunging into the water, seized our raft, and pulling with great force, enabled us to get it to shore.

When we had finally made fast to the root of a tree by means of a bark line, Senhor Guveia, who had become thoroughly frightened, sprang ashore, declaring that nothing would induce him to navigate further on such a craft.

Having fried for the seventh time our pot of boiled beef and eaten the last of it with some green corn-cakes, which, after baking in the ashes, had been fried, we further strengthened our raft with bark rope, made another paddle and other arrangements, then continued our novel voyage down the pretty little river. In place of Senhor Guveia, who had decided to return through the forest, we took with us two Bororó who had accompanied us from the Ta Dare Mano Paro village. They were delighted with the prospect of returning home so easily, and by means of such a strange conveyance. The entire Kogi au Paro village came down to the river to gaze at our strange craft and to see us "sail," for this was a most unusual event in their lives; besides, they were more friendly toward us, and not so fearful and exclusive as the upper village.

Getting our craft once more in motion, we did not meet with any dangers until we were more than half-way home. We were therefore finding our trip very enjoyable. The

sun was a little clouded and the day charming, and a primitive forest, clothed in its beautiful robes of perennial green, lined both sides of our watery path. As we were borne along by the current, we came upon a Bororó fishing party. These bronze, entirely nude savages, standing upon the rocks at the water's edge, in the shadow of the great trees, the beautiful and luxuriant foliage of which formed a background, looked exceedingly picturesque and romantic. They eyed us with deep interest as we moved silently past them, having never before seen such an object on the river.

But as we proceeded, our Bororó companions caused us feelings of anxiety by continually pointing down the river and muttering, *canoa by*—canoe die, the raft will be wrecked—calling the raft by the Brazilian word for canoe, not having a word of their own.

At length, as we were swept rapidly around a bend, we saw a little island in the middle of the stream and the water dashing over the rocks that extended out from its head, while in the center of the only channel through which we might now pass, were other large rocks which churned the on-rushing waters into a foam. This left us but a very narrow gateway between the jaws of destruction. Could we strike this opening? We did not know just where the current was carrying us, but it appeared to be sweeping us straight onto the rocks, and we knew that if our raft should strike them, it would certainly *die.* We were in great alarm, and paddled and poled with all our strength, though without any apparent results. But the Unseen Hand had not forsaken us, and we slipped through the jaws of destruction in perfect security. Once more we saw that in our mad endeavors to escape the danger, we had done everything in our power to get into it.

All had gone well again for some time, though the Bororó still continued to point down the river and mutter ominously, *canoa by,* when, as we were borne quickly around another turn in the river, our hearts almost stood still at the sight of a chain of rapids that stretched entirely across the river, more than half the area of which was littered with boulders,

over which the waters seathed and roared; and our float seemed to be making for the very worst place, despite all our efforts to work it over out of the zone of greatest danger. The outlook was dismal to the last degree, so we prepared ourselves to be wrecked. But once again it was evident that the Unseen Hand was guiding us, for we passed the rapids in perfect safety and without touching a rock.

Our Bororó companions now ceased to point down the river and to say *canoa by*, for we were nearing home. But how should we contrive to make a landing at our headquarters, was a question that gave us no little anxiety. There was only a narrow gateway through the snags that cumbered the edge of the river, into which we must slip quickly, though we needed a broad clear space into which to slowly work our unwieldy float. Senhor Antonio tried to get in at a port which was a long distance above our hut, but failed, though he nearly cast us upon the rocks, and we were in great danger for a few minutes. But God cared for us to the last; and getting as near the shore as we dared, we slipped in at the landing-place without striking even a snag. If we had missed this port, we would have been compelled to go a long way down the river before finding another.

We were glad to be again in our own hut where we were not troubled by insects, and could obtain an abundance of beef and milk—about our only food.

Chapter XXXVII.

FAREWELL TO THE BORORÓ.—CANOEING ON THE POGÚBU AND SÃO LAURENÇO.—"CIVILIZING" SAVAGES.—ACROSS PLATEAU AND SWAMP. —CUYABA.

As I was preparing to take my departure from the Ta Dare Mano Paro, one of the chief men came to one of our men and inquired, "How many moons will there be before the Captain returns to us? Five?" and he raised one hand displaying the fingers and thumb. Receiving a negative reply, he raised both hands, asking, by this act, "Will there be ten?" Again receiving a shake of the head in reply, he raised both hands, drooped them toward the feet for an instant, and again elevated them, thus asking, "Will there be twenty moons?" He seemed disappointed when informed that the Captain's home was far away beyond the *pobu camahina*—great water—and he would not be able to visit them again for a long period.

For the unnumbered "children of the wilderness" in all South America, there is, to-day, less than half a dozen Gospel mission centers. Many of these tribes live in regions that are fairly accessible and salubrious, and would welcome those who would come to them dominated by the Spirit of Christ. An Industrial Mission would doubtless be the best for them as they need to be taught some of the arts of civilization with the Gospel. A few hundred dollars, only, would be necessary to start such a work, after which, if well managed,

it could be carried on at a surprisingly small annual outlay of money.

For such a work, one or two hundred square miles of splendid timber, pasture, and arable lands of great fertility, could be obtained for a mere trifle. Here, thousands of cattle could be raised at an insignificant cost, and an almost unlimited variety of fruits and vegetables could be grown. Many trees would continue to produce ten or one hundred years, once given a good start. Waterfalls also exist that would furnish power, if needed.

What a beautiful life-work it would be for many young men and women to go and live among these people, acquire their language from their lips, reduce it to writing, translate the Bible, teach the people and lead them to Christ! A vast, unsubdued world offering magnificent opportunities and undreamed possibilities, calls unceasingly to the Christian world. Shall this call go unheeded? May the Son of Righteousness arise and dispel forever the age-long night that envelops the poor, needy children of the wilderness!

At last, the moment came to bid a final adieu to our brethren of the wilds, with whom we had passed so many pleasant, profitable, and exceedingly interesting days. The entire village came down to the river to see us off, while a few of the men helped us to transfer our baggage to the two small dugout canoes in which we were to descend the river Pogúbu about seventy miles.

It was delightful canoeing on this pretty, but little known, river, on both sides of which stretched away vast, unexplored, arboreal wildernesses. The dense tropical vegetation, adorned in its magnificant vestments of perennial verdure, extended down into the water, and combined with the river to produce a beautiful and charming picture. The beauty of the scene was greatly enhanced by mountains and hills and great, castle-like rocks, crowned with numerous towers and minarets that rose up in the background. The day, too, was ideal, being slightly cloudy, so that we were shaded from the strength of the sun. But our pleasure was somewhat marred

by a feeling of insecurity; for one of the canoes, not having been properly made, threatened every moment to roll over. Consequently, we had to balance ourselves with much care, squarely in the middle.

We encountered several *lontras* during the day. They are exceedingly inquisitive creatures, for they swam up within a few yards of our canoes, seeking, apparently, to examine them and their occupants.

We arrived, at dusk, at a spot where dwelt a family of Paraguayans in rude huts. Here we passed the night, but sleep was impossible because of the myriads of mosquitoes. The next morning, we tramped and waded about one mile through a swamp to the hut of a cattle grower who had squatted on what was virtually an island in the midst of the swamp. We were received cordially by the ranchman who gave us at once hot, sweetened cow's milk; and two hours later, a breakfast of sun-dried beef, stewed, boiled rice and beans—both saturated with pork grease—and manioc meal. Our breakfast table was a dry ox-hide placed on the ground in the hut, and our chairs were our hammocks.

At noon, we mounted our horses, which had been brought to us through the forest, and rode to a near-by village of the Bororó. Here, we found conditions similar to those existing in other Bororó villages, with the exception that this horde, dwelling somewhat in touch with the more advanced races, has acquired a few touches of "civilization," and lives in a slightly better state than the rest of their brethren. Their huts are larger and better constructed, they sleep on raised platforms of small poles instead of on the ground, have a few steel implements and some firearms, possess domestic fowls, and cultivate more ground. Nearly all the men of the village were absent on a tapir hunt at the time of our visit.

The following morning, we resumed our journey down the river Pogúbu. The river was now at high-water mark, and we moved along on the crest of a tremendous yellow flood. At noon, we disembarked at a pleasant spot under huge trees to prepare and eat our simple breakfast. Having no

sugar for our coffee, we had secured at the cattle ranch, a large stalk of sugar-cane which one of our party pommeled sufficiently to soften, wrung out the juice, and used this instead of water to make the coffee. The resulting beverage was not exactly first-class, yet it was perhaps better than coffee without any sugar.

Later in the day, we passed the confluence of the Pogúbu and the river São Laurenço, and before evening, reached a decadent settlement, known as the Colonia de Santa Thereza, where we were kindly entertained by the director.

About the year 1887, the government assembled here a large number of the Bororó and made an attempt to "civilize" them. This work was conducted by the military for some years, after which the priests took charge of it. But, in each case, the enterprise came to naught, for the schools of vice, ignorance and superstition wrought so zealously and persistently that they completely overshadowed the school of progress. The Bororó were employed in the culture of sugar-cane and in the manufacture of the powerful rum, and were given daily an allowance of this terrible demoralizer. Moreover, they had before them constantly the example of an extremely ignorant, debauched and drunken soldiery, more barbarous than the savages themselves. Could anything be more insane and suicidal than to engage savages in the manufacture of rum, and to supply them with it! Could the most diabolical cunning invent anything better calculated to utterly defeat all civilizing and uplifting influences?

An attempt was made, it is true, to teach a few of the arts of civilization, but the primitive man, like other men, must experience an inner change, a change of mind and heart, before there can be much change in his social condition. Large sums of money were expended annually in this remarkable attempt to "civilize" savages, but the Bororó acquired far more vice and superstition than virtue and useful knowledge, and the work was finally abandoned.

At the time of our visit, the settlement had fallen so into decay that the few inhabitants existed in a state of partial fam-

ine. With our able assistance, the director's larder was swept clean at once, and we had to make haste to travel on as it was very difficult to obtain any supplies. A few miserable, demoralized Bororó families still lived at the settlement.

We had to await the arrival of our horses which were brought overland through the forest. They had a dangerous swim of half a mile across the river Pogúbu, and had also to swim the swift São Laurenço at the settlement. A great source of danger in swimming horses across these rivers is that they may fail to strike the one opening in the dense vegetation on the opposite shore where they can leave the water. The day before we brought our troop across the São Laurenço, nine mules, of a herd of forty, were drowned while they were crossing the river, following the lead animal, which was conducted by a man in a canoe.

I had to part company here with my dear friend and traveling companions, Senhor Antonio, as he was going southward, while my route was northwest to the city of Cuyaba. The parting was a sad one to me, and also to him, for we had come to have a very deep regard for each other. My every wish seemed law to him. It was a grief, and a great disappointment to me that we have not met since that day. We had hoped to meet in the course of a year or two and carry out long-cherished plans. I have since received beautiful letters from him. God grant that we may have the joy of meeting again in the near future.

Separated from my companion, I was without a cooking outfit, had no supplies, nor a beast to carry anything of the kind. I therefore arranged to accompany three men who were returning to Cuyaba driving some oxen, and who had a simple cooking outfit and some food, all of which was carried on the back of one of the oxen.

The oxen and drivers began the journey in advance of my little troop, which was composed of three animals, the muleteer and myself, but after riding a few miles, we overtook the "kitchen" strewn along the trail, the ox having bolted with it. Passing the oxen, we were brought to a sudden halt,

late in the afternoon, by a rivulet that had suddenly swollen to a raging torrent because of the recent rains, and that we saw would surely sweep away anything that should attempt to cross it. The oxen arriving and attempting to cross the stream after the water had lowered a foot while we waited, were all swept away and one was drowned. Darkness coming on, we camped here for the night, dining upon a bit of sun-dried beef which had been roasted on a spit.

The entire day's march was through a region overgrown with impenetrable masses of bushes and low trees, and wholly uninhabited by anything human. Indeed, after leaving the settlement just mentioned, we rode nearly one hundred miles before encountering another vestige of human existence. This distance was largely across a plateau, or giant's table, up to which we climbed the second day of our march. This plateau is high and apparently salubrious. It is mainly open country with only here and there clumps of woods and lines of forest, while the soil seems to be fertile, and excellent for grazing purposes. But there may be a scarcity of water during the rainless season.

While we were eating breakfast the second day, a rainstorm burst upon us, which did not add to the pleasure of the meal, and at noon the third day, our passage was barred by a stream four feet deep, which compelled us to unload our baggage from the mules and carry it over on our shoulders.

The oxen drivers now sent my troop on in advance, saying they would overtake us before night. But they failed to do so, and we never saw them again. Consequently, we had to pass the night at one of the most lonely and desolate appearing spots I ever saw in Brazil, without having tasted food since breakfast. It was on open ground near the marshy rise of some stream; the sky was leaden and wintery; black banks of cloud and fog hung near to the ground; a chilly blast of wind swept over the gloomy, uninhabited waste, and everything was wet from the rain.

We pitched our tent and swung up our hammocks; and though we were without either dinner or supper, and had

traveled much on foot during the day, as my horse was becoming exhausted, I, somehow, did not suffer from hunger, and slept well all night. But my poor muleteer, on the contrary, had a melancholy time of it. Like most of his countrymen, he was a slave to tobacco, smoking incessantly. But he had consumed early in the day the last bit of the narcotic he possessed, so he was now unable to indulge his maddening appetite, and to satisfy the craving that was gnawing at his vitals. He said, mournfully, "a man can go without food or drink, but to be without tobacco is unendurable." So, he passed the long, gloomy hours of night without sleep, crushing the fierce mosquitoes that came to taste of him, listening to the moaning of the wind and brooding over his miseries.

A rather tantalizing incident of the day was that a fine deer stood within twenty-five yards of our trail and quietly gazed at us as we rode past, quite unaware of any danger, having, doubtless, never before seen men and horses. There was no danger for neither of us had a gun. A shoulder of venison would have been unusually acceptable to us at this time.

Breaking camp at the first glimmer of day, we hastened onward to the first human abode at the shelving of the plateau, where lived an old Negress, and where we hoped to secure a morsel of food of some kind, though we had been told that nothing could be obtained here. We reached this desolate abode before noon, routed out the Negress, who appeared to have been sleeping, and begged some food, for we were nearly famished. Wheezing continuously, she muttered that she was very poor and had nothing; but finally hobbled away to the "cupboard," Mother Hubbard like, as if to see if it were bare, and an hour afterward, reappeared bringing us a granite-ware soup-plate rounded up with boiled rice, in which bits of sun-dried beef had been cooked, and the whole mixed with a kind of corn meal. As there was but one iron spoon, only one of us could eat at a time. We found the beef scarcely more easy to masticate than pieces of leather; but as we felt

ravenous, we doubtless enjoyed this rude breakfast more than many a man does a banquet, and ate it with more thanks and less grumbling. When I inquired the price of our breakfast, our kind hostess, half wheezing, half snoring, murmured, "It isn't nothing," and appeared to be the soul of generosity. But this was merely a ruse that a few of the dwellers along this trail avail themselves of to get a good price for what they give to famished travelers, who, touched by their poverty and generosity, give them several times the value of the food supplied.

We were now descending gradually from the plateau, and encountered human dwellings every eight or ten miles. We were compelled to look mainly to these poverty-stricken people for our food until we reached the city of Cuyaba, and we seemed to clean up everything as we went along.

At noon, one day, we dismounted at a mud hut in the thicket and asked for some breakfast. Having prepared something, the housekeeper appeared in the doorway—for we had remained outside the house—and handed me a bowl full of a kind of thick, manioc meal gruel in which two or three eggs were floating. As she did so, she saw me glance toward a rude table which was secured to the wall in one corner of the room, as if I wished to sit to it and eat my food comfortably, but upon which stood a large, gourd-shell bowl containing some substance. Apologizing for not having invited me into the house before, the woman removed this bowl from her parlor table, then invited me to make use of it. This bowl contained cattle excrement, which is used as a cement, or plaster.

Only twice did we come upon an oasis in this wilderness of destitution. One such was at the foot of the plateau, and was a typical Brazilian plantation establishment on a small scale. It was a very picturesque and lovely, garden-like spot, completely walled in by the declivities and spurs of the plateau, which were heavily clothed with verdant forest and thicket. A charming brook rippled and played as it meandered through the grounds in front of the dwelling, while a

hot spring gushed out just back of the house. Dame Nature has thus prepared hot and cold water baths for the benefit and enjoyment of man, which are always ready at every hour, day or night.

Game, such as tapir, wild pigs, deer and other creatures, abounded in the neighboring forests and jungles. The resident family had a *monjolo* and made corn flour, and the usual native contrivance, propelled also by the brook, for pressing out the sugar-cane juice; so that sugar in bricks, and, unfortunately, rum, was manufactured. We remained a day and a night at this delightful spot, marred though it was by a distillery, and enjoyed sumptuous repasts compared to what we had subsisted upon during the previous three months.

The next day's march brought us to a beautiful *sitio,* called *As Palmeiras*—The Plantation of the Palm Tree Grove—that had been a large and famous plantation in the days when slavery existed, and where over one hundred slaves had been constantly employed. There was almost a village of small, white, one-story, tile-roofed, floorless buildings, which were arranged, horseshoe-like, around a large square, facing in, with no openings at the back. These had been the slave houses. The ancient glory of the plantation had now passed away. We remained here over one day, occupying one of the vacant buildings, and "faring sumptuously." Tasty civilized Brazilian breakfasts and dinners were brought to us regularly on a large tray, according to native custom.

The following day we arrived at a place of which I had been hearing ugly tales, and of which I had come to have a dread. It was a terrible swamp, or broad, inundated thicket, called, *O Sangucdor*—The Bleeder. It is about two miles wide, and the water from three to seven feet deep. As we approached it, my muleteer urged that we attempt the passage without seeking a guide, but I had already had too much experience to follow this advice. I now know that had I done so, the valuable collection I had made from the Bororó, and my personal effects, would have been ruined, or lost; and our horses might have been drowned, and we also. Turning aside from the

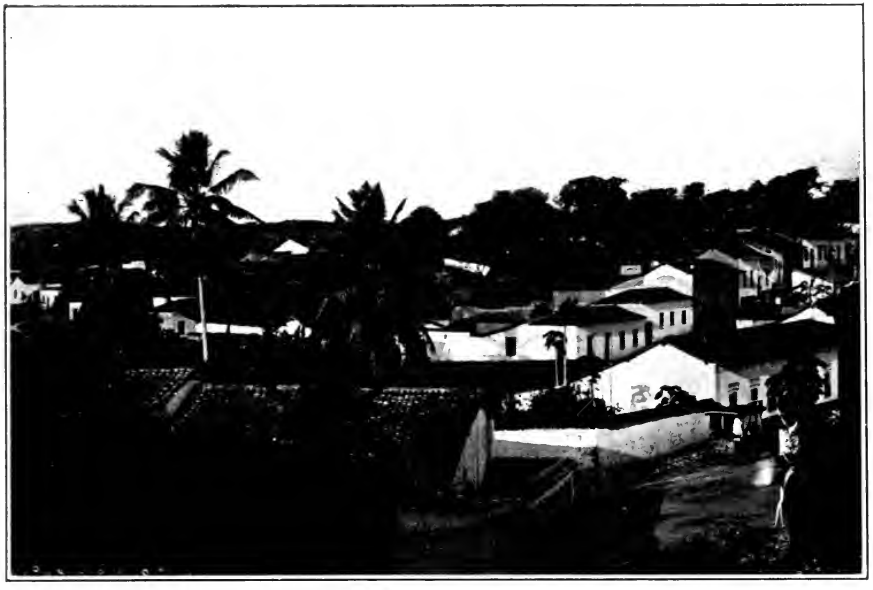
trail about a mile to where a family lived, we hired a man to pilot us through the swamp who had a thorough knowledge of the passage. He led us about here and there among the trees and bushes where the water was most shallow and the footing most firm; so we traversed the dreaded place without damage or inconvenience, except that I got my boots full of water. I experienced a feeling of relief when we touched firm, dry ground on the western side of the submerged district.

The sun was setting when we reined up at the place where dwelt our late companions, the oxen drivers, and where we had planned to pass the night. We had expected to find a well developed plantation here, for all the time we were with these men they were pronouncing anathemas upon families, who, though living by the trail and occupying soil of great fertility, were in abject poverty, and had nothing for starving travelers.

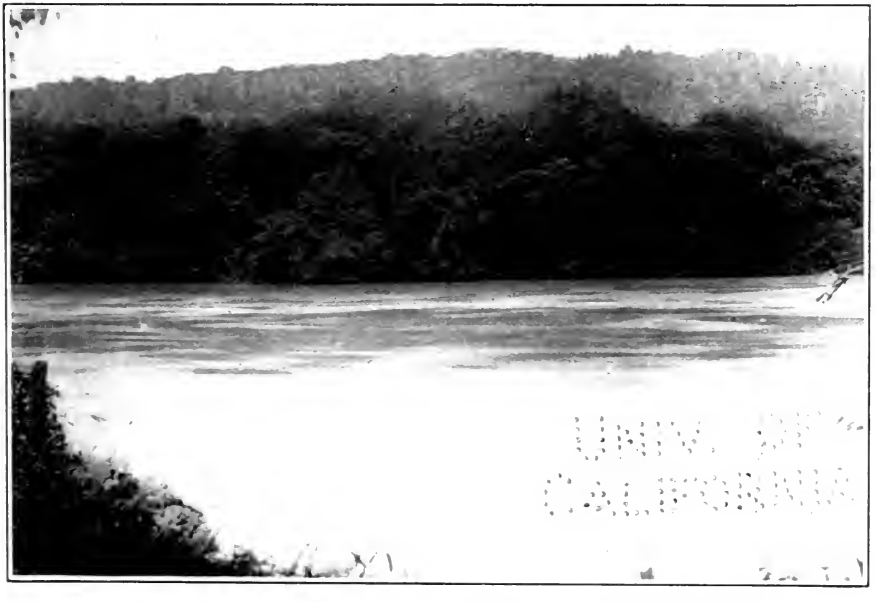
"These damnable people, who have nothing for the wayfarer," they would rail, "should not dwell by the highway, but should hide themselves away in the densest part of the woods."

But we found conditions as wretched at this place as anywhere along the trail. To all my inquiries if they had this or that, the only response of the black woman in charge was, "We haven't nothing." It was only by pleading that I was suffering from a splitting headache because of bad food, or no food, blistering sun and boots full of water from *the Bleeder*, and that I had traveled with the owner of the ranch, who said he had everything at his place, that I succeeded in getting a mere taste of food.

We rode into the city of Cuyaba, on the western side of Brazil, the following afternoon. It is a compact city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Strange to say, we encountered not a vestige of human existence during a ride of fifteen miles until we reached a small village near the city. We appeared to be traversing a wild, uninhabited world, bewhiskered with dense masses of low, bushy trees. And after passing this village, we saw nothing more for three or four miles but the wild, shaggy waste, which extended up to the city gates. It was difficult



A Partial View of the City of Cuyaba.



The Rio Pogubu in Matto Grosso, bordered by untrodden wildernesses.

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to believe that we were approaching a city, especially one so large and important. The day was remarkably clear and a vertical sun flooded the land with oceans of dazzling light; and the white, smoke-free city, of which we got our first glimpse from a hilltop a few miles distant, appeared wonderfully beautiful and fairy-like as it rose up directly out of a wild and seemingly boundless world of deep, unbroken green.

We dismounted at one of the hotels, of which the city has two. This terminated the Expedition to Bororóland. Nearly four months had passed since I left the capital of Goyaz, during which time I had ridden about nine hundred miles, besides some canoeing. And, though the journey was made during the season of heavy rains and swollen rivers and streams, and much of it was through wildernesses, and our fare was coarse and scanty, yet I arrived at Cuyaba in the enjoyment of better health than in years. During this long and eventful journey, God had cared for us as truly as for the men of old in their wilderness journeyings.

Cuyaba was founded in 1840, and is the capital of the great Matta Grosso—thick jungle—territory, which is nearly thirteen hundred miles in length, and about equal in square miles to Germany, France and Spain combined, but has a civilized population of only about one hundred thousand. A large portion of this vast territory is still unexplored and but little known.

From Cuyaba, one may navigate by steam to the sea, nearly three thousand miles distant, following the rivers Cuyaba, São Laurenço, Paraguay, Paraná, and the Rio della Plata. A small steamer, carrying passengers and mail, comes up to the city once each month.

This was a famous gold and diamond region in the olden times. Much ground in and around the city has been dug over, and remains to this day terribly pock-marked with holes and hillocks and overgrown with jungle. Brazilian history states that four hundred pounds of placer gold was once taken from a single pocket here. It is still being mined in the neighborhood. The discovery of rubber to the north has done much

to give the city commercial importance. It is also an important military city.

Some time prior to my visit, the city was besieged and captured by a large armed force, organized by the political party that had been unsuccessful at the polls, and the legal state government overturned. Two regiments of federal troops were stationed in the city at the time, but the authorities at Rio de Janeiro would not permit them to lift a hand in support of the state government because it was opposed to them, politically, though these troops also suffered from the fire of the insurgents.

Cuyaba, like most South American towns, is a sort of medieval city with a few touches of modern civilization, like exotic plants. It is astonishing that this large and important town does not possess even one institution doing a regular banking business. Moreover, when one asks for his mail at the post-office, he is handed a package of letters—all there are in the office—from which he may select any he wishes. Inquiring for my mail once at the post-office in another important town in Brazil, the postmaster examined the contents of several large, disorderly looking boxes, next looked over the packages on a big, badly littered table, then glanced on the floor under the table, saying, finally, that he guessed he had no mail for me.

Horses and mules may always be seen pasturing in the public squares of Cuyaba, though they obtain but little grass here. Brazil produces no hay; therefore one is compelled either to turn his horses loose in the jungle to feed, or to buy bundles of green grass for them at a great expense. Thus it cost me nearly as much to buy feed for my horse and mule while at Cuyaba as for my own entertainment at the hotel. Large, sea-coast cities like Rio de Janeiro, import hay in bales from Argentina; while at other cities not on the coast, persons having many draft animals, own and cultivate a large field of a luxuriant, nutritious grass, called *capim*, that grows three or four feet high, a cart-load of which they cut and haul, green, into the city each day to feed their stock. This grass is not

grown from seed, but by transplanting the roots. Therefore, to get a field started, costs an immense amount of labor, but it continues to grow up again during the entire year, as fast as cut.

When I turned my horses loose outside the city of Cuyaba to graze, days were consumed in finding them, owing to the broken condition of the ground and the thick jungle; besides, there was danger that they might be stolen, or borrowed without permission. Consequently, I pastured them in the city square and bought green grass and corn for them; and each night shut them in the back yard of the hotel. To get them into the back yard, I had to lead them through the hall, dining-room and court-yard of the hotel. But this was nothing unusual, for Brazilians do not have an alley leading to their back-yards, and cattle and horses are taken in and out through the house. It is therefore common to see several head of cattle clatter through the dining-room and out of the front door of a house.

PART V.
THE RIO VERDE EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXODUS TO THE RUBBER FORESTS.— EXTRACTING RUBBER.

AT CUYABA, an expedition was being fitted out by a rubber exporting company to penetrate into the unknown regions of the north and explore the Rio Verde and the rubber forests believed to exist along its border. Invited to accompany this expedition, I accepted, believing that it would afford me an opportunity to visit and acquaint myself with savage hordes concerning whom little or nothing was known, and to accomplish at a small expense what might otherwise cost me thousands of dollars.

There were eighteen men in the expedition. Five of them were of German birth, one of whom was a surveyor and the leader of the expedition; one was a Bolivian Indian; another was a pure African, and one other was an Italian; while the remaining number, except myself, were Brazilians of mixed blood. All were armed with long knives and repeating rifles. We had thirty mule loads of supplies, consisting of brown beans, manioc meal, lard in four-pound tins, rice and dried beef, two large sacks of hardtack, coffee, Paraguayan tea, sugar, soap, tools, instruments and medicine, and lastly, ten demijohns of rum, which contributed much to the undoing of the enterprise. We were compelled to transport all our effects on the

backs of mules, as the trails did not permit of the passage of any vehicle.

Unprepared to accompany the expedition when it started from Cuyaba, I followed a week later, making the first ninety miles of the journey with one riding horse and a pack mule, and one man to aid me who traveled on foot. Saddling up to start, I discovered with dismay that this man knew nothing about loading a pack mule, and could not learn; worse, having foolishly allowed one of my pair of pack-mule trunks to go forward with the expedition, I now had to balance the bulky remaining one with a thin, raw-hide sack, which was very difficult. When loaded, the mule reminded one of a bad case of mumps on one side only; and the pack became disarranged continually. I got more experience adjusting a pack than ever before, and the day was filled with untoward experiences.

We tried to reach this day a hamlet thirty miles from Cuyaba, but darkness overtook us while we were still far distant. Essaying, at dusk, to cross an angry little stream that barred our passage, I was nearly overwhelmed. Attempting the passage again at another point, though the stream was but seven feet wide here, it proved to be seven feet deep, and my awkward, helpless man slipped in over his head. We therefore passed the night here, pitching our tent in the rain between two scrub trees, using a pack circingle for a ridge pole; and dining upon bread and *rapadura*, for we could not kindle a fire, owing to the rain.

All these experiences inspired fear in the heart of my superstitious and feeble-minded assistant, who groaned loudly and continuously, as if he were about to die; then at midnight, while I was absent from the tent to observe where my beasts were wandering to, he stole away and hastened back toward Cuyaba as fast as his long legs would carry him.

My feelings can be better imagined than described when I found myself without human companionship in these strange and desolate wilds, and realized my situation. How would I find my horse and mule in the morning?—they having already disappeared. Who would stay by the baggage while I

searched; and how would I load the mule when found?—for it requires two persons to load a pack-mule. These and other anxious questions filled my mind, in addition to the feeling of extreme loneliness. But I committed myself to God, and slept until daybreak. The name of my departed assistant was Good Venture, but securing him for a helper had not proved a good venture for me.

At dawn, I had the good fortune to find quickly my horse and mule, though they were in a secluded place, and also succeeded in loading the mule, it being more gentle than usual; then shortly after resuming my journey and crossing the now greatly subsided stream, I fell in with another horseman, who helped me to readjust the mule pack and accompanied me to the first settlement. Here, I overtook three men who were traveling on foot to the rubber forests, transporting their effects on the back of an ox, and arranged to accompany them during the remaining sixty miles of this stage of my journey. They were all experienced men, besides, had a cooking outfit, which I did not have, as I was soon to join the Expedition; consequently, I traveled much more conveniently than when accompanied by Good Venture.

Our objective point was the village of Rosario, which is a great distributing point to the rubber forests lying to the north. Our course was due north, parallel to the Rio Cuyaba, though some miles distant from it. Notwithstanding my improved fortunes in travel, we continued to have unpleasant, as well as pleasant, experiences. A heavy rain storm freely watered our first breakfast as we were eating it; and at evening the same day, as we were fording a stream, my horse slipped from the fording ridge into water six or eight feet deep, and both horse and rider came near going down stream. But grasping overhanging bushes, I called for help, so escaped from the water without loss, none the worse for the cold, muddy bath; and as we camped for the night on the opposite bank of the stream, I had opportunity to change my clothes and dry my saddle bags and their contents.

The next day, it was my fellow travelers' turn to meet with

a reverse. While we were preparing and eating breakfast, their ox, which had been turned loose to feed, stole suddenly away, and, presumably, started back toward home at a good speed, dragging eighty feet of rope. We remained in camp all the rest of the day and the following night, while a fruitless search was made for the brute. But we did not mind the delay, as we were camped at a charming spot, and the day was beautiful, and the night even more so, because of the wonderful moonlight and the strange stillness. In the morning, the ox not having been found, most of the baggage it had carried was stored in a vacant shed near by, and we resumed our journey, arriving late that night on the banks of the river Cuyaba, opposite Rosario, where we passed the night in our hammocks, swung up between the trees, crossing the river on a catamaran to the village in the morning.

Rosario is very old, and was a very dormant, decadent village until several years ago, when it suddenly awoke to the knowledge of the existence of rubber to the northward, and of its value, and entered upon a new and enterprising era.

I found the village all bustle and animation, as it was the season when the rubber gatherers were preparing and departing for the forest. The streets were mottled with groups of these men, who were of every shade of color from tan to black, medium height and somewhat lean, eyes rather large and brown, hair unkept, features coarse and faces unshaven; teeth more or less gone—those remaining, ugly and tobacco-stained; hollow-cheeked; all dressed in white or checked cotton shirts and pantaloons, with heavy leather straps buckled around the waist instead of suspenders; nondescript hats of leather, felt and straw, weather-beaten, and in all states of ruin, pulled down over their heads to protect their eyes from the strong light; barefooted, with sandals hung over their shoulders, to be worn when traveling stony trails; sword-like knives in home-made leather scabbards dangling from their belts; and lastly, deer skin pouches suspended from their shoulders containing their smoking and guaraná-making outfits. Many stood, or sauntered about, or haunted the entrances

to stores, smoking cigarettes rolled in corn-husks, renewing acquaintances and talking vivaciously in mellow voices about mules and oxen—their origin, history and doings, and about rubber—comparing the advantages and disadvantages of various rubber groves, reporting the luck they had had the previous year, and what they were going to do the present season; discussing the qualities of the rum made at different distilleries; swapping stories of incident and adventure; laughing and making vulgar, indecent jests and wanton remarks with knowing leers and glances, or spinning lewd yarns and unprintable stories of the doings of priests. Other parties of these men, bearing on their shoulders cheap, single-barreled, muzzle-loading shotguns, or an occasional magazine rifle, were in movement accompanying long lines of mules or oxen laden with provisions, clothing, tools, medicine, and rum in demijohns for the rubber forests, which were arriving continually and marching out northward,—the air musical with the merry jingle of the bells of their pilot animals. Others, again, were busy unloading at the warehouses, pack trains of fresh goods, among which might have been seen scores of raw-hide sacks, each containing ten or twelve gallons of rum, large quantities of which are consumed. Lastly, many other men were organizing their trains, making each pair of packs of equal weight so as to balance when hung to the saddle, roping them with raw-hide straps, and adjusting loops at both ends of the packages; meanwhile, allowing their numerous beasts, pack-saddled, to pasture in the streets.

When the rubber fever broke out, it was like the gold fever. Men thought they saw unlimited wealth within their grasp. Rubber companies were organized, and having secured from the government concessions of the rubber forests, eagerly advanced large sums of money—frequently several hundred dollars—to men to secure their services in the actual gathering of the famous gum. At that time, the harvester received about sixty-three cents per pound for the rubber at the forest, and it was confidently expected that an energetic gatherer, with a good piece of forest, would take out about thirteen hundred

pounds each season—May to September, inclusive—and would quickly replace in rubber the money advanced him.

But the harvest of gold fell far below expectations. Provisions were very cheap at first; but they soon doubled and tripled in price because so many men flocked to the rubber groves that few were left to engage in agriculture. Besides, the price paid the harvester for his rubber, dropped to forty or fifty cents per pound. But most important of all, few men succeeded in taking out thirteen hundred pounds in a season, many not extracting one-half or one-quarter of this amount. So they all came to be heavily and permanently in debt to the exporters, and virtually their slaves. A member of one firm told me that their men owed them thirty or forty thousand dollars.

Brazilians have the very bad custom of advancing a sum of money to a man when hiring him; then, as clothing and other supplies, besides a dollar or two from time to time, are doled out to him, he comes, finally, to be in debt to his employer one or two hundred dollars—according to the accounting of the latter. And any one else wishing to secure the services of such a man, must assume this debt.

To reach a place called Pantanalzinho—Little Ponds—where I was to join the expedition, I accompanied one of the several parties of rubber gatherers, who, with their trains of mules and oxen, serpentined slowly over and around the rugged hills, through forests, jungles and swamps, and across rivers and brooks toward the rubber groves, the numerous trains forming an almost endless procession along the trail. We marched only about twenty miles each day, as the beasts were heavily laden and the sun was hot, and most of the men traveled on foot. Breakfast was eaten shortly after sunrise each morning, and the day's march begun at once, which terminated early in the afternoon; and dinner was served between four and five o'clock, each person loading his plate from the large iron kettles, and squatting on some box to eat. As the rainy season was about over, it was seldom necessary to raise our tents, and we merely swung our hammocks between the trees. As many

trains were camped each evening at the same place, we formed nearly an army at times, our broad encampment being illuminated by numerous fires, each of which slowly boiled a kettle of beans for the morning meal; and we were entertained until late in the evening by weird songs and stories, and by the twanging of guitars.

Between the village of Rosario and the rocky, mountainous divide, over which we climbed into the Amazon basin, we encountered saline brooks and rivers; and though the water was cold and crystalline, it was unfit to drink. During this part of our journey, too, we encountered at wide intervals, small groups of miserable little mud-walled, grass-roofed huts, where a few Brazilian families eked out an existence.

Pantanalzinho is the last permanent outpost of "civilization" toward the north. It is a basin containing seventy or eighty square miles of land in which is located a supply and receiving depot of the rubber gatherers and a few mud huts. This basin is remarkably well watered, has splendid open pasture lands besides rich agricultural soil; and most important of all, it is free from the deadly fevers that prevail everywhere throughout the vast regions north of it. It was bought by its present owner thirty or more years ago for the equivalent of seventy-five dollars; and though it remained worthless for many years until the value of rubber became known, it is now valued at thirty or forty thousand dollars. The owner of this property extracted two or three hundred pounds of rubber in those early days, conveyed it to Cuyaba on the backs of mules and offered it for sale. But at first, no merchant would buy it, believing it worthless. Finally, an Italian merchant took it, but at a price that did not pay one-fifth the cost of extracting it and carrying it to market. Shipping the strange gum to Europe, its real value became known, and Pantanalzinho at once became very important as the great final distributing depot to all the rubber forests beyond.

I found the Rio Verde Expedition encamped here, making its final preparations to go forth into the uninhabited and unknown regions of the north.

Pack trains and companies of rubber harvesters continued to arrive for a number of days, until a small army had gathered, spreading their camps abroad, and the usually quiet locality teemed with life and stir; then, at last, having completed their arrangements, they began to drag their weary lengths northward to a distance, in some cases, of two hundred miles.

The next objective point of our Expedition was one hundred and fifty miles north, to an outpost of the rubber harvesters. All our provisions, except such as we would need during this stage of our journey, were despatched in advance of our party; but owing to bad management, we soon found ourselves with nothing to subsist upon but boiled rice, and were powerless to replenish our cuisine. And, though we had our beef with us, it was not available, as it was transporting itself, to be slaughtered only when the Rio Verde should be reached. But one day, a beef that was being driven in a rubber train, fell dead in the trail, overcome by the heat. Nevertheless, it was promptly bled and dressed, and thereafter, we had beef. What made matters worse for us was that we really had no cook, and the cooking was done by one and another of our men, each of whom tried to see how bad a chef he could be in order to escape this work.

We encountered the first rubber factory the third day from Pantanalzinho, after a morning ride of twelve miles. It was a rude little shanty where one rubber gatherer only stayed. Dismounting here for a few minutes, we were treated to a drink, much prized in the Cuyaba world, called *guaraná*, a native Brazilian cocoa, made from the seeds of the *Paullinia sorbilis*. The seeds are first pulverized, then mixed with water and made into a stiff paste; and finally, rolled into cylinders, like bologna sausages, and dried by smoking. It thus becomes as hard as wood.

To prepare it to drink, the Cuyabanos first carefully spread a bit of old newspaper on a bench or stool, lay upon this a broad file, then, holding the stick of *guaraná* upright and passing it back and forth over the file, grind off a teaspoonful of

powder, which is put into a glass with a little sugar, and the glass filled with cold water. It has an astringent, bitterish taste and is very stimulating—much more so than tea or coffee—as it contains four or five per cent. of coffeine or theine. Many of these people have formed the habit of taking a glass of this drink every morning immediately after rising, so the zip, zip, as they file off a little of the powder, is a familiar morning sound.

Many muleteers keep in the school-bag-like pouch which they always carry hung from their shoulders, a complete *guaraná* outfit, along with their smoking gear, including a stick of *guaraná*, a bit of paper and the file, a wine glass and a spoon, and a half pound tin of sugar. Such a man takes a glass of this beverage before starting out in the morning to round up his mules. If he should fail to find them all before noon, he stops at a brook and prepares another glass of *guaraná*, going until night, perhaps, without a taste of food. Between drinks, he smokes cigarettes incessantly. He carries in his pouch, besides the *guaraná* outfit, six inches or a foot of tobacco, a bunch of corn-husks, a horn containing raw cotton, and a flint and steel with which to ignite the cotton. These men are never seen without these outfits by them. The Brazilians are said to be the most nervous people in the world. How can they be other than nervous when the men, universally, and a large proportion of the women, smoke powerful tobacco constantly and drink great quantities of fiery rum and strong coffee, to which many add *guaraná*.

Before drinking the glass of *guaraná*, with which I was kindly served, I was feeling weak and exhausted; but it improved my condition as if by magic, and I found the taste very pleasant. *Guaraná* was first used by savages along the Amazon, who rolled it into cylinders on their bare legs above the knees.

Passing beyond Pantanalzinho, we saw no more mountains, or hills, and entered a vast and fairly level region that stretches away, perhaps a thousand miles, unbroken by any prominent ridges. The country merely undulates in very gradual, and at times, barely perceptible rises and descents of

many miles in extant, down the gentle slopes of which numerous water courses stretch away here and there into the unknown. These water-ways are always bordered by broad strips of moist or swampy ground, wherein grow forests of palm, syringa—rubber trees—and numerous other tropical plants in rich profusion. Outside these lines of compact forest, the land, for the most part, is clothed in varying degrees of density or sparseness, with low, upland, broad-leafed trees and very coarse grass. As one approaches the apex of each ridge, this vegetation becomes more sparse and stunted and the country open, while, on the contrary, it becomes more luxuriant and tangled as one descends. But the point where this upland vegetation ceases and the walls of heavy forest begin, is sharply defined, for the character and exuberance of the vegetation undergoes a great change here. We saw and traversed but two zones of heavy forest growing on firm ground, one of which was twenty-five miles broad.

We encountered many varieties of grass, most of which the mules, and especially the horses, disliked, and at times refused to eat. A great advantage that the mule has over the horse is that it is more hardy and can subsist upon coarser and less nutritious grass. But even the mule must have corn, as well as grass. This is why oxen are used so largely as beasts of burden in this region—they can live upon grass only. The rubber companies are forced to pay two or three dollars per bushel for corn, and must then transport it hundreds of miles on the backs of their mules. Doubtless a larger fortune could be accumulated in this region by raising corn than by extracting rubber.

At length, we arrived at the most northerly outpost of the rubber harvesters, where we remained in camp a few days while some preliminary explorations were made.

While here, I had an opportunity to observe the method of extracting rubber in this part of Brazil. These valuable gum producing trees are not met with until one crosses the divide into the Amazon Basin; and even here, there are no forests composed exclusively of these trees. Instead, they are scat-

tered about more or less sparsely among numerous other kinds of trees. This is a peculiarity of the vegetation of Brazil, that forests, or large groves of a single variety of tree, are seldom or never found, while the number of distinct species is very great, many of which are invariably intermingled. The syringa —rubber tree—grows straight, uniform and limbless, tapering gradually, like a mast, and having at the top a little cluster of foliage, like the royal palm. The wood is like that of the soft maple—white and not hard, though the grain is irregular.

Since deadly fevers exist in these regions during the rainy season—September to April—the rubber harvesters labor during the dry months only, retiring southward before the rains begin. If rain should come early in September before they have finished their season's work, and the fever should become suddenly malignant, they would cease work instantly and flee southward—on foot, of course—as if from a plague, and any man who should be too ill to walk might be left behind for the buzzards.

Arrived at the groves at the beginning of the season, they construct rude shanties convenient to their work—save where they have worked before and shanties already exist—then open paths through the masses of undergrowth to all the trees that are to be tapped. Each man has charge of one hundred fifty to four hundred fifty trees, and usually, two or four men live in each shanty. Occasionally, however, there are only trees enough within reach of a shanty to keep one man busy, who must therefore live entirely alone, without another human being nearer, perhaps, than four or five miles. It is an extremely lonely life, even when two or three men are living together. Moreover, these men suffer much from the destructive intermittent fevers, even during the dry season; and when ill, they are often helpless, and frequently receive no care whatever.

To secure the sap from the rubber tree, a girdle of the spongy, burity-palm wood is fastened around the trunk of the tree in an inclined position by means of wooden pegs, and the openings between it and the tree are closed with a little clay

mortar. When all the trees have been prepared in this manner, the harvester goes from tree to tree, and with a small pick perforates the bark in several places just above the girdles and the " tears " begin at once to ooze out slowly, trickle down the trunk and down the girdle into the tin cup placed to receive the liquid. It coagulates within a few hours, and the tree ceases to bleed until fresh punctures are made in the bark. As this sap exudes, it is white and of a creamy hue, rather thick, and very sweet. It has very much the appearance of condensed milk, and if one should taste it, one would feel almost certain that it was indeed a kind of condensed milk. The rubber gatherers call it "milk." It is nearly pure rubber.

Having punctured the bark of all the trees under his care, the harvester next goes from tree to tree and empties the small cups of more or less coagulated rubber into a large bucket, carries it to his shanty, pours it into a mould in a log, made as large as he intends the block of rubber to be; then, dissolving a quantity of alum in a pot of hot water, he pours it into the mould over the rubber and allows it to stand a day or two. The rubber is now considered cured, and a heavy pressure is put upon it which presses it into a solid block weighing twenty-five or fifty pounds. These blocks are called " cheeses " by the rubber gatherers, because they are the color and have the appearance of milk curd, and smell much like cheese. Various other methods of extracting rubber are employed in other parts of the world.

The rubber exporters have a monopoly of all the rubber forests thus far explored. At the time of which I write, they were paying the actual harvesters about forty cents per pound at the woods for all the rubber they took out. That is, they credited the poor gatherer this amount on his real or imaginary indebtedness to them. But, since these men are compelled to get all their supplies from the company whose groves they are working in, and at enormous prices, because the company has to transport it hundreds of miles by pack train, they derive small results from their exhausting labor. The exporters, on the contrary, despite heavy expenses, realize large profits.

Chapter XXXIX.

CAMPING BY THE RIO VERDE.—MAKING CANOES.—EXPLORING THE RIO VERDE AND PENETRATING INTO THE UNKNOWN.—STRUGGLING WITH RAPIDS AND WITH FEVERS.—THE LAND OF THE KAJABY.

Another march of twenty-five miles, and we gazed upon the Rio Verde of the North, a little below its source, from which point we were to descend it in dugout canoes and explore it to its mouth, if possible. It is a beautiful stream of cold, crystalline water, flowing northward in a deep, narrow channel, and disappearing in the great unknown wilderness.

We now despatched our beasts southward to Pantanalzinho, where they would find good pasture and could be cared for during the months that we expected to be absent on our explorations. Having to make the canoes with which to navigate the river, which would occupy us some weeks, we established our camp, pitching two large tents and a small one, and settled down to a daily routine. We camped on open ground, within a few rods of the river, but there were clumps of bushes near our tents, which we leveled in order that they might not screen a savage foe while seeking to creep up to us. Our next care was to slaughter the four bullocks that we had driven hither, cut the meat into layers, salt it, and hang it in the sun to dry.

All of our party were feeling well during the first week; and the novelty and extraordinariness of our situation, swallowed up, as we were, here in these mysterious solitudes, hundreds of miles from civilization, gave keen zest to our spirits.

At evening, especially, reclining in our hammocks or sitting around our camp fires, after the labors and activities of the day, while solemn, impressive night, amid a deathlike hush, stole after the receding light like a mighty, sombre phantom, drawing her ghostlike mantle of darkness over the whole land, seemed to bury still deeper the age-long secrets of the great, unknown wilderness about us. Then, some subtle influence would steal over us, vivifying our spirits and filling our minds with strange musings. Our proposed advance into the unknown was uppermost in the minds of all, regarding which all were cheerfully hopeful and filled with eager curiosity. But while some talked earnestly of the days to come, discussing plans and expressing opinions as to the course we should pursue to avoid, or to extricate ourselves from the difficult and dangerous situations into which we might be plunged; others, gazing vacantly into the fire, considered the future in a meditative mood, thinking of the many strange and perhaps marvelous scenes we might witness; of the struggles we would probably have with rapids and other hazardous impediments to our progress; of the rubber forests and numerous other phenomena of nature that might be revealed to our wondering gaze; of hunting and fishing in hitherto unknown lands and waters, and of the many unfamiliar wild creatures we might look upon; of the wasting fevers we would have to battle with daily, and how we would fare; and finally, of our certain encounter with hostile savages: What kind of human beings would they be? and what success would we have in treating with them? A few of our company, however, of a merrier temperament, and unaccustomed to serious thought, gave vent to their feelings in the singing of sentimental songs and weird, impromptu ditties to the accompaniment of a guitar.

Addressing ourselves at once to the making of canoes, we failed to find near our camp any suitable trees larger than eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, so the first three canoes hewn were small. The first of these was made from a rubber tree. But it was a partial failure, as it had not been correctly aligned; besides, the tree proved a little crooked.

The canoe was so shallow, too, that it would easily ship water. The green chips and slabs from this tree burned as readily as if they had been saturated with petroleum. The second and third canoes were made of a different kind of wood, one of which was very small. As it was necessary to have at least one canoe much larger than any of these, we explored the neighborhood more widely, ascending the river Verde three miles in the canoes already made; and finding, at last, a forest of large trees, selected one, four feet in diameter, for our fourth canoe. The first canoes were made where the forest was light and the ground firm and dry, but this last one was made in the eternal gloom and cold, oppressive damp of a heavy forest, where our men were compelled to stand, barefooted, in a few inches of cold water; hence, all became ill with fever. This sickness was much like Asiatic Cholera, and in some cases was very severe, causing violent vomiting and purging. It is believed by the Cuyábanos that civilized men cannot live in this region throughout the year, as these fevers become deadly in the wet season, persecuting every one without exception. Probably, if civilized men could avoid being bitten by insects, they would not be afflicted by these fevers. The savages besmear themselves from head to foot with a mixture of fish-oil and a certain palm fruit, which, doubtless, exempts them in a large measure from the bites of insects. Two of the Germans finally became so ill that they had to return southward, accompanied by a youth, before we began the descent of the river; while our chief of navigation had spells of delirium, but remained, nevertheless, with the expedition. This reduced our number to fifteen.

Three of us "stayed by the stuff" while the rest of our party were absent making the canoes; especially the large one, when they did not return for several days; three weeks being consumed in this work. We were now in the land of the Kajabý and Tapanhúma tribes, both of whom were hostile, and the latter were said to be cannibals and to have spurned all friendly overtures. So we had to be vigilant always and prepared for the sudden appearance of a savage enemy who might

visit us at a most unexpected and inconvenient hour. We piled bushes high around our tent, and hung our hammocks so low that they barely cleared the ground in order that arrows could not easily be shot into us while we were lying in them at night, and our sleep was of "cat naps." We were also careful not to have a camp fire burning near where we were sleeping. We were especially watchful during the early part of the night and near daybreak, as these were the hours, we had learned, when an attack was most likely to be made.

The dry season was now well established, when all nature lies more or less dormant. The days remained absolutely cloudless for months, the sun illuminating the land with oceans of dazzling effulgence. The wind never blew beyond a gentle breeze; the nights were marvelously clear and dominated by an awful silence which was broken only from time to time by wild, mysterious sounds, some near and others distant, that issued from the unknown that enveloped us. Every now and then during the night, one of us would start up suddenly as some strange, uncouth voice fell upon his ears, exclaiming anxiously, "What is that noise?"

"Where?" would be the eager question of another of us.

"Over there in the woods, to the right. There! I hear it again, off here to the left!"

But after listening intently a few minutes, we would become convinced that the sound issued from the throat of some brute creature, and not from some human denizen of the wilderness, as we had at first feared. It is known that savages, preparing to deliver an attack, communicate with one another by imitating the cries and calls of beasts and birds in order that their presence may not be suspected; and we, hearing a strange voice, first in one direction, then in the opposite direction, could easily imagine that it might have proceeded from a savage foe.

There was plenty of game in the vicinty of our camp, such as deer, tapir and rheas, and we occasionally varied our diet with fresh meat, though we could not hunt much. When the rubber harvesters first came into this region, deer existed in

great numbers, for the savages apparently never molested them, besides they were quite tame. One day we had the "drum-stick" of a rhea—the South American ostrich— for dinner. It was as large as a small pork ham and resembled turkey meat, and would have been quite palatable had it been properly cooked. These great birds consume enormous quantities of worms, grubs and insects. With so many of our company absent, camp life was sometimes very quiet with the few of us who remained; but the monotony was at times broken by surprising incidents, so that we lived in a state of expectancy. One day, several lontras passed our camp, descending the river; and when we ran down to the water's edge and yelled at them, they wheeled suddenly and swam toward us, screaming loudly in reply. They were curious to know what we were. But the noise brought to the bank our dog, barking, and they vanished instantly.

One of the Germans composing the party of three who guarded the camp, professed to have worked in a bakery in London, England. Therefore, when he at length became our *chef*, we thought we would fare much better than formerly. But we were doomed to disappointment, for he proved to be more slovenly and filthy than any other one of our men. He surprised me one morning with the inquiry, "Do you like suet pudding" I certainly did, but who would dream of eating a suet pudding in this awful wilderness!

"Well," said he, "I am going to make a suet pudding today."

My interest and curiosity was aroused instantly. I wondered how it would be possible, by the exercise of the most skilful jugglery, for even a London baker to produce a suet pudding with the few materials we had. But, I thought, he must surely know that he can do it; so I awaited developments with a keen appetite, though not without some misgivings. He began his prestidigitations at once. First, he cut a lump of suet from some that had been hanging over a pole exposed to the weather for three weeks; then cut this decomposing matter into pieces the size of a hazel nut. Next, taking a handful of

wheat flour from a few pounds we had, he put it into a tin wash basin and mixed the suet with it into a stiff batter. This done, he hunted up a cast-off shirt, tore from it two square feet of cloth, tied up the batter in it, and put it into a pot of boiling water over the camp fire. When nearly boiled, he informed us that, not having the necessary ingredients, he could not make a sauce for the pudding, but instead, would make a pot of coffee for us to drink while eating it. Finally, he announced that all was ready, and set this barbarian's pill and the coffee before us. Though by this time my hopes had nearly died out, I, nevertheless, ventured to taste the supposed pudding, having done which, I willingly left my portion to the London baker who made it.

The canoes at length completed, we freighted them with our effects, one forenoon, broke camp, and began our novel voyage down the river into the mysterious unknown. The large canoe, manned by six persons, carried the bulk of our goods; the rubber tree canoe, in charge of three men, conveyed, principally, the tins of lard; the third canoe, also paddled by three men, carried the cooking outfit and some provisions, and the box of laundry soap; while the fourth and smallest canoe of all, carried nothing but three men, one of whom was the leader of the expedition, and their personal baggage. As this canoe could be paddled more rapidly than any of the others, it went in advance to scout, and to guide the other canoes, warning them in case of danger by blasts from a battered cornet which one of the men carried.

Unfortunately, only a few of our men were experienced, the rest having no knowledge of canoeing. Moreover, we were insufficiently provided with paddles, added to which, there were always several men on the sick list. Consequently, the large canoe, being very cumbersome, could be paddled only very slowly, and not with sufficient force to navigate with safety, trusting largely to the current to make progress. This kind of navigation was satisfactory where there were no rapids or other dangerous obstacles, but extremely perilous in the emergencies in which we almost momentarily found ourselves.

We encountered no dangerous places in the river, and all went well until late the second afternoon; then, as the pilot canoe was swept quickly around a sharp bend in the swift, narrow river, it was caught in a chain of rapids and swallowed up so suddenly that there was no time to blow the warning blast agreed upon; and in an instant the three men were struggling in the water. All succeeded in reaching the shore, however, while the canoe was thrown on the rocks further down the river, and also the sacks containing the hammocks and clothing; but the cornet was never seen again. The first warning of danger received by the rest of us was the loud shouting of the three men in the water. Instantly, the whole flotilla was thrown into intense excitement, and wild yells of "Paddle there!" "Paddle with force!" "Use the pole!" "Throw out the line!" "Get alongside and grab the bushes!" were heard on all sides. It was only with the greatest difficulty, and by a supreme effort, that we succeeded in getting the large canoe near enough to the margin of the river to "grab the bushes," and thus to save ourselves from being totally wrecked in the rapids, into which we were being sucked almost irresistibly. It looked for a few minutes as if we could not possibly escape. I was aflame with fever at the supreme moment; but the violent agitation into which we were so suddenly precipitated, acted upon me like a powerful sudorific, and bursting instantly into a profuse sweat I was relieved of fever for the day. The savage belief in the possibility of frightening away fevers is not without some foundation.

Experiences such as these were oft repeated during the whole time that we navigated this river. One moment, we floated along on the bosom of beautiful, tranquil waters of emerald hue that shimmered and scintilated in the brilliant sunlight, seemingly remote from all danger, where we might abandon ourselves to the enjoyment of the many strange and charming scenes that were presented each moment to our admiring gaze, and view with a peculiar satisfaction countless objects upon which the eyes of civilized men had never before

rested; then the next moment, launched into the wildest excitement and commotion, and into mortal danger.

We now encountered from one to three chains of rapids each day, and were struggling almost continuously with these barriers to our passage. We nearly always came upon these dangers without warning, as the river was narrow and tortuous,—though now and then a low moan, or bellowing sound, fell upon our listening ears, issuing from the mysterious world in advance of us—and we escaped destruction many times by the smallest possible margin, and occasionally, as if by a miracle. Consequently, we came to feel restless and anxious, even when canoeing in quiet waters where no danger was visible, and were constantly listening for any sound of rushing waters.

As our canoes were merely long, straight logs with only a few inches of freeboard, they could not live in anything but smooth water. Therefore, we had to land above each zone of rapids, unload, and carry all our effects around them on our shoulders, transferring them, at times, half a mile or more, and being often seriously trammeled by the vegetation; while the heavy canoes had usually to be dragged down over the rocks, the men jumping and climbing from boulder to boulder and toiling waist deep in the water, though we occasionally shot the rapids with the empty canoes. Our progress was thus extremely slow and laborious, and painful, moreover, because all were more or less ill.

The country through which we were passing was heavily wooded only in narrow strips along the many tributaries of the Rio Verde; while the dry, hard uplands between these watercourses were clothed with the stunted vegetation elsewhere described. But the Rio Verde itself, is not bordered by forests anywhere that I saw, with the exception of a few isolated groves. Furthermore, this river, like some other Brazilian rivers, has no valley, but cuts a deep, narrow channel through the uplands at the lowest point in a slight depression two hundred miles or more in breadth; and the traveler would not imagine that a river existed here until he should

find himself gazing down into its green, sparkling waters. Descending this stream, as if it were the gullet of the mysterious unknown, which was swallowing us up, we observed that the channel sank deeper and deeper, while the surrounding country appeared to remain at the same level. In the lines of forest that descended to the river bordering the smaller watercourses, we saw the rubber trees in varying numbers.

One day, we encountered a rapid which appeared to offer an unobstructed passage to our canoes, and the water was not very turbulent. Therefore, we merely lightened the canoes somewhat and had our most competent canoe men bring them down one at a time. This was done by one man, provided with a pike, standing at the point of the bow ready to throw the bow one way or the other in order to avoid sunken rocks, while a second man, similarly furnished, stood at the extremity of the stern to work in concert with the first. All went well until the large canoe, containing the most of our supplies, was shooting the rapid, when, greatly to our distress, the bow ran upon a submerged rock with force and stuck fast. Instantly, the stern was thrown around by the impact of the current in spite of the efforts of the pilots, and grounded upon another rock, causing the canoe to lie with its broadside exposed to the rapids, where it immediately filled with water. Our bags of rice, beans and manioc meal were put to soak at once, and the trunk containing all my photographic material, was filled with water. My heart sank within me as I beheld this unfortunate event, which was little less than a disaster and threatened to terminate the expedition. We had the good fortune, however, after struggling for hours in the water, to get everything ashore; and camping here two days, labored diligently to dry our effects and save as much as possible. We exposed the rice and beans to the sun, spread out on our tent cloth, but were unable to save any of the manioc meal that got wet, so lost nearly all we had. After nightfall, though a full moon soon arose, I improvised a dark-room by lopping down the two forked branches of a little scraggy tree and making them and the standing trunk form a tripod,

then dressing over them a large rain-cloak. It looked like a miniature tent. For a red light, I placed an iron pail on its side, set up a bit of candle inside of it, and folded three thicknesses of red cloth over the mouth, first wetting the cloth to make it more transparent. Using a small box as a table, and crouching with my head just inside the little tent, I developed and saved several exposed plates that got wet from the wreck; while the wet negatives were saved by washing them anew and drying them. My stock of unused plates was in sealed tins, and therefore undamaged.

Having saved all we could from the wreck, we reëmbarked everything and continued our explorations. By this time, all our party were suffering from the fever. In many cases, it develops into what the Brazilians call "corruption," or rottenness, caused, apparently, by poisonous matter in the large intestine, and the patient, feeling deathly sick, is unable to stand erect and retain consciousness. I saw an enema, the water being used direct from the river, act upon a patient like a touch of Divinity. One moment, he was deathly ill, vomiting and purging violently, delirious with fever and mad with thirst; and a minute later, the cholera ceased completely, the fever and thirst subsiding, the dreadful nausea vanishing, and the patient relaxed into a delightful perspiration and slept twelve hours as sweetly as a child. The rubber gatherers have a truly barbarous method of treating this disease, introducing into the rectum three pellets, the size of marbles, of coarse, gritty, laundry soap, saturated with arnica.

The rum that had been furnished the expedition to induce men to join it, now began to play havoc with our men who, having the fever in their systems, drank much of it. One day, while transferring our effects some distance around a rapid, two of our expeditionists who were slaves to this inebriating fluid, got possession of one of the demijohns, and imbibing freely, were made permanent invalids and rendered wholly unfit for further service while with the expedition.

We seldom pitched our tents, merely swinging our hammocks between the small trees to sleep, and enjoying the

fresh night air. Being now well advanced into the territory of the Kajaby, we dared not all sleep at the same time. The nights were therefore divided into three watches and two men appointed as sentinels for each vigil. After the first few days of our descent of the river, we began to meet with evidences of the presence of the Kajaby. Once, it was a little roof of palm-branches resting on four stakes, which had been rudely constructed by one of their wandering fishing parties under which to crouch and shelter themselves from the rain. At other times, it was the remains of one of their camp-fires—the partly burnt sticks lying like the spokes in the hub of a wheel—or an opening made in a honey tree with stone axes, or a rude float made to transfer food material across the river. It is evident from this that the Kajaby neither possess canoes nor know how to make them. Lastly, we found a portion of the stem of a small sapling from which the savages had stripped material to be used as cordage, which we could see they had done but a few days before we found the stick. We felt sure, therefore, that a party of them was very near and was probably observing our movements from day to day, and that we were doubtless approaching their villages. Much to my regret, I did not have the satisfaction of meeting the Kajaby, face to face, as I had hoped, for we early met with a disaster that terminated the expedition and compelled me to return to civilization at once.

Some years previous to the time of which I write, a party of five Brazilian rubber gatherers started on a flying expedition down the Rio Verde in a bark canoe. After following the stream a number of days, they encountered a small fishing party of the Kajaby, who appeared on the opposite side of the river from them. By means of mute signals, the leader of the group of explorers communicated to the savages the request that one of their number should come apart from the others a short distance, while he, on his part, would cross the river alone and meet him. Therefore, one of the Kajaby came down to the water's edge while his companions remained partially hidden, the Brazilian, at the same time, crossing

in his canoe to meet him. As they approached each other, the Brazilian signaled to his primitive brother, "Do not arrow me!—Do not kill me!" and the Kajaby signaled, "Do not slay me!" Having met, the savage was, naturally, very curious to see the canoe and what was in it, and besides, was apprehensive. Observing a repeating rifle lying in the bottom of the canoe and knowing that it was a deadly weapon, he pointed to it and made signs of fear and dislike, saying in this manner, "I am suspicious of that thing; I do not like the looks of it." The Brazilian promptly threw a dry hide over it; then pointing to the bow and quiver of arrows that the savage carried, signaled, "I do not like that; it looks threatening." The savage, therefore, at once handed all his arrows, *but one*, to the Brazilian, then hung this remaining one and the bow on his back. The Kajaby now pointed to a very long-bladed knife, lying in the canoe, which is of great value to the dwellers of the wilderness, patted himself on the breast and smiled as blandly as his stoical mien would permit, as much as to say, "that is mine; there is nothing I would prize so much. You will give it to me, won't you?" As this knife did not belong to the Brazilian in question, but to one of his companions on the opposite side of the river, whose permission he wished to secure before giving it away, he did two very imprudent things: First, he turned his back partly to the savage; and next, he shouted to the owner of the knife across the river to ask if he might give the knife away. He was thus momentarily off his guard; moreover, he aroused suspicion of treachery in the mind of the distrustful savage, who, ignorant of the Brazilian tongue, could not comprehend the purport of these shouts and counter shouts. Therefore, seizing instantly his bow, he shot his one remaining arrow into the shoulder of the Brazilian at close range and took to his heels, vanishing immediately with his companions from the scene. The comrades of the terribly injured man at once swam across the river to his aid; but the deed was already done, and he lay at the threshold of death for many long, weary days. All further advance down the river had to be

abandoned, and the prostrate man was put into a hammock, which in turn was swung closely to a pole, and carried home on the shoulders of his companions some two hundred fifty miles across an untrodden waste. Strange to say, he finally recovered.

Another method of opening communications with unfriendly and distrustful savages, is to advance to some open place in full view of a large force of them and deposit there a quantity of presents for them, such as bright-colored handkerchiefs, necklaces, small looking-glasses, knives and fish-hooks, then retire some distance. The wild men usually hasten forward to appropriate these gifts, well understanding that they are intended as a peace offering, and that the intruders desire to be on good terms with them. It is often interesting and amusing to observe the behavior of these simple children of the forest as they examine these presents; especially the mirrors, for, beholding their visages in the magical little objects, they hastily turn them face down as if alarmed or disgusted by what they saw, or imagined there was something supernatural about the glasses.

Very large exploring parties find it extremely difficult or impossible to even get sight of the savages, whose territory they are invading, who have never had any dealings with civilized men, for they judge that, owing to the superior number of the intruders, they would not be able to cope with them with any chance of success if hostilities should break out. On the other hand, a very small exploring party invites attack. Every precaution should be taken to avoid a rupture in dealing with these people, for a bloody fued, once begun, may continue indefinitely.

As we descended the Rio Verde, its channel not only became deeper and deeper as it dropped down step by step at each rapid, but it became more and more sinuous and made remarkable turns and loops. Indeed, it appeared to double back and forth like the coils of a steam radiator, and these windings were full of minor bends and zigzags. One day, we made fast to the bank just above an angry rapid in order

to unload and pass it by land. Disembarking, one of our party ascended the bluff to a point about six hundred feet from the canoes, when he suddenly found himself peering into a deep abyss upon what appeared to be another river flowing in the opposite direction from the one just behind him. But it was the same river, for it had made a horse-shoe loop and dropped down over several ledges of rock. We therefore carried our effects across the neck and down into the chasm, having to transfer them nearly half a mile to reach a spot where we might reëmbark them; and our canoemen, removing their clothing, shot the rapids with the empty canoes, one at a time.

We found ourselves, one afternoon, at the mouth of a small affluent of the Rio Verde, which we supposed was the river Quitá. As it was a charming spot and we had to set up a post, we camped here until the following day. The Quitá, with its woodland environs, made up a wild, though pretty scene. As far back as we could see, it was a mass of foam as it came tumbling down the escarpment, now laughing and sparkling merrily in the sunlight, now roaring and blustering savagly, as it jumped from landing to landing and plunged and boiled fiercely over masses of boulders.

Throwing out our lines, we caught several kinds of excellent fish, one of which was especially rich and plump and resembled salmon. This fish was caught from a school in the mouth of the river Quitá, all of whom rushed at the bait when first thrown to them; but after one was drawn out, none would bite again. We could not catch fish at any time without baiting the hook with a lump of fresh meat; therefore we had always to hunt before we could fish. Having but little time to hunt, we had game only occasionally, consisting principally of venison and the jackoo—a tree hen.

Chapter XL.

DISASTER.—TRAMPING ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND.—THE TAPANHUMA CANNIBALS.—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF THE CUYABA RIVER.—BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

At last, late one afternoon, we tied up to the bank a short distance above a dangerous rapid, and camped here for the night. After viewing the rapids from the land, it was decided to approach them a little nearer in the morning by passing to the right of an island near our encampment; and landing just above the rapids, disembark our baggage so that we would not have to carry it further than was absolutely necessary. Casting off in the morning, I was surprised to see the leader of the expedition, with the pilot canoe, take the left channel instead of the right, as had been agreed upon. But all the other canoes followed the leader, the large one in which I traveled going second. The pilot canoe was swept quickly from view; then, as my canoe shot around a bend in the river, borne along by the swift current, we saw that the pilots had already made land, and that one of them was running along the bank shouting wildly to us to look out for the whirlpools. But, as it proved, we were in no danger of the whirlpools for we could not propel our canoe out of the main current, which was sucking us with great force right into the rapids, and the jaws of destruction, for we did not have sufficient paddlers. We succeeded in getting only the prow out into the back water, which, owing to the configuration of the land, seemed to be rushing up stream nearly as swiftly as the main current was sweeping down; therefore

we accomplished nothing but to cause our canoe to swing half-way around and approach the rapids broadside. At one moment, we were within one hundred feet of the shore, and hoping to reach it and escape disaster, one of our men, taking the bowline in his teeth, leaped into the back current from the bow of the canoe, and struck out fiercely for the bank. But the line was too short; so also was the time. It was now painfully evident that we could not escape being totally wrecked and suffering a calamity as regarded the success of the expedition; so we prepared ourselves as best we could for the worst. The bow of the canoe was thrown around in order that we might enter the rapids straight, stern first, not broadside, and I threw off my coat and boots, my companions being ready for the water as they wore but little clothing. There was a line of sunken boulders where the drop occurred, but happily for us, we passed through without striking one of them. Had we struck one, some of us might have been seriously injured. As we went through the lip of the rapid, the waves easily rolled over our big dugout; and filling rapidly, it sank beneath our feet, leaving us, together with some fragments of wreckage, floating on the surface. The water ran swiftly below the drop, threatening to sweep us away, but we all struck out for the shore with all our strength. I seized a floating box to which I might cling in case I should have to remain in the water some time, or should be drawn into the whirlpools. We all got to shore within a few minutes; but one of our men was in the height of fever at this supreme moment, and though a strong swimmer, would have drowned but for the help of a companion. I reached land promptly with my box. This box was nearly full of various things, including an old kerosene can containing a few pounds of precious sugar belonging to the chief canoeman. This man was delighted that his sugar was saved, notwithstanding that it was now syrup, for he could not live without his morning drink of *guarana*, to prepare which he needed the sugar. So he flattered me for my thoughtfulness and bravery in bringing the box to land, thinking I did so because I was

more intent upon saving something from the wreck than to save myself. But the truth is, I thought only of myself.

A few hundred yards below where we were wrecked, the river changes its course abruptly, and another zone of rapids occur; and a little below this again, it once more doubles and presents still another chain of rapids, while the water everywhere rushes and whirls madly. Our wrecked canoe was finally thrown up on the rocks at the lower rapids, and every vestige of its invaluable cargo had disappeared forever. I emerged from the water the happy possessor of life, a pair of coarse trousers and a shirt, and one pair of socks—which were afterward stolen. All the rest of my personal effects, including footwear, my entire photographic outfit with all the work done to that moment, and my trunks, were lost, excepting my hammock and blanket and one or two other items which were in a sack that floated. The leader of the expedition lost all his valuable instruments, and all his personal effects, excepting the few articles he carried with him in the pilot canoe. Our entire food supply was also swept away, except a mere mouthful that was with the cooking outfit in another canoe. But we still had plenty of lard in tins, inferior though it was, and had lost none of our laundry soap. The canoe containing the lard was swamped in the whirlpools above the rapids and the tins came floating merrily down stream. We fished out as much of it as we needed, but never found that it alone made a satisfactory dinner. The canoeman who was aflame with fever when the wreck occurred, crept into the bushes on getting ashore, and nearly went into paroxysms; and for an hour or two later in the day, his death seemed certain. To me, it seems almost a miracle that I reached land, especially where I did, as I am not a strong swimmer, and was ill with fever. The water runs so swiftly at the point where we landed that when one of the light canoes attempted to come in here, it was swept past; so also was a dog. We felt that God had cared for us, though the wreck was owing to gross carelessness.

All further advance down the river had now to be aban-

doned until fresh provisions could be obtained; and the morning following the disaster, five of our best men were dispatched across the wilds to the nearest supply house of the rubber gatherers to secure a small quantity of food and bring it to us on the backs of oxen. Meanwhile, we pitched our large tent and arranged our camp at a spot protected from the attack of savages, and lived in a state of semi-famine while we anxiously awaited the arrival of supplies. We were unable to catch many fish as we lacked fresh meat for bait, and no good hunters were now left among us; besides, all of us were ill. The only food we had was brown beans full of worms—and the lard. At length, when we had high hopes of being relieved, one man, only, returned bringing nothing but a few quarts of manioc meal.

After a few more days of anxious, painful waiting, we learned that no supplies would reach us for several weeks. So, securing the canoes in a sheltered spot, we filled them with stone and sunk them, hastily made the equipment that remained to us as snug as possible, and started on foot across the broad stretch of untrodden waste that lay between us and the outposts of the rubber harvesters, carrying our few personal effects on our backs. We took with us our entire food supply, except the lard, consisting of two quarts of wormy beans, two quarts of manioc meal, a pound of wheat flour and a tin of lard—this to feed seven men. We took not a bar of the soap, though we came to be in great need of it at last. As not a man of us felt able to carry one of our heavy, iron kettles in addition to his personal effects, two empty lard tins were taken to be used instead of kettles. The only footwear I could obtain was a dilapidated pair of shoes so worn that the soles were separated from the uppers back to the heels. I tied them up as best I could, but was compelled to walk as if I had the string-halt, and they opened up every step I took, like an alligator opening its jaws, and hooked into the tangled grass and bushes.

Just after halting for the night, at the end of our first day's tramp, which was Saturday, we had the good for-

tune to secure a fine deer; so we were well supplied with venison, not only for supper, but for our "Sunday dinner" as well. We roasted the whole carcass by empaling it on stakes which we planted in the ground inclined over the fire; and when it was done, we squatted around the stakes, and cutting off pieces and moping them in a plate of brine that stood upon the ground, ate them. In the meantime, one of our intelligent men had put some of the beans to boil in the two empty lard tins, *beside* the fire instead of over it, with the result that the tins melted down to the water's edge and the beans were cooked only on one side.

Sunday morning, we again dragged ourselves painfully onward after a breakfast of half-cooked beans and roast venison, each man carrying a leg, or a side, or a chunk of meat of some kind. Being greatly weakened because of the fever, from which we suffered even as we marched, some of us found it a continual torture to break our way all day long through the tangle of coarse grass and bushes and carry even the lightest weight. We had frequently to tramp many miles in the consuming heat of the sun without encountering a drop of water, though at mid-day, when the fever was at its height, we were nearly mad for a cooling draught, and could think of nothing, scarcely, but to open our mouths and let a river run down our throats.

We camped Sunday night among the bushes and tall grass near a watercourse, swinging our hammocks between scrub trees, and dining upon chunks of roast venison which had now begun to decompose. As we were arranging our camp, a tapir came crashing through the thicket toward us; but it scented danger and changed its course before we had an opportunity, in the twilight, to see and fire at it. While moving along this day across some high, open country, our dog found an armadillo, which began instantly to dig into the ground to escape. It dug so rapidly that, though the ground was hard, it appeared to sink from sight as if working in thin mud, the earth boiling up over it. Moreover, it seemed rooted to the ground, and we secured it at the last moment

only by driving a knife into its back after some inches of earth already covered it. We were anxious to capture it as it would add a morsel to our now almost totally exhausted commissary department. One of our men partially dressed it, removing none of the skin but the armor that covered its back, and the next day we impaled it on a stake by the fire and roasted it. Besides lean, tough and dirty, it was badly charred in roasting. But, crouching around it, like famished dogs, we cut off pieces and ate them, glad to get even this kind of food. It was the most unsavory breakfast I ever ate. These little animals subsist wholly upon ants.

Wishing to make some lard soup this day, we wondered at first how we should do it, for we had lost our empty lard tins. But we finally overcame the difficulty by emptying the sealed tin of lard we were carrying into our calabash-shell water jug. Leaving a third of the lard in the tin, we stirred into it the half cupful of wheat flour we had left and added a pinch of salt, then filling the tin with water and heating the whole, our soup was ready. Doubtless, in our desperate condition, we relished it more, and were more thankful for it, than many a pampered epicure is for a Delmonico soup.

We sighted a family of rheas at noon, Monday, but they saw us as well, and made off on their stilt-like legs before we could get near enough to shoot one. We were disappointed to see our dinners and suppers for two days eluding our grasp.

We wandered and circled about considerably while traversing districts where the vegetation was more dense. The first party of five men despatched to the outposts of the rubber gatherers, included all our men who were experienced in calculating exactly directions across shaggy, trackless wastes; besides, they took the only compass we had. We were able to follow their trail during the first two days, but finally lost it. One and another of our party, declaring that he knew the direction we should take, tried to lead us, but usually with poor success. Thus we exhausted ourselves with useless perambulations. We guided ourselves in a general way by the direction of the streams, and by the sun.

At length, all our food was consumed but a pint of beans; so, at noon this day, we penetrated a short distance into a line of forest to where there was a stream of water, in order to slake our thirst and cook and eat the beans. But my fever growing worse in the extreme damp and chill of the forest, I soon withdrew to the open jungle, requesting that my portion of the dinner be brought to me when ready. After a very long wait, and a losing fight with the stingless bees that swarmed upon me and dragged their stupid bodies over my flesh, my companions emerged from the woods bringing me a cup of what they called bean soup. But I wondered why it was so thin, for I had never seen such watery soup, not even in an American restaurant. I learned afterward that when the beans were nearly done boiling, my companions had poured off the liquid and drunk it. Then refilling the tin with cold water, they boiled the beans a while longer and again drained off the liquid and drank it, and a third time filled the tin with water to finish boiling the beans. It was this third soup, with a few beans, that was brought to me.

After this meagre repast, which was breakfast, dinner and supper, combined, we held a "council of war" as we now had no food whatever, and the situation was becoming desperate. We did not know just where we were, nor how long it would take us to reach a rubber outpost. In order, therefore, to travel as rapidly as possible, we decided to tie our luggage into bundles and leave it hanging in a tree, retaining only a few pounds of the most necessary articles. I abandoned my hammock, though I was in sore need of it; but, though it weighed less than ten pounds, it seemed to weigh a hundred, and I could not possibly carry it further.

Continuing our painful retreat, we had not gone far when we saw one of our number, who was a hundred yards in advance of the rest of us, stop suddenly, and look away to the right and then to the left, and finally begin to cheer and swing his hat. He had struck a well-beaten path of the rubber harvesters, along which they drive an ox or a mule in going back and forth between their remote shanty and the supply

On the Parana River. Fifty women and girls loading 3000 bushels of oranges on a steamboat to be taken to Buenos Aires.

house. This fortunate event greatly encouraged us and revived our drooping energies. We now knew where we were; and to follow a beaten path was far more easy than to tear our way through a trackless jungle. But the supply house that we must reach was some twenty miles distant and though the hour was now long past meridian, we must strain every nerve to overcome this great distance this day, or we would have to go another day without food, and sleep on the ground like beasts. But we had already been tramping about since morning, and I, in addition to weakness from fever, was wretchedly shod; furthermore, unlike the other members of our party, had never been accustomed to walk far and carry a pack. Therefore, it seemed impossible to walk twenty miles further this day. Nevertheless, we determined to try it; and pushing forward with lightened hearts, succeeded in accomplishing our task. Every two miles, we would lie flat a few minutes, for one can rest more rapidly in this position than in any other. We continued this tramping and relaxing until ten o'clock at night, when we had the happiness to reach the most outlying supply house of the rubber gatherers, where we had stayed when enroute to the Rio Verde. We were favored with one of those enchantingly beautiful nights that even a poet could not adequately describe. The stillness was profound, even oppressive, and the atmosphere appeared to be at absolute rest, for nature was enjoying her annual repose; while the full moon bathed the earth with that resplendent and most charming light that is so peculiarly soft and brilliant in the tropics, and the wonderful and mysterious Southern Cross looked down upon us out of infinite depths, filling one with reverential awe. We could easily imagine that we were wanderers in some strange, fairy world unknown to men. Though in much physical distress, I was delighted with the scene and thrilled with pleasurable sensations. What sublime and inspiring scenes God has created! O, the joy of living, which anguish serves only to enrich! "I will extol thee, my God, O king; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever."

Arriving at the supply house, a pot of rice, into which was

stirred bits of sun-dried beef and a quantity of lard, was hastily boiled, and more hastily devoured by the hungry wanderers. Excessively fatigued and debilitated, we now sadly missed our hammocks. I stretched myself on a narrow platform of crooked, knotty poles upon which was a dry ox-hide as hard as a board, while my companions reclined on similar beds. Prostrated nervously, I felt each moment as if I were about to snap in two at the waist. A week later, two of our men went back after the luggage that we had left hanging in the tree, arriving there in just the nick of time to save it from being burned up, as a fire, started by the rubber harvesters, swept through there close on their heels.

I remained two weeks at this rubber shanty, endeavoring to recuperate a little and waiting for my mule to be brought to me from Pantanalzinho so that I might return to civilization accompanying one of the mule trains engaged in carrying rubber from the forests.

We did not live in splendor here. The only food was boiled rice reeking with bad lard, wormy beans and manioc meal, though we occasionally luxurated with tapir meat or venison. No clothing or footwear of any kind was obtainable at this place. All of us were as black as foundrymen from tramping through burned districts, and there was not an ounce of soap with which to wash either our clothing or our skins, and I, for one, had no change of clothing.

One day, while here, all the rubber gatherers from a neighboring district, burst suddenly in upon us, having abandoned their work for the season and fled because of an attack by the Tapanhuma Indians. These savages, yelling like demons from the pit, delivered their attack in the middle of the afternoon, strange to say, at a shanty where two men and the wife of one of them stayed. Sheltered within their cabin and fighting on the defensive with a repeating rifle, they were shielded from the arrows of the cannibal band, and finally repelled the attack; though the younger man of the two, a mere youth, who manipulated the rifle, was shot in the abdomen and through the calf of the leg with broad-bladed ar-

rows. The amount of damage suffered by the savages was not known, but their retreat was apparently due to the fact that their chief, who led the onset, was severely or fatally wounded. After the assault, the forest resounded with maniacal yells for some time. But the rubber harvesters, knowing now that these implacable savages were in the vicinity and liable to shoot them down at any moment while they were about their work, were filled with alarm, and gathering up their effects, forsook their posts. The plucky youth who so bravely stood his ground, was dangerously hurt. He was brought to our shanty on an improvised stretcher made of two long poles and borne by two mules. Fortunately, no complications set in and he finally recovered. Evidently the arrows were not poisoned.

Having lost in the wreck my Bible and valuable notes and books, and all my writing material, and being ill, time occasionally hung heavily upon my hands. But our camp now and then presented an animated scene. Each Sunday, the rubber gatherers, hungering for social intercourse, assembled from every direction from their distant and lonely posts to visit each other and enjoy a little respite from the monotony of their life—the only opportunity that some of them had to exercise the divine gift of speech.

At length, my mule arrived, and I started southward accompanying a train of mules carrying rubber. Several members of our late expedition had already started for home, while a few of the healthier ones remained awaiting fresh supplies and new men in order to make another attempt to explore the Rio Verde to its mouth. I now learned that my faithful horse had died while being driven southward to Pantanalzinho after leaving us at the Rio Verde. But, as I now had no baggage whatever, the mule was sufficient for all my requirements. Marching southward, we consumed the whole of one day traversing the broad forest already mentioned, camping at nightfall at the spot where my horse had died two months before. In the morning, my mule could not be found, and we delayed here all day while a fruitless search was made for it. The

following morning, the search was renewed, but without success; so, concluding that the beast had wandered on southward, disconsolate because of the loss of its companion, we loaded up and resumed our march, I going on foot. Some days later, we learned from other persons that the mule was found dead where we had searched for it, and where the horse had died, having been killed by a venomous reptile as it pastured at night. The life and death of these two faithful servants of mine was somewhat romantic. When I purchased them at the town of Goyaz and put them in with the other horses and mules that composed our troop at that time, I watched with interest to see what horse the mule would take a liking to, as mules always form an attachment for some one horse, which they will follow as a colt follows its dame. I was pleased when I saw that the mule had taken a liking to my horse, for I would now have no trouble when the time should come to separate myself from the cavalcade to follow a different route. I thought, at first, that the love was all on the part of the mule, but I soon discovered, with surprise, that the horse had an affection for the mule—an uncommon thing, for horses usually regard mules with an air of scorn. Thus, these two humble creatures were loving companions in life, and mingled their bones in death; and to-day, their bones bleach at a lonely spot in the wilderness where rubber cavalcades halt only for a night. In all the days that have passed since this strange casualty, I never think of these two devoted servants that were so gentle and faithful and served me so well, and that were my companions in so many extraordinary and never-to-be-forgotten experiences without a feeling of grief at their loss. Therefore, on this fateful expedition, I was divested of virtually everything I possessed and reduced to the condition of a tramp.

My mule gone, I was forced to walk another sixty miles—and with the same footwear as on the previous distressing march. I contrived to torture myself over twenty-five miles of trail each day, though it took me from dawn until dark to do this. For an hour at noon, it was impossible to remain

erect and retain consciousness. It may appear amusing to the reader to know that when I reached the outskirts of civilization after these months of trying experiences in desolate, inhospitable wildernesses and heard the cock crow at dawn, it was music to my ears. The rubber harvesters have told me that they had similar experiences after the long months of toil, extreme loneliness and ill-health in the rubber forests. When the day comes to start for home, they travel—on foot, of course—with all speed, even hurrying forward during the greater part of the night as well as the day. Not a few, finding the wilderness life no longer endurable, fly for home before the season's work is finished. Occasionally, one such, deserting his post, filches a fifty-pound block of rubber, carrying it on his back with his effects thirty or sixty miles in order to sell it to another rubber company than the one employing him and realize some ready cash to take home. He does this because all the rubber he secures for the company employing him is applied against his supposed indebtedness.

It was a great pleasure to reach Pantanalzinho again, which I did in course of time; and after tarrying here a week to recuperate, I obtained a mule to ride upon and returned to the village of Rosario accompanying a rubber train. Here, also, I stayed a week or two awaiting an opportunity to descend the river Cuyaba to the city of that name.

At last, the hour came to begin the last stage of my return journey to Cuyaba, and I embarked on a scow freighted with six tons of rubber, on which I was to travel one hundred sixty miles. The river Cuyaba was charming at this season, being at low water, and I would have greatly enjoyed the trip had my health and circumstances been better.

We passed twenty-six lines of rapids in the descent, many of which were very dangerous. At first, after the Rio Verde experiences, my heart was in my mouth when I saw how perilous the navigation was, especially at night. But when I saw that the pilot, a short, very muscular man, who stood at the point of the bow holding either an immense oar, or a heavy pole in his hands, possessed an intimate knowledge of

every rock, reef and current, and that he and his seven men were masters of the situation, having navigated this river from childhood, I felt quite at ease.

To pass these rapids, the scow was, a few times, partly lightened, once or twice, we let ourselves down by means of a wire cable anchorèd to a rock, and a capstan, part of the men wading in the water and guiding the boat; at other times, we shot over shallow places, scraping the bottom; again, we bolted headlong through narrow, rock-bound gateways, with destruction pressing us hard on both sides and digging its teeth into the ribs of our faithful craft; again, we dashed madly, but with unerring aim, between great rocks that barely let us slip through; again, we tore at breakneck speed through a long, narrow channel where the outcropping reefs formed high walls on both sides; again, we flew along close upon some island with the bushes raking us from stem to stern, and dodged skillfully around short bends in order to avoid sunken rocks; again, we glided carelessly down rapids, where the water was deep, then caught ourselves by means of pikes and the exercise of great strength and dexterity, checking our progress completely, with destruction yawning for us just ahead, and the current pulling us that way almost irresistibly; again, we rushed fearlessly through narrow passages with the angry waters washing our decks, and whirlpools just beyond to the right and left; and finally, we floated calmly and slowly onward where all was quiet and peaceful and all danger was past, and the canoemen either stretched themselves on the deck to rest, or played games, or sported in the water like river monsters at play.

The Cuyaba is not navigable above the city of Cuyaba for anything but these small crafts, unless when the water is very high. Alligators exist in great numbers in this part of the river. I saw fifteen or twenty at one time lying on a patch of sand taking a sun bath, or slidingly stealthily into the water as we drew near. The river also abounds with fish. I saw the entire surface of the water in commotion for an hour or two one evening, caused by vast numbers of the finny tribes

flipping themselves out of the water, apparently to feast upon myriads of insects that were flying close to the water.

While descending the river, we delayed a day or two at an ancient, wretched looking little village called Brotas. Indeed, it looked so very old, and so extremely poor and miserable, that it was little better than a savage encampment. While here, I was awakened in the night by hearing a man shouting loudly, "Come here, devil! Come here, devil! Come here, idiot!" Inquiring in the morning who was yelling, and what the trouble was, my host replied, "O, that was priest John, painting the devil"—on a spree. Later in the day, priest John staggered into the house where I was, accompanied by two supporters who had linked arms with him, like a cruet-stand. All three were "rum sacks" as the Brazilians express it. This priest was not a Brazilian, but a German Pole.

Arriving at the port of Cuyaba, I climbed the bank and boarded a little street-car, drawn by a pair of mules, to ride up to the city. But the conductor denied me a seat, compelling me to stand at the back end of the car, where ride the lowest class of people, because I did not have a coat. It is said in Brazil that "the cowl does not make the monk." But my experince convinces me that the cowl *does* make the monk. A person's character and worth is calculated everywhere very largely according to his dress. I was taken for a common laborer, and a man wanted to hire me at twenty dollars per month and send me to the rubber forests. At another time, I was not allowed to stay at a certain hotel because I rode up in a wagon, instead of on horseback.

God, in His infinite love and mercy, had now brought me again to the city of Cuyaba; and though stripped of all material possessions, I still had that which is unspeakably more valuable—life and hope and rich treasures of experience, and best of all, the companionship in spirit of Him who is the source of all spiritual, intellectual and material wealth.

PART VI.

LAST WORDS

Chapter XLI.

INCONCEIVABLE TREASURES SQUANDERED.—CHRISTIAN EXPANSION.

In addition to one hundred thousand or more human victims, the annual money offering to Saint Bacchus in the United States averages sixteen dollars per capita for the entire population, and an additional tax of twelve dollars per capita because of crime. Ten dollars per capita more is consumed annually in the terrible vice of gambling; eight dollars for tobacco; five dollars for theatres; one dollar sixty for candy, and fifty cents for chewing gum. In contrast to this, only about eleven cents per capita is given as a nation, or thirty-five cents for each church member, to Christian Foreign Missions.

In other words, this Christian nation gives six times as much for chewing gum. Thirty times as much for automobiles, seventeen times as much for candy, fifty-five times as much for theatres, eighty-eight times as much for tobacco, one hundred eleven times as much for gambling, and three hundred thirty-three times as much to sustain the worship of Saint Bacchus and to care for his worshippers as it gives to extend the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace in lands beyond our own. Our national contribution each year to Saint Bacchus would give a house and lot costing three thousand dollars to eight hundred thousand families—would build annually a Chicago or a Philadelphia. Surely, in view of our stupendous offerings to luxury and vice, we are able to increase enormously our benevolence. If each church member should give the value of a letter postage each week, it would increase

the offering to foreign missions threefold. It is said that the United Brethren Church supports one missionary for every fifty-eight of its communicants; but rich and powerful denominations, like the Presbyterians and Methodists, support but one missionary for every one thousand or fifteen hundred of their members.

It is said to have cost the United States government an average of over one hundred thousand dollars for every Indian it has slain during its history; and twelve hundred dollars for every slave liberated, aside from the vast number of human lives sacrificed; while it has cost but two hundred dollars each to Christianize the Indians. Again, our government has just expended one hundred seventy million dollars in military operations in the Philippine Islands, having sent there one hundred twenty-four thousand missionaries of the sword; while Great Britain expended some six hundred million dollars in South Africa, sending there three hundred thousand missionaries of the sword.

But selfishness, or the self-centered life, cannot comprehend giving time, or substance, or self to the service of Christ. It can understanding trading, only. It needs nothing less than the Spirit of Heaven in Christ's disciples to free them from the low, sordid spirit and principles of the age.

But what God requires of you, dear reader, is not merely your substance, but rather, and supremely, YOURSELF and YOUR LOVE. Jesus longs to reproduce Himself in each one of His followers. How exalted a life it is to live to reproduce Christ! The watchword of the Church should be always, "Every believer, like Christ, first, most and always a soul winner." "TO GATHER INTO CHRIST THE SOULS HE DIED TO SAVE, IS THE SUPREME OBJECT FOR WHICH THE CHURCH EXISTS," and "TO WIN FOR THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN THE REWARD OF HIS SUFFERINGS."

Can one be a true disciple of Jesus and not believe in the divine enterprise of Foreign Missions? When you pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," is this not a solemn

A Typical Mission Hall, in Argentina.

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petition that the Law of Heaven may become the law of the *whole* earth, and of ALL mankind? Does not, "God so loved the world that he gave his *one* Son," mean that God loved and gave His Son for ALL mankind of whatever race or social condition—for the most degraded savage no less than for the most exalted civilized man? Does not, "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word of God," mean ALL men? And these marvelous words of God omnipotent, whose love is as infinite as His power, that come rolling down the ages and reverberate in our ears like the diapason of the sea: "Look unto me and be ye saved ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH"—Is this not a Voice as of rapturous music summoning every soul in the WHOLE earth?

What a sublime answer Jesus gave to that seemingly foolish question, "Who is my neighbor?" He defined "my neighbor" to mean any person who comes within the sphere of my opportunities, and not merely within my narrow geographical limits—the man for whom I may render some service, wherever he may dwell. Consequently, a man who lives on the opposite side of the globe may be just as truly my neighbor as he who lives next door.

What mean these marvelous words of the blessed Christ: "I am the light of the world"—I am the Illuminator of the entire earth—I am the Annihilator of the darkness of the whole world? And those words of matchless sweetness, the outpouring of the very heart of Christ that shall forever thrill and entrance the human heart, like celestial music: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;"—Is not this glorious invitation for all the hungry human hearts in ALL the earth?

Do you, dear reader, not wish to participate, either personally or vicariously, in the evangelization of South America? Do you not wish to convert your money, not into "stocks" and "bonds," or "mining shares," or "real estate," but into men fashioned after the one MAN? Here is a "safe investment," and one that will go on bearing "interest," compounded forever, and be an unfailing source of joy to the "investor."

The men who have been redeemed through your instrumentality, and have thus become your "capital," will one day join you in the presence of your glorified Saviour, bringing many others, perhaps, with them. What an unspeakable happiness and satisfaction that will be to you! It will be your coronation day, and a star-gemmed diadem of never-fading light will adorn your brow. This is indeed to transfer your treasures, or your wealth, to Heaven, and to construct for yourself a LIVING monument that will resist the ravages of time throughout all ages, and grow more and more beautiful forever. The Bank of Heaven pays one hundredfold—ten thousand per cent.—upon all deposits. "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse and I will open the flood-gates of heaven and pour you out cataracts of blessing."

The Lord Jesus Christ, *the* great Missionary, abdicating the eternal Throne, renounced the supreme majesty of Deity to become a poor, despised foreign missionary in a world overflowing with all manner of evil and misery, that He might redeem, transform and transfigure, physically, mentally, spiritually and socially the most unworthy and the most unfit. "He saved others, Himself He could not save." He "saw the travail of His soul and was satisfied." He was not advertised as a "great preacher" in receipt of a "big salary." He "was despised and rejected" by the "great." He did not preach in a palatial "First Church" with a ten-thousand-dollar organ and four or five-thousand-dollar choir behind him, and a "millionaire congregation" before him; nor did He hide himself away in His "study" from the needy world. His auditorium was the star-adorned universe; His pulpit, the fisherman's boat, the hillside and the highway, the moneyless man's cottage and the "moneyed" man's "residence;" His congregation, the "masses;" His music, the spontaneous and triumphant songs of the redeemed, whose hearts were bursting with gladness and thanksgiving; His recompense, transformed men. May not Christ's disciples of the present day follow Him, when needful, in His methods of evangelizing and mode of Life? And John the Baptist, too—

What was his salary? Who was his tailor? At what Waldorf-Astoria did he stay? Yet, how mighty were his deeds!

Moreover, expansion is an immutable law of nature. Every *living* thing on the earth is growing and multiplying and bearing fruit, and this fruit becomes seed for still more fruit. So also the Church. It must grow, expand and multiply itself by each one of its members bearing fruit. The moment it ceases to grow, it begins to decay. Death is the absence of growth. Does not every merchant, every manufacturer, and every business man seek to expand his business? They reach out of the confines of the earth. They believe ardently in commercial foreign missions.

There was never such an age of opportunity for the Church as NOW. What a supreme happiness it is to be the instrument whereby a degraded, brutalized, human soul is implanted with the divine life, and is made to germinate, blossom, and grow beautiful and fragrant as the rose of Sharon by the life-imbuing breath of the Son of God! It surpasses in sweetness all other human experience; it is an age-enduring benediction. To relieve disease of soul and of mind, is the highest and holiest function possible to man.

Dear reader, you have kindly and patiently followed me through this volume. I trust that you, yourself, are living in daily and hourly spiritual companionship with the Lord Jesus Christ; and that you know from personal experience, the nobility, the exaltation, the exquisite pleasure and happiness of such a life. And if you have found Him a mighty Saviour, and need Him every hour, and He fills your soul with gladness, do not our neighbors of the great southern continent need Him also?

"Our desire for you is that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."

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